

Towards a Society based on Mutual Aid, Voluntary Cooperation & the Liberation of Desire

#42/Fall '95

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Anarchy

A Journal of Desire Armed



PRIMITIVES & EXTROPIANS ♦ BAJA REBELLIONS



MASTERS WITHOUT SLAVES ♦ NEW MODEL ARMY

Openers

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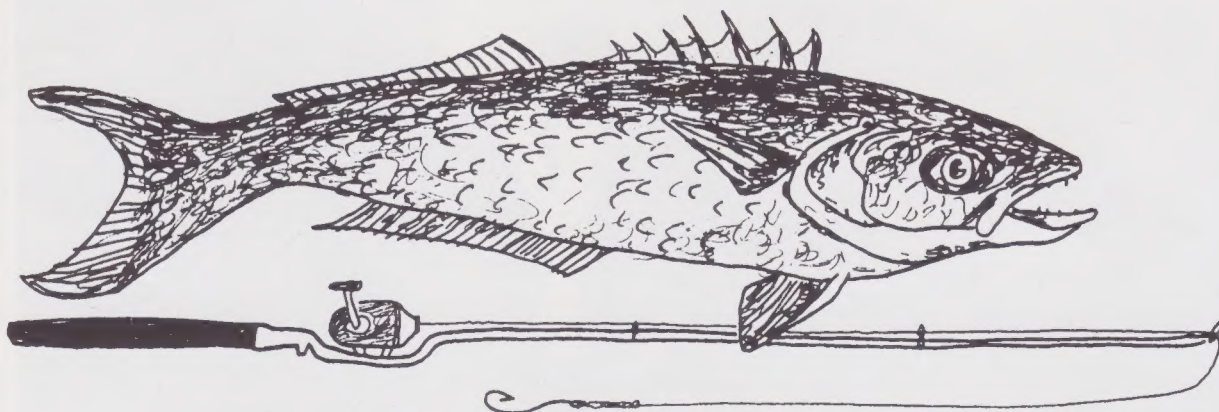
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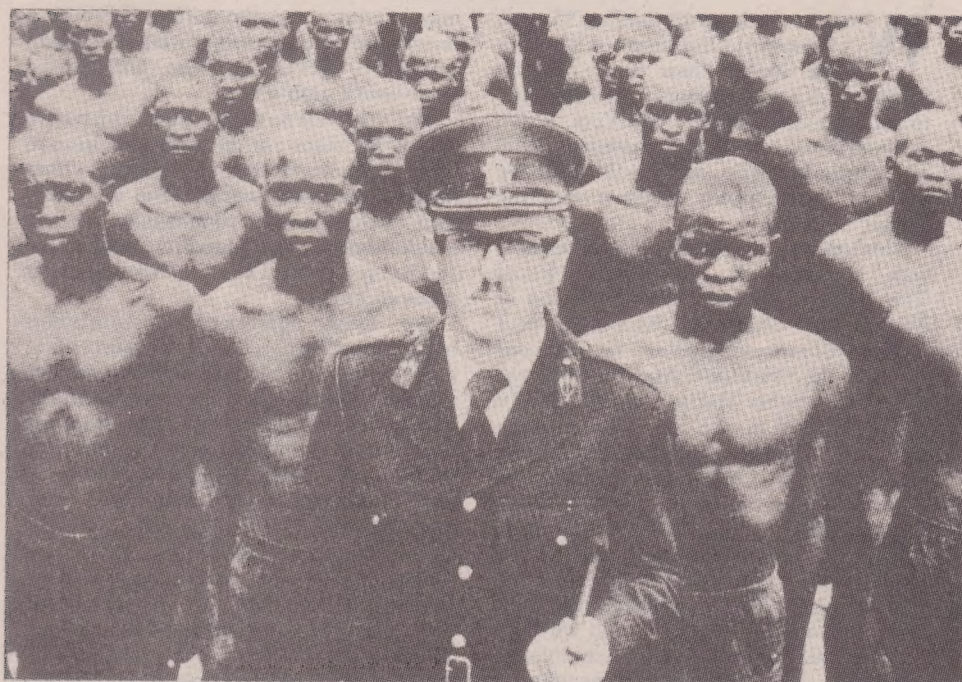
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e v o l u t i o n .



Mr. Fish

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Students in a police training class with their commander, South Africa, 1978.

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B.A.L. Press

EDITORS

Tad Kepley

Alex Trotter

EDITORIAL/PRODUCTION

COLLECTIVE NYC

Hakim Bey

Steven Englander

Jason McQuinn

David Mandl

Judith Frederika Rodenbeck

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Freddie Baer, San Francisco, CA.

Johann Humyn Being, San Francisco, CA.

James Koehnline, Seattle, WA.

Phillip Lollar, San Francisco, CA.

Mark Neville, Fremont, CA.

Winston Smith, San Francisco, CA.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Feral Faun, Portland, OR.

Manolo Gonzalez, San Francisco, CA.

Doug Imrie, Montréal, Quebec

Neal Keating, Albany, NY.

Paul Z. Simons, Denver, CO.

Michael William, Montréal, Québec

John Zerzan, Eugene, OR.

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

Octavio Alberola • Laure Akai • Mike

Bellows • S. Brodard • Derf • Michel

Donnegan • Donovan • Melanie Einzig •

Mr. Fish • The Fly • Lisa Del Fuego •

Hex-All • Tonnie Haudze • Marty

Hichens • IREAN • Lawrence Jarach •

Paul Mavrides • P. Moody • Tom

Roberts • Donald Room • Jim Siergy

• Amanda Trevins • Raoul Vaneigem •

Jean-Pierre Voyer • Peter Lamborn

Wilson • Mickey Z.

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B.A.L. Press, POB 2647, Peter
Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009.

Tel: 212-332-9660.

Email: anarchy@panix.com

"The whirligig of time has its revenges."

--B.A.G. Fuller

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- Het Fort Van Sjakoo**
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Inside Anarchy

Welcome to issue 42, the Fall '95 issue of *Anarchy*! Once again, it's been a little longer than usual between issues, as it's taken us longer than expected to get established here in New York. We've finally reached something resembling a level of organization again, and should finally be back on our quarterly schedule with the Winter '96 issue.

This time around we kick off our features with, as usual, an excerpt from Raoul Vaneigem's classic text, *The Revolution of Everyday Life*—chapter 21, "Masters Without Slaves." Contributing editor Paul Simons writes on the New Model Army, and *Anarchy* collective member Hakim Bey explores his personal views of the pro- and anti-tech milieus in "Primitives and Extropians." We also take a look at Mexican rebellions in Baja California, visit the streets of post-Soviet Russia in "Petersburg," and reprint Voyer's situationist treatment of Wilhelm Reich, "Reich: How to Use." Feral Faun says farewell with the contribution of his final "Iconoclast's Hammer," and we close the issue with our usual lively letters column, and wrap the package up in another of contributing artist James Koehnline's remarkable collages.

With our move to New York, we anticipate being able to make use of many resources we did not have access to in Columbia, not least of which is the larger community of anti-authoritarians here. This should in no way, obviously, discourage prospective contributors who reside in more distant locales. Don't think that because we're in the city we're swamped with material. Artists and writers who are interested in participating should fire off submissions—contributions are the mainstay of our features section. If you happen to read a book that you think

may interest anti-authoritarians, write up a review and send it along as well. If you plan a visit to NYC, be sure and let us know—we'll grab a beer.

Next issue has no theme scheduled; but we tentatively intend for the Spring '96 issue to be a special issue on Art and Anarchy. Other themes still under consideration for future issues include utopian communities, fascism, syndicalism, prisons, Marxism, situationism, and many others. Let us know what your preferences are.

We deeply appreciate our subscribers being patient with us during our move; we've had to establish new bank accounts, mailing arrangements, living space, etc. We've experienced the chaos that always comes with any kind of move—both personal and related to the magazine. Such things always seem to end up being more complicated than expected—even if complications are expected. As for those readers who have sent submissions or communications in the last few months and have not yet received a reply, please be patient. We're behind on our correspondence—over the last year our mail has been scattered across three states, causing a little confusion. We're rapidly catching up, so you should hear from us soon.

For the time being, we will continue to provide subscriptions free to prisoners. Over the last six months, our prisoner readership has nearly doubled. For those prisoners on the same units and in the same cell blocks, you can help us out by sharing your copies of *Anarchy* with each other. I realize that some institutions have regulations prohibiting the "loaning" of personal property between inmates, but for those of you who can get away with it, please do. Several times recently I have entered subscription requests from different individuals in the same block that

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have arrived on the same day! We will continue to honor these requests. However, no longer will we respond to xeroxed form letters from prisoners requesting "free" material. We've been added to a number of "free resources for prisoners" lists lately, and are receiving many such requests. We simply don't have the resources to send free subscriptions to people who don't even know what they're getting, and who we're not sure honestly want the magazine. Also, you prisoner subscribers can show your appreciation by being sure to inform us whenever you're released or moved. Otherwise, when we mail an issue to someplace you are not, we lose the magazine and the cost of postage, *plus* the amount charged us by the Postal Service for address correction. When that happens fifty times a mailing, it adds up quick.

Anarchy has no paid employees, and relies on its readership for support. If there's anytime that the project has needed that support, it is now. This is a very crucial period for us. With shipping costs related to our move, long-distance telephone bills, new office supplies, and so on—not to speak of the recent postal rate increase and the rising costs of paper—we're operating further into the red than usual. We also have not yet been able to purchase production equipment that is necessary—much of the equipment used to produce *Anarchy* in Columbia was privately owned by members of C.A.L. rather than the magazine itself. As mentioned in last issues' "Inside Anarchy", we need to obtain some "new" used computer equipment. If you have any leads or ideas, please don't hesitate to give us a call or drop us a card.

We greatly appreciate the help that our sustainers have afforded us. Why not become one? If a contribution of that size is out of your reach, send what you think you can get away with. Any small amount helps immensely; even a book of stamps. There are many things you can do to help out. Sponsor a prisoner subscription or request that your local bookstore carry the magazine. Now would be a great time to extend your subscription—paper prices have skyrocketed recently, and we may be forced to raise our rates soon—right now you can still subscribe at the rate of 12 dollars for four issues and be sure never to miss an issue on the newsstand. You could buy those back issues you've been meaning to purchase, or perhaps you can think of a friend, enemy, or local library that would benefit from a gift subscription. Pass the hat at a keg party, or have a raffle. The possibilities are endless.

Thanks in advance, and once again thanks to all who have contributed to the project, past, present, and future. *Anarchy* is a collective project, and it takes the input of many to make the magazine what it is.

-Tad Kepley

UNABOM

FC (hereafter referred to as "the Unabomber" and the convenient, and perhaps inaccurate, nominative "he") have engaged in a program of violence unparalleled in recent history for its longevity in the face of the coercive powers of the state and for its identification with anti-authoritarian politics. This program is also remarkable in its stated goal—the destruction of industrial consumer capitalism.



The insurrectionary violence so appropriate and romantic at a distance—whether historical or geographical—invariably finds condemnation from hypocrites and deserters when it occurs closer to home. The same cowards who cheer on the Zapatistas have been the first to condemn the Unabomber—an anarcho-terrorist who has upped the ante, who has taken his personal resistance into an arena that has not met with the approval of professional "anarchist" "activists." One particularly stupid and cowardly example of this archetype hysterically instructed *The New York Times*—via a letter to the editor soon after the Unabomber's announcement of the flavor of his politics—that the Unabomber is repudiated by real anarchists; that real (and historical, therefore more "real") anarchists (Berkman, Goldman) condemned violence (a falsehood)[1]; that moral anarchists stand opposed to immoral violence. This self-appointed "anarchist spokesmodel," like so many others, presents himself as a salesperson, in an attempt to sell anarchism as a sanitized and palatable ideology to cowed liberals whose most profound challenges to power are donations to Amnesty International and smug support of public broadcasting. "Real" anarchists don't go fawning, hat in hand, to the ruling classes' paper of record to proffer apologies and explanations.

"Anarchism has nothing to do with violence," the spokesmodels bleat, when it obviously does. Anarchist history is punctuated by shootings, bombings, and battles. Those engaging in the struggle against coercive power often have used coercive power to prevent coercive power from being used against them; violence has always been a weapon in the struggle between the powerless and the powerful. The question of its insurrectionary use is rife with contradiction and paradox. Some argue that the very nature of violence is authoritarian, and trumpet this insight as if it is a fatal contradiction in the thought of the non-pacifist.

It is the arbitrary, anonymous, impersonal nature of state violence that has set anti-authoritarians in opposition to the state. The violence of the bureaucrat signing the death warrant, the bombardier who kills and flies home for a beer never seeing those he's slain, the landlord who hires thugs to evict destitute tenants, the congressman who cheers on military action never seeing its consequences—these are those to whom we stand in unfailing opposition.

The use of violence as a revolutionary tool does make of the anarchist terrorist a *reflection* of this violence, but does not (as many moralists suggest) a *replication* of it. The anti-authoritarian who makes use of violence must be aware of the irony of its use. He must be aware of the contradictions inherent in destroying to create, in using violence in hopes of creating a world without violence. Only under such circumstances is "revolutionary" violence revolutionary. When the anti-authoritarian terrorist loses that knowledge, or allows self-destructive cynicism to negate the acuteness and potency of this awareness, *then-and only then*, does he replicate the social relationships to be found in the coercive violence of the state.

The critics of violence are correct: to take a life is the ultimate act of domination; the most supreme method of coercion. To force the end of another's consciousness is the most effective (and final) method of control. The *cancellation*, the absolute irrevocable removal of all that is another takes a piece of us irrevocably away as well. This is why we oppose murder—not because it is *wrong* to kill, but because it removes a part of the human community. It is wasteful. We despise murder out of sheer selfishness. Those least sensitive to this fact—a "fact" only made factual by a personal choice to embrace empathy—become the most effective slayers. Those in positions of authority—bureaucrats, officers, corporate heads—are those whose distance from their targets allows them the luxury of the most base forms of ideological justification for their actions. They hypocritically lay claim to the moral code that asserts that killing is *bad*, but they don't see what they engage in as murder. The revolutionary who uses violence must entertain no such illusions. To use violence one must be completely honest about what it means, and be willing to take on the contradictions.

Certain plains indian tribes called the encroaching settlers "the cowards of the long

Continued on page 7

Why I hate Star Trek

by John Zerzan with assistance from Marty Hichens

The reigning cultural mythos, including its pseudo-oppositional currents, is agreed on one thing: *Star Trek* is good for you. The vast popularity of this impossibly weak, artificial, repressive series (actually there were four series, over the past 25 years or so) is a puzzling and sad symptom of an absence of both vitality and reflection. Of the many stupid but popular aspects of culture, few have such a range of fans, such a range of possibilities for extending a little the wavelengths of control.

One could cite the translation of the original *Star Trek* series into no less than 49 languages, the seemingly insatiable appetite for even the most obscure *Trek* trivia on the part of a large subculture, and the burgeoning quantity of books, movies, conventions, etc. that constitute a sizable industry. But *Star Trek* got my attention in a more personal way. A friend had a breakdown and discovered, on his locked psychiatric ward, that *Star Trek* was prescribed viewing. At about the same time I became aware that it is apparently also mandatory in the home of neighbors of mine, a hippie/"alternative lifestyle" family that is otherwise pretty anti-tv.

Even quite a few "anarchists" are, of their own volition, very big *Trek* fans. Which brings to mind one of its most repulsive features, its predication on a very strict, martial hierarchy. ("Isn't that right, Number One?") The order-giving/order-taking military framework is always present and constitutes the model of social reality, for the crew is never seen in a different context. The evolution of the program during its four incarnations is also worth noting, for subtle shifts in this authoritarian model.

Captain Kirk, the original supreme leader, was a bit of a cowboy, even a maverick in some very slight ways. But Captain Picard, in series #2, *The Next Generation*, is very much the corporate boss, totally inseparable from his role as absolute authority. And in a significant sense, even the dynamics or movement of the whole operation comes to an end over time. *Deep Space Nine*, the third series, dispensed with the *Enterprise* (so very aptly named for a deeply entrepreneurially spirited orientation) and takes place on a stationary space platform. No more *Trek*; corresponding perfectly to a world where, since the collapse of bureaucratic state capitalism beginning in the late 1980s, modern capital now dominates everything, everywhere.

What *Star Trek* conveys about technology is probably its most insidious contribution to domination. Not only is a structure of hierarchical orders a constant; so is the high-tech, anti-nature foundation of the drama as a whole. Always at home in a sterile container in which they represent society, the crew could not be more cut off from the natural world. In fact, as the highest development in the mastery and manipulation of nature, *Star Trek* is really saying that nature no longer exists.

The android/computer Data, successor to Spock, is the central figure in an episode that

illustrates perfectly the elevation of the machine. Data continually "experiences" disturbances that are initially thought to be a sort of electrical malfunctioning in "his" circuitry. Slowly the idea is introduced that "he" is actually having *dreams*. Much warm and fuzzy emotion envelopes this supposedly marvelous development, this triumph of consciousness. Never mind that the message is more hideous than uplifting. What we are seeing, by imputing human feelings to technology, is a celebration of the very framework that is debasing inner nature as it destroys outer nature. People behaving more and more like machines while machines become increasingly "human" is a horrible development not limited to *Star Trek*, but certainly applauded and thereby advanced by it.

Considered as an exercise in acting and characterization, *Star Trek* is chillingly true to the reversal that the episode just cited typifies. The glaring thing about it as drama is how lifeless and plastic the characters are. In fact, they are so machine-like and one-dimensional as to be virtually interchangeable. The Irish actor Colm Meaney (*Deep Space Nine*) has turned in vibrantly alive movie performances; in *Star Trek* he seems to be in a coma, devoid of life, Irish or otherwise. Maybe it is soothing for some viewers to see so little going on on the part of non-individuals.

And this robot-like quality is, in turn, related to the decidedly anti-sensual spirit of *Trek*

reality. Intensification of technology as a way of life is part of it, as is a sort of moral condemnation of sex. This, too, is a constant, seen in the very texture of the program. The uniforms are one example; they are never dispensed with, and provide a cadet-like image, the stuff of puerile fantasy. This parallels, on a slightly different level, the current fascination in American society with angels, sexless and benignly powerful. Overall, *Star Trek* is as sanitized and boring as Barney or Walt Disney.

As an episode of *The Next Generation* featuring Captain Picard and the widow of his best friend exemplifies the anti-sexual theme. While dodging aliens, in a long "action" sequence possessed of less tension than that of a weak "B" western, they learn that they've always been attracted to each other. Neither had expressed such feelings, however, due to her married state, but now they encounter each other unencumbered. It is made perfectly clear that there is no reason whatsoever for them to hold back, yet the tale ends with them bidding a wistful, unconsummated farewell forever to the other. I cannot imagine a script giving a more unqualified no to love: even when there is not a reason in the galaxy to repress oneself, do it anyway. Breath-taking!

Gene Roddenberry (*Star Trek's* creator, in case there's anyone on earth who doesn't know it) was a police science/pre-law major in his college days. After service in World War II, he joined the Los Angeles Police Department. He next began writing scripts for such television



But Spock...the reduction of culture and experience to commodity and the marketing of prepackaged subcultures are irrevocably fused...why does the American left embrace as a tool of victory the means of its own destruction?

I find it highly illogical. But, rebel youth cultures are the hallucinogen of the disenfranchised middle class.....



series as *Highway Patrol* and *Dragnet*. Roddenberry's background as a liberal cop seems perfect as guiding light for the TV phenomenon that, it could almost be said, invented Political Correctness.

Women, gays, the disabled, minorities are treated sympathetically on *Star Trek*, a not unusual corporate television gesture. This minimum requirement should not blind us to the slightly less obvious problems of content. Sadly, Ursula LeGuin, considered by many a utopian/anarchist writer, seemed to see little else besides *Star Trek's* PC rating in her "Appointment with the *Enterprise*: an Appreciation", written for the May 14, 1994, *TV Guide*. She gushed over the late series in the classic superficiality of the liberal, managing to see a marvelous morality play, and ignoring its worship of authority and a monstrous techno-future.

Unabom

Continued from page 5

kill." The mediation of distance in an act of violence strips it of its import; makes it easier. FC doesn't get to see, to feel, the results of his actions—only to see, as we do, their spectacular results. FC doesn't—as Alexander Berkman did for example in his unsuccessful attack on the murderous, parasitical, "captain of industry" H.C. Frick—get to see the blood, feel the fear, strike the damaging blow. The Unabomber's violence is that of the B-52 bombardier over Cambodia—randomly flailing in the enemy's general direction, never seeing his victims, putting hundreds between the intended victim and himself.

The Unabomber so cushions himself from his acts not so much from cowardice or dishonesty as from necessity. He doesn't want to get caught; an impulse with which we can most certainly sympathize. The point of war is to win, and to win you must be able to fight. You win by not dying, and as the living death of imprisonment would be all that would await the Unabomber upon capture, we cannot find fault with his attempts to separate himself from his acts. We can, however, find fault with his method of attack. To randomly jeopardize all who come into contact with his packages—postal employees, secretaries, the children of his targets—is unconscionable. The state makes no such distinctions in its homicidal exercises. We do. The Unabomber does not. This is his choice.

Even more questionable for us are the Unabomber's targets—we could suggest more appropriate ones, but to do so would certainly

be beyond the bounds of propriety. We have not chosen his path, so who are we to speak for him? However, we find the idea that individuals can be assigned responsibility for the acts of the larger beast ludicrous. The Unabomber's targets are all cogs in a machine, and some cogs are bigger than others, but the machine is geared so that the removal of even a large cog will not significantly alter its operation.

This is not to say, as many so tiredly have, that "you can't blow up a social relationship." Obviously, you can—one by one, at least. The anarchists who allege that one authoritarian will inexhaustibly continue to step in the vacated place of another destroy their own arguments for anarchism itself—by ascribing to the power of the state an infinite recuperative, regenerative quality. If this were the case, their question—"Why fight?"—would be unanswerable. Fortunately, this is not the case. Wars are winnable. The machine *must be made obsolete*, and violence can be one of many tools in that project... but its use must be tempered. We question the Unabomber's use of this tool not from a moral perspective but from a practical one.

To distance themselves from his acts, the aforementioned moralists, organizers, "activists" and spokespeople—the anarchist sycophants always willing to play lapdog to the media, the ones who seem to truly believe that getting their names in the paper lends their ideas more validity, the lickspittles who beg the attention of talk show hosts and television crews with the conversion of the public as their excuse—have busied themselves these past months decrying his actions. Declaring the Unabomber not to be an anarchist, they reveal their own failings. The Unabomber is of course no more of a "real" anarchist because of his engagement of the apparatus of the state in a "premature" personal war—but *neither is he less of one*. Those who declare him excommunicated from their ineffectual, ghettoized religion, however, show their true colors.

This should be no surprise—moralist ideologues masquerading as anarchists have always stood opposed to acts of open revolt. From Spain's civil war to the May Days of Paris, the liberals and electoralists who adopt the anarchist label have unfailingly repudiated all acts of violence and terror committed in the name of anarchy. One would do well to question, "when do such acts become legitimate?", knowing that their answer will be that the time will never come. When do the acts of "terrorists" become the acts of revolutionaries? Always, "the time is not right"; "social conditions are not correct"; "the power of the state is too megalithic to be challenged"; "everything has moved into the realm of simulation, is forever recuperable, and therefore unchallengeable." These are the arguments of those who see change as impossible, who cower beneath the blanket of their ideology, afraid of change and violence and afraid that someone like the Unabomber will spark conflicts that they hoped never to have to deal with. These are all cop-outs—and when repeated by the most self-servingly cynical—lies.

Who decides when it is appropriate to fire the first shots in this war? When the offenses of power (and consequently life itself) are no

longer tolerable, when the depredations of the enemy become too much to bear, what is the appropriate "moral" action? To attack the staggering golem that destroys us can be seen as a common-sense act of self-preservation; a refusal of the slow suicide and mind-death sold to us as life every day. Our air, water, our souls have been poisoned by this machine. Who can blame *anyone* for making a stab at the heart of this vile, amoebic beast, this amorphous, tentacled monster that worships death? Those who judge such an action in "moral" terms evidence that their hearts have been killed; that their training is intact.

We oppose acts of individual terror, but we *understand* them, and realize that in a war, someone must take the first shot—and the state and its minions have been shooting for years. We can condemn the manner in which individuals shoot back, but we *cannot condemn them for shooting back*.

Even if the individuals he has slain were willing agents of this beast, whether they may have believed in it and supported it with all their power, we think killing them is pointless. Here we part with FC. Our problems with leviathan are too big to be assigned to a single symbol, a single individual. The very nature of our enemy makes this impossible for us. Our enemy is huge, but, unlike the pacifists and fatalists who seem content to carve out "temporary" shards of "freedom" in the face of what they see as the machine's invulnerability, we see its size and cartoonish malice as evidence of its instability. The ruse becomes more ridiculous every day. Its caricatures of life become more ersatz, its advertised palliatives more ineffective. This monster is a teetering, wheezing one—a fact of which FC is aware, as he states that with his attacks he hopes to "promote instability in industrial society, and give encouragement to those who hate the industrial system." One good push and it'll fall over. We agree with the Unabomber that it should be pushed. We disagree on where—and how.

Though we strongly question and reject his tactics, his tactical decisions—and primarily his targets—we must support the Unabomber politically. If he is caught, we will support him as we do all prisoners of the state, and even more so because of his actions against it. In the terms in which he has framed his actions, he—regardless of questions of the self-contradictions and coercive nature of violence—has stated his goal as the abolition of state power. For "anarchists" to condemn his actions from a moralist's stance is the most vile hypocrisy; a self-contradictory position which negates all radical posturing... and one which we rebuke. —Nechayevist Front

Note:

[1] The letter claimed that Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman repudiated violence; rejected it as a means for social change. Berkman did, after spending years in prison for his attack on Frick, come to reject the idea of individual violence, "propaganda by deed." He continued to support Anarchist struggles that were violent (Russian and Spanish civil wars). Goldman continued to have sympathy for individual terrorists throughout her life. See references in her autobiography, *Living My Life*, to Czolgosz's assassination of McKinley and attacks carried out during the Russian Civil War/Intervention.

13th Street Squats Evicted in NYC

by Mike Bellows and
Amanda Trevins

The Bogeymen that D.W. had been warned about when he was a little boy were smashing through his bedroom door now with a sledgehammer. They had come to take him away. There were hundreds of them crawling everywhere—up the fire escapes, on the roof, in the hallways, and now at his bedroom door—and they had machine guns and canisters of pepper gas to spray in his face and make his eyes sting.

The Bogeymen wore patches on the sleeves of their shirts that said "Police Department, City of New York," and their leaders had given them instructions to remove—by force if necessary—D.W. and all the other residents of his building, the building next door at 545 East 13th Street, and the ground floor of 539 East 13th Street. "You are subject to a Vacate Order," the police shouted through megaphones moments before they stormed the building. "This is your last opportunity. If you do not leave the building, you will be subject to arrest."

The Vacate Order, stamped with the seal of the Department of Buildings and signed by Chief Construction Inspector Thomas O'Flaherty, claimed that there was "imminent danger to the safety and life of the occupants" because the "entire building [is] in danger of collapse."

"What we are all here to do today is to remove the occupants from these buildings for their own safety's sake if for no other reason," Housing and Preservation Department spokesperson Mara Neville said on live TV at the height of the maneuver. But the validity of the Vacate Order and the sincerity of the city authorities is highly suspect. Since the summer of 1994, the city has been waging a legal battle to gain possession of the buildings after having abandoned them some twenty years ago. Their goal: to turn the buildings over to the "nonprofit" Lower East Side Coalition Housing Development, Inc. (LESCHD) so that the buildings could be renovated and converted into supposedly low-income units. But when State Supreme Court Justice Elliot Wilk issued a ruling denying the city the right to evict the squatters (who are already low-income and have done the renovations themselves), the city took their case to Appellate Court. Although the

Appellate judges did not reverse Judge Wilk's ruling and granted the squatters their motion to dismiss the city's appeal, the Appellate Court did lift a ban on the city's right to invoke their Automatic Statutory Stay, which empowers the city to overturn any ruling of the State Supreme Court that is not to their liking. This paved the way for the city to enforce the vacate orders without the approval of any court.

An important footnote: testimony in Justice Wilk's court revealed that Inspector O'Flaherty did not actually write the Vacate Orders himself but drew up the Vacate Orders only after he had a meeting with Assistant Corporation Counsel Terryl Sellers. During the hearings, O'Flaherty contradicted himself on the witness stand so many times that Judge Wilk declared his testimony to be "lacking in candor" and

"had no credibility whatsoever." Also questionable is that the city would send in hundreds of police in riot gear, special forces with hi-tech submachine guns, sharpshooters on the roofs, helicopters, and a tank-like armored personnel carrier for the "squatter's own safety."

To stop the police from taking the buildings and making more people houseless, the squatters worked all day Monday and through the night to barricade themselves inside their buildings. They welded the front entrance doors shut, boarded up the windows, and welded bicycle frames and other objects of metal onto the fire escapes. They blocked their doors from the inside by piling refrigerators and desks and other heavy objects against them, and a platform was constructed over the stairwell and more refrigerators and heavy objects were placed on top of it. Buckets of tar were placed on all the fire escapes for reasons nobody was willing to admit to reporters who were covering the story from the inside. "These buckets might have tar and they might not," a squatter explained. "You're reporters. I'll let you figure it out."

On the street in front of the buildings, plans of action, to be carried out by fellow squatters and community supporters, were coming together. Shortly after midnight someone casually asked everyone to move aside so that they could overturn an abandoned car and drag it to the middle

of the street. Cinderblocks, stones, and 20-foot construction joists were thrown into the road, and massive roadblocks made of garbage dumpsters, sofas, refrigerators, stoves, mattresses, and even an arcade-size video-game were built in six different places up and down 13th Street.

At about 2:30 a.m. squatters inside received a phone call from sources outside the building. "The word is that the police are planning to close the block off at 4:30. A staging van was spotted at Con Ed (two blocks away). This means it's a pretty sure go."

Although several squad cars hung out at the intersections at both ends of 13th Street since the first hours of the morning, it wasn't until about 5:00 a.m. that the foot police in riot gear began to amass in front of the barricades. By



Photo: Lisa Del Fuego

this time, 13th Street had turned into a big party with hundreds of supporters milling about in the street. Giant banners reading "MOVE," "Home Sweet Home," and "This is an Illegal and Unjust Eviction" (with a riot cop pushing down on the Scales of Justice with his foot) hung from the fire escapes, and a grotesque, rain-melted piñata of Mayor Rudolf Giuliani sagged limply on a rope strung across the two buildings at 541 and 545 East 13th Street. Many of the squatters and their supporters placed their hoods up and tied bandannas or T-shirts across their faces to avoid being recognized by the police and the media. A number of them also wore orange construction hardhats that were passed around by the ever-resourceful squatters. The Rolling Stones' "Time Is On Our Side," The Clash's "Magnificent Seven," and Bob Dylan's "Rainy Day Woman" blared from speakers propped in the windows. A strobe light flashed from one of the squat buildings, and people set off flares and fireworks. In the spirit of the ancient tribal custom of the war-call, a raucous metal jam escalated as people banged broomsticks and pipes against old stoves, garbage cans, and dumpsters. Chants of "No Illegal Eviction," "No Housing, No Peace," and "No Police State," as well as a more harmonious "We Are Creative, Gentle People and We are Creating, Creating for Our Homes" filled the air. A spirited bagel-fight erupted between the squatters on the roof of the scaffolding at 545 East 13th Street and people on the ground who deflected the soft missiles with garbage can shields.

As the night faded and the skies began to lighten, police with binoculars appeared on the rooftop of a tall building on 13th Street between Avenues B and C. Television news crews with their vans set up camp near the intersection of Avenue B and 13th Street, and newspaper reporters and photographers mingled with the crowd. A little after 5:00 a.m., a squadron of police in quasi-formation marched past 13th Street and headed south down Avenue B. Then, a police barricade truck drove by in the same direction. The demonstrators in the street heckled the truck and threw objects at it. One of the demonstrators jumped in front of the truck to stop it from proceeding. In one of the first of many arrests that were to take place that morning, the man was subdued by police and taken away in handcuffs. Some squatters recognized a tall, fair-haired undercover cop in blue jeans snooping around inside the road-blocked squatter territory. Two squatters stalked him, calling him "pig" and loudly discussed kidnapping him,

but the cop kept a stiff face and appeared unconcerned.

All morning long, the eviction was the top story on local television news stations, and many stations covered the event with extended live reports. The city's Chief Corporation Counsel, Paul Crotty, appeared on WNYC, saying that "what precipitated the action was that the City Council approved the disposition plan to a local community group which is financed by Enterprise and LISC with low-income tax credits, and we're going to put in low-income housing for 41 or 51 different families. These squatters have jumped to the head of the line and want to defer producing safe affordable housing to low-income people because they say that they were there first. The fact of the matter is they weren't there first, they're occupying the premises without any color of law." HPD officials Mara Neville and Deborah Wright appeared on broadcasts reaffirming that the buildings were dangerous and that they were only looking after the squatters' own safety, but squatter attorney Stanley Cohen refuted that on Channel 2, saying, "The buildings only became unsafe and dangerous when the hearing began, and they [the city] had problems, and they were losing the hearings, and all of a sudden it was, 'Oh my God, these buildings are gonna fall.'" Even clips of Mayor Giuliani were broadcast accusing the squatters of not paying rent and exploiting the situation.

"Many of the people [being] taken out aren't old enough to have lived there ten years," said Giuliani. "Some of the people [being] taken out don't even live there. They've come from elsewhere to try to exploit the situation." In another broadcast, Giuliani declared: "If you want to live in a building, you're gonna have to pay rent."

At about 5:45 a.m., a sea of police in riot gear and blue uniforms, led by a White Shirt,

advanced toward the first roadblock near Avenue A. But instead of backing away, the demonstrators linked arms and formed a human chain and defiantly stood their ground inside the first roadblock at their end. Some of the police dispersed into nearby buildings, appearing on the rooftops a short while later. At 6:45 a.m., most of the police at the first roadblock near Avenue A retreated, leaving only a handful to hold their position. The police played a waiting game. A false rumor spread among the demonstrators that if the police did not attack by nine o'clock, the eviction was going to be called off. This was probably a twist of the word that squatter lawyer Jackie Bukowski was going to make an attempt to get a last-minute reprieve of the evictions when the Appellate Court doors opened at 9:00 that morning. Police even made appearances on TV stating that they were only there to keep the peace. But in an interview with WBAI radio reporter Paul DiRienzo, Bukowski balked at that notion. "That's what they're officially saying," she said. "They have an itch to spend \$500,000 to bring all the police here to help keep the peace in the neighborhood. In a time of fiscal emergency, it seems like a very strange use of the funds on Memorial Day." At the same time, a massive barricading system spanning two city blocks prevented more people from entering onto 13th Street. As the sun rose higher and the demonstrators grew wearier, the size of the crowd began to dwindle.

Slowly, the police began to move their blue barricades in closer. They removed the first small roadblock near Avenue A. By 9:00, hundreds more police amassed at the intersection of 13th and B, and they also reinforced their numbers near Avenue A. When they inched their barricades closer to the first roadblock near Avenue B, a squatter with a hood over his



Photo: Melanie Einzig

head and a bandanna over his face ran up to a barricade and knocked it over. A White Shirt ordered several officers to stand guard at the barricade to make sure it wasn't knocked over again. City trucks pulled away the debris from the roadblocks until only one roadblock at each end of the street remained. By this time, there were fewer than 40 demonstrators left. They split up into two small groups and joined hands to form a weak human chain behind each remaining roadblock. But when the police began to dismantle the last roadblock, they dispersed and reassembled in front of the squat buildings at 541 and 545 East 13th Street. Some of the demonstrators linked arms, and some of them held on to a thick rope that stretched in front of the buildings. They watched helplessly as the police cleared the sidewalk across the street and brought in the armored personnel carrier to clear away the overturned car in the middle of the street. Police then forced their way into several other squat buildings nearby that were not listed on the Vacate Order, macing the occupants and pulling people out.

"That's the wrong building," the demonstrators on the line yelled. "Stanleee, they went into the wrong building."

"How does it feel to get paid for kicking people out of their homes?" yelled another.

"How can you live with yourself?"

"All we are saying, is give peace a chance."

"You can go home now, we'll clean up the mess."

A squatter ran out of the building at 537 East 13th Street to escape the police and their mace and tried to hide underneath a parked car. All police action seemed to stop to focus their attention on him. Some officers leaned on top of the car, possibly to squeeze the squatter out. When that didn't work, a mob of police lifted

the car up. The squatter was maced and dragged out. He was thrown into the paddywagon, but somehow he escaped again. This time, the police viciously beat him, pulling his pants off in the process, and carried him back into the paddywagon.

As other squatters from the buildings not listed on the Vacate Order exited, a police officer was overheard asking his partner, "Should we arrest them?"

"What the hell are you doing here?" a police officer asked another squatter who was at the entrance to 537 East 13th Street.

"I'm making a great vegetarian soup," came the reply. "Would you like some?"

The police closed in on the demonstrators holding the line in front of 541 and 545 East 13th Street. At one point, they backed off suddenly and raised their Plexiglas shields over their heads when someone from above threw some water on them. Then they began to pull the people, who knelt or sat on the sidewalk holding firmly onto the rope in passive resistance, off the line. The police struggled to pull the demonstrators off the rope. They lifted one demonstrator off the ground, then, seeing that he was still tangled in the rope, dropped him hard. The first six demonstrators were tied at the hands with plastic strip cuffs, pulled through the tar that had been spread on the sidewalk, and thrown into the paddywagons. Others on the line were given a choice to walk away peacefully. A few refused to go so easily. One squatter struggled with the police as they tried to pull him away. Four officers jumped on top of the man—a small framed individual who might have weighed all of 120 pounds. One officer put his foot on the man's face while another officer stood on his ankle.

"Get your foot off his ankle," a nearby demonstrator told the cops. "You're going to break

it." But the police officer ignored her pleas and grinned.

Meanwhile, the police had infiltrated D.W.'s building by climbing up the back fire escapes and entering through the poorly barricaded roof door. Police helicopters hovered overhead, and an Emergency Services Special Forces (NYC's "SWAT" team) officer with what looked like a Mac-10 submachine gun stood in the garden between the two buildings.

"Yo, you with the machine gun," a squatter from 541 called out to the officer. "We don't even have spitballs. C'mon." Another squatter from 545 broke his own window from the inside, climbed out, and sat on the small roof overlooking the garden.

"You brought an assault weapon?" the squatter asked the officer with the machine gun. "Come on, motherfucker. You don't need your assault weapon." The squatter stood up again and climbed back into his window.

D.W., holed-up in his apartment with a few of his friends, screamed at the police who were on his back fire escape.

"Get off my fucking fire escape, you pig! The Appellate Court is ruling right now! You're doing an illegal eviction. Stop it! Right now!"

There was a pregnant pause.

"That'll stop 'em." D.W.'s friends erupted in guffaws of laughter.

But the stress and the lack of sleep was taking its toll on D.W., and he knew the end was near. When the police made their announcement over the megaphone that this was his last opportunity to come out peacefully, he stuck his head out the side window and screamed, "Yo, fuck you! We're not comin' out. If you want us you gotta take us out!" Outside, the police took another squatter down and stripped his pants off. D.W. shook his head in disbelief that his life was collapsing around

him. "I'm about to become homeless," he said. "Can you believe this?" He began to give away small but special things he knew were soon no longer going to be enjoyed: a "last" cup of gourmet coffee "before we get turned in," some homemade shortbread cookies baked by his girlfriend Carrie. Then, at 10:40 a.m., only minutes before the police came bursting through D.W.'s door, the long-awaited phone call from Jackie Bukowski came in. But the news was not good. "That's it," he said, hanging up the phone softly. "They made an announcement. He's not going to stop the eviction. Although Judge Ross signed an order forbidding the city to do Collazo Plaza, he refused to reinstate a ban on the city using their

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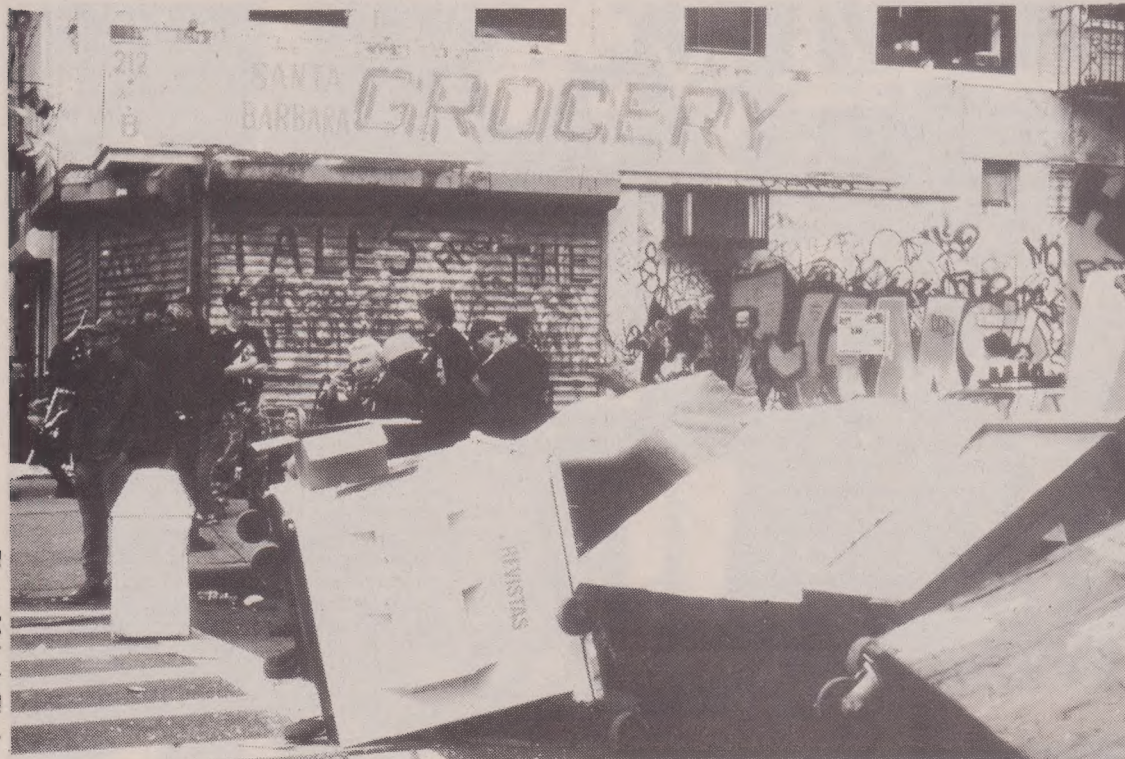


Photo: Melanie Einzig

May Day in Russia and the new Zhirinovskiy

Laure Akai

People must have gotten the message that the politics of their impoverishment are not transitional and that the word *reform* is a crock of shit. Either that or their patriotism is all worked up from watching the preparations for victory day—too many war films on TV or something—because the crowd was a little bigger this May Day than last, although not as angry as a few years ago when they battled the police. There were actually two "non-government" parades (the smaller left groups unable to organize anything else because of a strict ban that would have resulted in immediate arrest): one was held by the trade unions and the Communist Party (Zyuganov, who likes to distance himself from extremism as much as possible), and the other by the usual red-brown mélange of half-hysterical idiots.

I went to the first march but as they both ended near the Bolshoi Theater, near a large statue of Marx, I caught part of the second one an hour or two later. The difference between the two might be summed up by saying that the first crowd suffered from a "law-abiding citizen complex"; while the CPRFers and the trade union bureaucrats seek change through "legal," governmental avenues, and more or less support "democracy," the red-browns have less faith in the government and most support some type of dictatorship of one kind or another. Amongst the red-browns therefore one could definitely encounter the angrier crowd—but not all anger is equal. This probably explains why most of the self-styled anarchists, artists, punks—and youth in general—attended the second march.

Naturally, all sorts of objectionable characters were to be seen today. If you looked right you could get a free copy of *Russkiy Poryadok* ("Russian Order") or *Chomaya Sotnya* ("Black Hundred"). Stalin was there of course, but it seems his popularity is dropping as the

anti-Semites' is rising. Mostly extreme nationalism and xenophobia. The one thing that was new this year however was the widening popularity of the National Bolshevik Party—the Bolshevik Nazi Party—which deserves some attention.

The National Bolshevik Party is not a "grass roots" organization like the National Salvation Front, Russian National Unity or the Black Hundreds. Like the LDPR (the Liberal Democratic Party of Russia), the National Bolshevik Party exists to put its main figureheads into political power; the likelihood that it will be the LDPR of the next election is rather great. The main personality in this party is Edward Limonov, a former emigre "writer" who became famous for a scandalous book about life in America. A notorious personality with an enormous ego, Limonov is a master of self-promotion. Having emigrated to America in the '70s, obviously with naive expectations of life in the capitalist West, Limonov found that the best America had to offer a poet of his negligible talents was a job as a busboy. So he cleverly decided to invent a hitherto nonexistent literary genre, the anti-Western emigre novel. Poorly imitating the punk (the word *postmodern* makes me puke—and it's too sophisticated for him anyway) literary fashions of America at the time, Limonov seemed to introduce a new style in Russian literature with the publication of his extremely crude novel *It's Me, Eddy*. (Which of course compared to the stale realist drudgery that was most of modern Russian literature until perestroika, seemed innovative and interesting to a lot of people.) Limonov of course was the main literary character in all of his novels, all the better to create his public persona. He began to write anti-Western, Russian nationalist articles as well, which became more extreme as perestroika and the postperestroika regime developed. He is the author of "Limonov vs. Zhirinovskiy" where he claims that Vlad is a

coward and a Zionist fake in an attempt to appear tougher and to siphon off some LDPR support (votes). And apparently his strategy is working.

Part of the National Bolshevik Party's strategy for gaining support is to monitor different movements, act conciliatory to them and to mimic their politics and style in order to attract their marginal supporters. The party's main organ is "*Limonka*—the Newspaper of Direct Action" which took lessons in style from the anarchist press—literally. (At the demonstration I saw at least one so-called anarchist peddling the rag.) They recently printed rave reviews of *Chomaya Zvezda* ("Black Star") and commended the Polish fascists for infiltrating (called "working with") the Polish anarchists. Former anarchist and punk rock legend Yegor Letov has long since gone over to the NBP and this greatly helps their image with youth. For the more intellectually inclined, they offer up Alexander Dugin, editor of *Elementy*, a journal supported by French fascists. This is great for those who feel better having some theoretical mumbo-jumbo ready to justify their irrationality, even if they don't understand any of it themselves.

The NBP describes itself as nationalist socialist but distinguishes itself from the Nazis of Hitler fame; they do not have a view of the Russian nation based on race, but on adherence to Russian Civilization. Their program is simplistic and is designed to push all the right national patriotic buttons. At the basis of their program are the following ideas:

Russia is a great civilization that is being threatened by its enemies, mainly the United States and the people which it has put into power in Russia. As a great civilization it is historically destined to spread, and naturally the "lesser tribes" should Russify themselves. Russia was never a colonial empire because

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13th Street eviction

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Automatic Stay to take us out and seal the buildings up."

When the muffled sledgehammer explosions on D.W.'s main entrance door began, he took a seat near his bedroom door and waited quietly. Footsteps, voices, then the thunderous sledgehammer against the bedroom door. D.W. called out to the forces on the other side.

"Excuse me?"

A perplexed silence. Then, "It's the police."

"Do you have a warrant, sir?"

"Open the door"

"I suggest you get a warrant." Through a smashed hole in the door, the officer passed D.W. a copy of the Vacate Order. "This is your warrant?" D.W. asked the officer. "Please pause

while I read it." But the sledgehammer blows against the door resumed. D.W. turned away to avoid the pieces of the wood door flying through the air. In seconds, the room was filled with police. Guns and semi-automatic assault weapons drawn, walkie-talkies chattering, they told D.W. and his friends to put their hands on top of their heads and to turn around and face the wall. Everyone was ordered to spread out and was subjected to a frisk. Finally, D.W. and his company were escorted down the stairs, for the last time, and out of the building. As he carried his cat Dante in a cardboard box, D.W. berated all the police officers for taking a paycheck to make people homeless. On the street in front of the building, he recognized Assistant Corporation Counsel Leonard Kerner, in a suit and tie, standing on the side lines watching all the action.

"Kerner!" D.W. yelled. "You like doing this for a paycheck? See you in court, Kerner! See you in fucking court! I hope I see you homeless someday, Kerner! You did this, Kerner! You did this!" When D.W. approached the police barricade at Avenue B and 12th Street, he knocked it over. The police moved in to arrest him, but a friend held them off.

"Leave him alone," she yelled. "You just made him homeless!"

Sweating, exhausted, emotionally drained, D.W. dropped to his knees and bowed his head over the cardboard box that held his howling cat. A television news reporter stuck a microphone in his face and a camera began taping. D.W., still kneeling, looked up.

"Do you want some kind of shot of me looking like a helpless wreck, homeless on the street?" he asked. "Is that what you want?"

As always, we're happy to exchange with other periodicals (of 8 pages or more). We try to list all the anarchist publications that we receive in a timely way, but please be aware that there are times when this is impossible due to time and space limitations. Also keep in mind that the *Anarchy* issue we send for exchanges will be the one your publication is reviewed in, so please be patient. Please note that we no longer exchange with non-English-language publications that aren't anarchist in orientation. All reviews are by Alex Trotter, except those marked [S.E.] for Steven Englander.

Publishers please note: To ensure that your publications are reviewed in future issues, send all zines and magazines to our new address: B.A.L. Press, POB 2647, Stuyvesant St., New York, NY 10009.

Anarchist Age Monthly Review No. 48, Dec. 1994 (L.W.S.S., P.O. Box 20, Parkville, Melbourne, Victoria 3052, AUSTRALIA) Large-size, 34-page magazine of the Libertarian Workers for a Self-Managed Society. Consists of press releases and articles, from an anarcho-sindicalist orientation, mostly about events in Australia and vicinity. This issue: anarchist news from Greece, article on Indonesian repression in Irian Jaya. Subscription rates: ("wage earners") \$36/12 issues, \$18/6 issues; ("non-wage earners") \$20/12 issues, \$10/6 issues. Presumably these prices are in Aus. dollars.

Organise! Issue 36 Oct.-Dec. 1994 (ACF, c/o 84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX ENGLAND) Publication of the Anarchist Communist Federation-20 pages. This issue: the criminal justice bill, critique of the ceasefire in Northern Ireland, overview of British anarchist/ultra-left movement, workers vs. ANC in South Africa, yobs and bootboys, and anarchist filmmaker Jean Vigo. Price: 50p, £3 for four issues (add 25% outside of UK). Price in U.S. currency is approx. double.

Collective Action Notes #3/4 Fall/Winter 1994 (P.O. Box 22962, Baltimore, MD 21203) 16 pages of news items about workers around the world staging strikes (wildcat and otherwise), carrying out acts of sabotage in the workplace, etc. Also news about struggles of students, homeless people, and others. Put out by a group with an antiwork outlook who are affiliated with *Echanges et Mouvement*. Price: \$1.50/issue.

Kaspahrafter No. 12, Oct. 1994 (P.O. Box 8831, Portland, OR 97207; e-mail: jaheriot@teleport.com) 56-page collection of poetry, essays, and book reviews. Also has drawings, cartoons, and other graphics. This issue contains a review of *The Pen and the Sword: Conversations with David Barsamian* by Edward Said (review by Mickey Z.) and a brief essay by Bob Black slamming libertarians in space. Send two bucks or trade.

The Harbinger #3 (39120 Argonaut Way #127, Fremont, CA 94536) This 29-page zine is a mélange of situationist, antiwork, anarcho-communist, leftist, and feminist tenden-

Anarchist press review

Compiled by Alex Trotter & Steven Englander

cies all competing for dominance. This issue includes an article criticizing the EZLN for allowing Subcomandante Marcos to become a celebrity, a report of an anti-Earth Day action, a brief catalog of ways to beat the fare on BART and ride for free, detoured comics, and reprints of articles by Class War and Lorenzo Kombo Ervin. No price. A trade or small contribution will no doubt make 'em happy, though.

Turning the Tide Vol. 7, No. 6, Dec. 1994 (People Against Racist Terror, P.O. Box 1990, Burbank, CA 91507) "Journal of Anti-Racist Activism, Research and Education," bimonthly tabloid, 20 pages. Leftist publication that keeps tabs on the far right, racist cops, etc. In this issue: articles against California's Proposition 187, violence by anti-abortion groups, reports on the Hawaiian sovereignty movement, brutality of California prisons, the Christian right in Idaho, the *Bell Curve*, and Holocaust deniers. \$10 for one year, \$2 for one issue.

The Blast #3/Aug.-Sept. 1994 (P.O. Box 7075, Mpls, MN 55407) This revolutionary 28-page tabloid encourages and celebrates resistance to oppression and provides an anti-authoritarian analysis to global and local events. Quite immersed in a leftist tradition similar to *Love & Rage*. This ish includes much news of interest to activists as well as several articles on the cop-run D.A.R.E. program and an examination of U.S. prisons and control units. Subs: \$9/6 issues. [S.E.]

Slingshot #52/Fall 1994 (3124 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705) is a radical-left 16-page tabloid with an anarchist, counter-cultural orientation. In addition to local news this issue includes a piece on the School of the Americas and a list of Central and South American military men trained there, and a critical examination of the "movement." \$1.

Free Society Vol. 2 #3 (P.O. Box 7293, Mpls, MN 55407) is a 30-page anti-authoritarian zine that seeks to make theory relevant to activism. This ish includes lessons to be learned from the work of Michel Foucault in combating power, Luddites in forging a relationship of resistance to technology, and ACT-UP in crashing the limits of identity politics. Also updates on local issues, "Thinking Utopia," and an interview with sub-comandante Marcos. \$10/4 issues. [S.E.]

Croatan Express #3 (c/o TAZ, 1102 Pleasant St., #866; Worcester, MA 01602) is the zine of Ambli, a free reli-

gion mixing surrealist, situationist, bud-dhist, and other playful notions in an attempt to abolish alienation and wage slavery. Lively and spirited, this issue contains a piece by Hakim Bey on the autonomous zone as illegal or criminal enterprise, an examination of the word "cyber" and its associations, and several shorter pieces. 26 pages. \$1.00. [S.E.]

Meander Quarterly vol. 6, #1 Nov. 1994 (P.O. Box 1804; New York, NY 10009) is now published by Brendan in New York. This one includes zine reviews, some news and announcements, and a short profile of the Ancient Forest Bus Brigade in Idaho. \$1.00. [S.E.]

Not Bored #23 Jan. 1995 (P.O. Box 1115, Stuyvesant St., New York, NY 10009) recently relocated from Providence, RI, features 39 xeroxed pages of essays about William S. Burroughs's appearance in Nike TV ads, the films of Guy Debord (arguing that cinema is no longer socially important and that situationist-style agitation should now be directed at television and cyberspace), the suicide of Kurt Cobain, and the concepts of evolution/devolution in science fiction (tying together the *Star Trek* series, Stanislaw Lem, *Planet of the Apes*, and the band Devo). Includes graphics. No price listed. Trade or contribution.

The Aberrant Winter 1994-95 (P.O. Box 621746, Littleton, CO 80162) "A free thought journal," 66 pp. Published by ex-members of Mensa (too smart for their own good?) and dedicated, for the most part, to skepticism and atheistic rationalism. Seems in affinity with *The Match*, and indeed contains two articles by Fred Woodworth, one debunking Madalyn Murray O'Hair. Other articles deal with affirmative action, dinosaur bones, witches, David Koresh, and more. Subscription is \$10.00 for 3 issues.

Industrial Worker Feb. 1995 (1095 Market Street #204, San Francisco, CA 94103) Newspaper of the Industrial Workers of the World, 11 pp. Workerism lives on in the "voice of revolutionary unionism." Tales from the shop floor, news about strikes in North America and around the world, anti-NAFTA, and nostalgia for the original heyday of the Wobblies. Price: \$1.00 for one issue, \$15.00 for a year's sub (12 issues).

Wildcat No. 17, Spring 1994 (BM Cat, London WC1N 3XX ENGLAND; P.O. Box 14549, Portland, OR 97214) This issue entitled "Fighting the New World Order." 60-page journal of formerly left/council communist group

that has been moving closer to the anticivilization current. One article explains this shift; other articles discuss Waco, the Somalia adventure, antidemocracy, and a review of Alan Cohen's book *The Decadence of the Shamans*. Price: \$3.00/one issue. They request that correspondents should write without mentioning the name of their group.

Fatuous Times No. 4 (BM Jed, London WC1N 3XX ENGLAND) 28-page magazine with glossy cover produced by The Institute of Fatuous Research, apparently affiliated with the London Psychogeographical Association. Champions rave culture. Material here from LPA, TENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE, cartoon by Fly, plus other graphics. Price: £1.50 (send \$3.50) for one ish.

h2so4 No. 3, November 1994 (P.O. Box 423354, San Francisco, CA 94142; h2so4@igc.apc.org) Outstanding avant-garde magazine. This issue has attractive 'alchemical' cover as well as overall design and sensibility. Poetry, absurdist philosophy, and social critique. Articles deflating "Generation X" hype, the New Age, temporary employment, and the Internet. Also, tons of reviews of books, music, films, and even TV commercials. Strikes a blow for radical subjectivity. \$4.00 for an issue (published biannually).

Libertarian Labor Review No. 17, Summer/Fall 1994 (Box 2824, Champaign, IL 61825) Organ of the International Workers Association (IWA). "Anarcho-sindicalist ideas and Discussion," 45 pp. of workerism. This issue: against Marxism, prospects for syndicalism, anarchism and the Internet, international news, and letters. \$3/issue, \$12/4 issues (2 years), \$5 for prisoners.

Lesbian and Gay Freedom Movement Newsletter No. 9, Autumn 1994 (LGFM, BM Nox 207, London WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND) 20 pp. "Anarchy = Sexlib!" This issue: info on sex and British law (necrophilia, buggery, bestiality, age of consent, etc.), defense of unlimited free expression, "Should racist parties be banned?" (Answer: no), a couple of cartoons. Price: 40p (about \$1.00) for an issue.

Contraflow #9, July 1994 (c/o 56a Infoshop, 56 Crampton St., London SE17 ENGLAND) 4-page tabloid of the "European Counter Network" with news about demonstrations in support of immigrant detainees in Britain, Value-Added Tax, the Criminal Justice Bill, and the Fare Dodgers Liberation Front. It's free, but they would appreciate a donation (or trade).

Angry People No. 8 (c/o Box 1, 583A King St., Newton NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA) Sort of an Aussie version of Class War. These people like to fight with cops and fascists, and they despise reformism, racism, and sexism. Gut-level militancy, not theoretical. Price: Aus. \$5/three issues, \$1.00 for one.

Utopian Anarchist Party #45 (c/o Bill White, 5725 Artesian Drive, Derwood, MD 20855) 8-page newsletter printed in dot matrix and apparently directed at students, with hippiesque rhetoric. This issue: How to recognize narcs, cooking with pot, making LSD in the kitchen, what to do when arrested or otherwise confronted by a cop, a high school girl's revolt against her parents. There's something strange about it. No price listed.

Alley Cat #3 (c/o Lee Reiherzer, 820 Frederick St. Box-E, Oshkosh, WI) "Invigorating the anti-social experience," 19-page zine with uncompromising zerowork and nihilistic orientation that is by turns sophomoric and inspired, and frequently hilarious. This issue describes delirious shockeroos in supermarkets, fucking off on the job, using diarrhea as a weapon, and drinking the cup of bitterness (and enjoying it) while the world burns. Single issue available for \$1.00 ppd.

Fuck the System #4 (final issue), Summer 1994 (no address listed; try contacting Anti-Racist Action, P.O. Box 664, Stn. C, Toronto, Ontario M6J 3S1 CANADA) 20-page xeroxed compilation of (mostly) reprints from various other anarchist/antiauthoritarian publications. Emphasis on fascist and antifascist activity in Canada. Also, "Defending Pedophilia," subversion tips for high school students, and a description of how to make the deadly poison prussic acid. Price: \$1.00.

Profane Existence #24, Jan-March 1995 (P.O. Box 8722, Mpls, MN 55408) "Making Punk a Threat Again," 56-page anarcho-punk magazine. Articles about punks/squatters battling the porkers around the world; profiles of bands Graue Zeilen, Health Hazard, and 3-Way Cum; capsule reviews of bands and zines; and letters. Illustrated with photos. \$2/issue; third-class sub in N. America: \$9/six issues.

Discussion Bulletin No. 67 Sept-Oct 1994 (P.O. Box 1564, Grand Rapids, MI 49501) 32-page journal of essays and polemics from perspectives ranging from anarcho-syndicalism to left communism, council communism, and De Leonist socialism. This issue: "The Limits of Marxism," "Workers' Centers:

A Community Project," and "What Is Class?" among others. Subscription is \$3/individual; \$5/library. Free sample copy sent on request.

The Mad Farmers' Jubilee Almanack Vol. 2 No. 2, Spring 1995 (Moorish Observatory, P.O. Box 85777, Seattle, WA 98145) Quarterly publication dedicated to advancing jubilation and Moorish science. This ish: equinoctial homily, Emperor Norton, Permaculture, excerpt from a letter by Subcommander Marcos, the jubilee in Jewish mysticism explained, calendars from various religious/cultural traditions with saint days and other holidays and days of note. Beautiful cover. Price: \$5/issue; back issues available for \$6.50 each (ppd).

Zaginfatch Nos. 1-3 (Dave Onion c/o ARK-ZAPO, Tkalciceva 38, 41000 Zagreb, CROATIA; email address: 72500.2176@compuserve.com) English-language infosheets from the war zone in ex-Yugoslavia. Promotes "anarchopacifism," squatting, actions directed against fascism and anti-Semitism. Looking for help in translating from German and English into Croatian. No price listed; trade or contribution.

The Shadow No. 35 Feb-May 1995 (Shadow Press, P.O. Box 20298, New York, NY 10009) Everybody's favorite (?) anarcho-tabloid of the Lower East Side, promoting Yippie-type radicalism. 24 pages. This issue: pro-Zapatistas trash Chase Manhattan Bank, DEA corruption, squatter news, march for Mumia Abu-Jamal, cop brutality, Food Not Bombs, slams against NYC mayor Giuliani and politician Antonio Pagan. Also: a nasty letter attacking Tad Kopley and *Anarchy* magazine. 50 cents/issue; \$1.00 outside New York City.

Black Fist No. 9 (15110 Bellaire #317, Houston, TX 77083; email: st14gz@jetson.uh.edu) 12-page anarcholeftist tabloid, new home for "On Gogol Boulevard." Interview with Lorenzo Kom'boa Ervin, working-class militancy in Vietnam, indigenous people's struggles from Chiapas to Brazil to the United States, Anarchist Black Cross Information. Annual subscription is \$6; free to prisoners.

A-Infos Sept-Oct 1994 (Le Monde Libertaire, 145 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris, FRANCE) English-language edition of an information bulletin put together by the French Anarchist Federation. Chronicle of events in France grouped by general topic: health/AIDS, nuclear/ecology, fascism and antifascism, prisons and justice. Annual sub: US \$60.

Anarchist Information Bulletin on Greece Nos. 3-4 May 1994 (Anarchists' Coll, P.O. Box 30658, Athens 10033, GREECE) 34 pages' worth of exactly what it sounds like. The chronicle in this issue goes from July 1992 through December 1993. Strikes, demonstrations, direct actions. No price listed.

Jersey Anarchist #25 March 1995 (P.O. Box 8532, Paterson, NJ 07508-8532) 4-page newsletter of the New Jersey Anarchist Federation. This issue: rebellion in Paterson, news about Mumia Abu-Jamal, list of upcoming events, fund-raising appeal. Free.

Third Way No. 6 (P.O. Box 14, Nizhni Novgorod 603082, RUSSIA; email: treypul@glas.apc.org) green anarchist zine, 16 pages. Supports "sustainable development." News of the activities of various groups in Russia, Ukraine, Karelia, including a protest by a group called Rainbow Keepers against an oil-transfer terminal in Odesa. Annual subscription: \$10.

Kick It Over No. 34 Nov. 1994 (P.O. Box 5811, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M5W 1P2; email: KIO@web.apc.org) 68-page green anarcho-socialist and -feminist magazine, now with new editorship. In this issue: permaculture, Food Not Bombs, McDonald's libel case, anarcho-spatialism, summer camp and gatherings for anarchists, Murray Bookchin on radical agriculture. Sub (four issues) is \$12; sample copies \$3.

Dreamtime Talkingmail No. 7 Spring 1995 (c/o Xexoxial Endarchy, Rt. 1, Box 131, LaFarge, WI 54639; email: dreamtime@aol.com) 30 pages. Chronicle of the ongoing experiment with permaculture and hypermedia at Dreamtime Village. This issue has pieces on "paradise gardening" and the abandonment of civilization, the end of

history, building sustainable communities of "eco-villages," the Forest Farm Project, and permaculture of the self. Subscription is \$12 for three issues; sample copy is \$4 ppd.

Perspectives #8 (Transeuropa, BM-6682, London WC1N 3XX England) Promotes an "ethnic rootedness" oriented to pan-Europeanism opposed to "hard-line cosmopolitanism" (they also support movements such as the Zapatistas for their local, "rooted" focus). Has strong green and anti-industrialist tendency, is very anti-American, and wears the anarchist label. Articles about Robert Blatchford (the "Merrie England" movement) and D.H. Lawrence. Because of its folksy outlook, seems to flirt with fascist mythology, but is written at high level of sophistication. £2.50 (U.S. \$3.80) for single issue; payment by internatl. money order in sterling.

Collective Action Notes #2/Summer '94 (P.O. Box 22962, Baltimore, MD 21203) This 8-page newsletter seeks to circulate info about the struggles within and against the capitalist machine. #2 tackles the refusal of work and includes a chronology of workers' actions from around the globe, and a brief analysis of work resistance. A buck'll get it.

Bustin' outta Texas (Rob los Ricos; 3439 N.E. Sandy Blvd. #144, Portland, OR 97232) is a 30-page xerox zine and includes accounts of the Austin gathering, the EF! Rendezvous, Love and Rage bureaucratizing, and the event in Portland dominated by the Crusties, and excerpts from the Pirate Log, childish or childlike notes and notions of various people. Exchange or send 75 cents in stamps. [S.E.]

Bayou La Rose #44 (P.O. Box 5464, Tacoma, WA 98415) This issue of the anarcho-leftist paper includes articles on farmworkers in Washington state, Big Mountain, and the case of Kieran Knutson. Two dollars. [S.E.]

Live Wild or Die #5 (P.O. Box 15032, Berkeley, CA 94701) Uncompromisingly antitechnology tabloid chock full of cartoons, news clippings, and essays documenting the ongoing collapse of capital's civilization. Articles

May Day in Russia

Continued from page 11

non-Russians had positions of power, but Russia should, and by natural law is predestined to be, an empire. The Crimea is Russian territory, as are parts of Estonia, Kazakhstan, Moldova, Ossetia, Kharkov, and the Donetsk Basin. A strong army is the mark of a strong nation. We need a strong central government that will ensure the happiness of the Russian family. Russia for Russians and all will be OK.

From their program:
"Russian rule freely spread into Siberia, Central Asia and the Caucasus; it was not imposed by force as our enemies suggest, but by the development of Russian Civilization."

"Empire—Yes. Empire is the state form which stems from civilization." "Russia was never a colonial empire." "The West... is our enemy. It has successfully attacked us with its most modern weapons: 'democracy' and 'human rights'... The future of Russia is in union with Islam. Both the Orthodox and the Islamic have been fighting Western aggression for thousands of years." "Cleanse Russia of foreign influence." "Law and Order! New Order! Russian Order!" "Corporatism." Etc., ad nauseam.

A lot of people were selling *Limonka* today; it seems that the NBP has taken the place of the LDPR and Zhirinovsky among the dispossessed. Limonov, Dugin, and Letov will be running in the next election; don't be surprised if they get in. (Aside from the normal

anti-Chechen, anti-American crap, *Limonka* has been running some definitions of fascism, some of which are good for a laugh. These guys would be almost as funny as Zhirinovsky if it weren't for the fact that they're totally serious. From this issue:

"Fascism is the sweetness of forbidden fruit."

"Fascism is male nature."

"Fascism is when you can protect your girl and kick ass first."

"Fascism is respecting the opponent you want to kill."

"Fascism is an eagle eye, sharp teeth, a strong hand, and soft, soft lips to kiss your beloved."

If anybody here had half a brain, we could make a great musical.



from Ekintza Zuzena (Ediciones E.Z., Apdo. 235, 48080 Bilbao, SPAIN)

about animal liberation and indigenous struggles, plus slams at Murray Bookchin and the Grateful Dead. A touch of misanthropy, as well. Send a buck or two.

Egoism Rules premier issue (Jacob van Lennepkade 120b, 1053 MS Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS) Refreshing 14-page zine announcing the formation of the League of Egoists, a quasi-joke grouping of Dutch "meta-anarchists" who are dissatisfied with dogmatic anarchist organization and ideology and wish to pursue the path of individual self-realization in the tradition of Max Stirner. Includes a manifesto, a poem, an interview, and some amusing anecdotes. No subscriptions. To receive the next issue, send them something—anything.

Skunk No. 3 Summer '95 (P.O. Box 20524 Tompkins Square Stn., New York, NY 10009) Punky 28-page zine from Girl-Trouble Publications. The cover story in this issue consists of a report on the East 13th Street squatter eviction battle of May 30, 1995. Also includes poems, letters, lots of cartoons, and a centerfold featuring photos of bands in action: Smears, Tribe 8, and Sea Monkeys. Free, \$1.00 by mail.

NAFM No. 4 (P.O. Box 40077, 75 King St. South, Waterloo, Ontario N2J 4V1 CANADA) Newsprint zine, 44 pages, whose title (this time) stands for "Notorious Architect Found Murdered," but also "Not a Finished Manifesto" and presumably many other things. The editorial page disavows a fixed political

label, but the content of this issue indicates an affinity with *Kick It Over*. Sub (4 issues): \$8.00/year, \$2.00/issue.

Alarm (P.O. Box 804, Burlington, VT 05402) "A voice of revolutionary ecology" in affinity with *Earth First!*, 12 pages. Articles on radioactive waste in Massachusetts, sewage in Boston Harbor, fishing rights of native peoples, the Times Beach, Missouri, dioxin disaster, and a page listing addresses of people imprisoned for environmental activism, antimilitarism, and animal liberation. One-year sub: \$10.00 (or send whatever you can).

Non-English-language materials received

Kontestation Anarchiste nos. 1-3 (Alliance Ouvrière Anarchiste c/o Le Revell, Boite Postale: 85, 72004 Le Mans Cedex, FRANCE) French publication (each issue 4 small pages xeroxed) apparently inspired by the European New Right, filled with circle-A's and black flags, claiming to be neither left nor right, opposing vivisection and meat-eating, and in favor of decentralized ethnic self-determination (i.e., nationalism). Not identified, they say, with either racism or liberal multiculturalism. No price listed; send trade or contribution.

Rewolta #1(8) (P.O. Box 2, Warsaw 84, POLAND) "A magazine of unconstructive social critique," 28pp., illustrated. Influenced by situationist and antiwork perspectives. This issue con-

tains a story by Albert Libertad, material about the medieval Free Spirit movement, truancy by Polish youth, sabotage in the workplace, and two short pieces by Hakim Bey. In Polish. No price, send contribution.

Screaming for a Change #5 (George Mamalis, Gripari 13, A. Pattisla 111 41, Athens, GREECE) 15-page newspaper, mostly in Greek but also has articles, poems, and letters in English. Has environmentalist leanings, and seems to be Christian. \$2.00 post paid.

Perspectief #37 (v.u. F.Faes Dracenastr. 21 Gent 1, BELGIUM) Dutch-language magazine, small format, 80 pp. Articles about anarchist electoral success, against Flemish fascism, an anarchist-feminist criticism of U.S. liberal feminists Susan Faludi and Naomi Wolf, and a report on the "Anarchy in the U.K." event held in October 1994. Illustrations by Freddie Baer. No price listed in U.S. currency.

Ekintza Zuzena (Ediciones E.Z., Apdo. 235, 48080 Bilbao, SPAIN) 63-page anarchist magazine, Spanish-language but partly in Basque. News from around the world, articles about feminism, squatters, Human Genome Project, culture, punk rock, and more. Profusely illustrated with cartoons. Four issues: US \$14.00

Le Libertaire No. 152 (25, rue Dumé-d'Aplemont, 76600 Le Havre, FRANCE) Four large pages of articles in French about sexuality, the guillotine, direct action, and other topics. Price: 7 FF for one issue, no equivalent in U.S. currency listed.

Telegraph November 1994 (Schleimannstrasse 22, Berlin O-1058 GERMANY) 42-page zine-size journal in German concerning mostly events and politics in the former East Germany, plus news about Chiapas and Mexico. Strong antifascist and antiracist orientation. Seems to be socialist rather than anarchist. 4 DM per issue (no U.S. price listed).

CNT No. 167 November 1994 (c/o Molinos, 64, 18009 Granada, SPAIN) 16-page tabloid published by the anarcho-sindicalist Confederación Nacional del Trabajo. News about workers' demonstrations, editorial against the IMF, historical piece about anarchism in Granada, anti-McDonalds, Gustav Landauer, book and movie review page, and letters column. Illustrated with photos and graphics. Price: 100 pesetas per issue; no U.S. equivalent listed.

Daimon Tou Tupografelou (P.O. Box 31261, 10035, Athens, GREECE) "The Anti-'Anti-Sexist' Issue." 8 pages. In-your-face, Autonomen-style militancy. Three full pages of cartoons featuring sex and violence—for the revolution. Includes a Greek translation of a Feral Faun piece entitled "The Ideology

of Victimization." The cover, a cartoon of a skeleton from the "Nechayev Brigade" wearing a cowboy outfit, draped in belts of ammunition, cradling a big fat machine gun, is impressive. No U.S. price listed. Send trade or contribution.

Buiten de Orde 4th quarter 1994 (Vrije Bond, Postbus 1338, 3500 BH Utrecht, NETHERLANDS) 36-page Dutch-language publication. Articles on alternative media; feminism, pornography, and censorship; debate over deep ecology; situation in Nigeria; Flora Tristan. Subscription: 10 guilders for one year (four issues); no U.S. dollar equivalent given.

Rojo y Negro No. 64, February 1995 (c/Estafeta 27, 1 dcha. 31001 Pamplona/Iruña, SPAIN) 16-page tabloid published by the anarcho-sindicalist CGT. News of world events, workers' strikes and demonstrations in Spain. Annual subs are 2,000 pesetas outside Spain.

Schwarzer Faden No. 52 Jan. 1995 (PF 1159, D-71117 Grafenau, GERMANY) 68-page magazine in German. This issue: interview with Murray Bookchin, feminism in Argentina, war in Kurdistan, neofascist skinhead girls in Germany, architecture of the 20th century. Price: DM 7 for one issue; DM 30 for five issues.

De Nar No. 101 February 1995 (De Nar VZW, Postbus 104, 1210 Brussel 21, BELGIUM) 10 pages, Dutch-language Anarchist periodical, long-running. For foreigners like us, 20 Belgian francs (cost of a postage stamp) for one issue.

Die Rote Hilfe April 1994 (Postfach 6444, 24125 Kiel, GERMANY) Leftist magazine, 36 pages, in German, with news about antifascist actions, police repression of leftists, Kurdish nationalists, etc. This issue: demonstration demanding release of Irmgard Möller, RAF militant in prison for 23 years. Price: single issue for DM 2.50; annual sub for DM 15.

Brand No. 3(62) August 1994 (Box 150 15, 104 65 Stockholm, SWEDEN) Anarchist magazine, 18 pages, in Swedish. Has articles about feminism, squatters, and the Swedish Anarchist Fair. Price appears to be 100 kronor.

Liberecana Ligilo No. 81 Jan. 1995 (67 Av. Gambetta, F. 75020, FRANCE) 8-page bulletin in Esperanto. Biography of Kropotkin, news from Croatia. Seems to have affinity with Bookchin's brand of green anarchism. No price listed in U.S. currency. Send a buck or two, will probably trade.

Anarchist Intervention No. 12 (P.O. Box 30557, Athens 10033, GREECE) 12-page tabloid, in Greek. Articles about the social war in Greece, municipal elections, revolting against compulsory education. No price listed; try trading.

Irean No. 1(8) (P.O. Box 55, Moscow 109544, RUSSIA) Small (6 x 8 in.), 16-page anarchist zine in Russian. Material about Makhno and Kropotkin, including pictures. No price listed.

Secrets of a Super Hacker

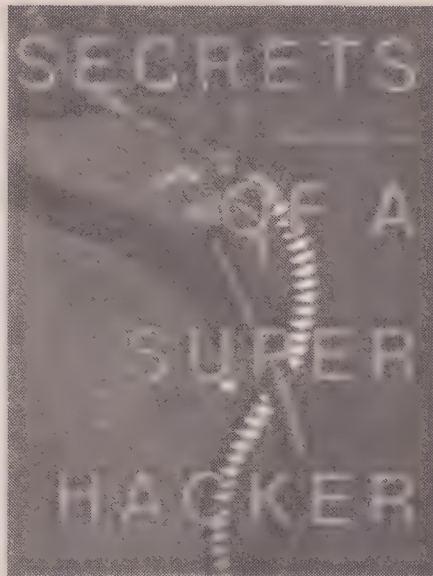
Review by Dave Mandl

Secrets of a Super Hacker by The Nightmare
(Loompanics Unlimited, 1994).

One of my favorite Monty Python skits is called "How to Do It," a minute-long radio program in which a panel of experts explains how to play the flute ("You blow in one end and move your fingers up and down the outside"), how to split the atom, and how to rid the world of all known diseases ("First of all, become a doctor and discover a marvelous cure for something; and then, when the medical world really starts to take notice of you, you can jolly well tell them what to do and make sure they get everything right so there'll never be diseases any more").

OK, *Secrets of a Super Hacker*, Loompanics' newest guide to being a real live outlaw, may not be *that* bad, but just don't expect to break into the NSA's Cray computers the day after reading it. Like many of Loompanics' other handbooks of insiders' tips on crime and mayhem, this is a light-to-middleweight collection of techniques that, while occasionally useful for neophytes, will probably be obvious to anyone with any kind of experience in the field. The book is a hodgepodge of information ranging from very vague general suggestions that will often be Greek to the beginner to specific technical details and program listings that will be old news to the seasoned techie. It can't seem to decide whether its intended audience is people with no experience at all hacking (or for that matter, using) modern computer systems, or people with a fairly solid computer background who want to try some, er, exploring. And to a great degree, it lets down both audiences.

To the extent that the book tries to be a complete A-to-Z guide to computer systems and hacking them (and it seems to me that that's its intent), it ends up being woefully inadequate. But then, there's no way *any* one book could possibly cover this vast subject. To even consider serious hacking without knowing at least the basics of the MS-DOS or UNIX



operating systems, for example, or the workings of a simple communications program, would be futile and crazy. While The Nightmare can tell us that it's easier and safer to try to figure out passwords if you capture a copy of the password file and try to crack it at your leisure on your own machine, there's just no room to describe exactly where to find the file, where in the file the actual passwords are located, or how to tell if the passwords are even in there (as opposed to the increasingly common "shadow password" file, which unlike the main password file is inaccessible to outsiders). However, this, like countless other technical details glossed over or omitted in the book, is crucial information; he should at least provide pointers to the relevant books or manuals, or acknowledge that trying to hack without them

is like trying to crack coded messages from the CIA without knowing English.

The best use for *Secrets of a Super Hacker* is probably to get you *thinking* like a hacker. As any good hacker can tell you, a tremendous amount of valuable information and access is scored not due to ultrasuperior technical skill but by simple "social engineering" and alertness. Social engineering is the art of finessing information out of unsuspecting or naive users by gaining their trust or impersonating authority figures. It can be a surprisingly effective technique, and why spend hours (days? weeks?) trying to figure out a password by "brute force" when you can get it by calling a technical support line and saying "I'm the temp filling in for Susan, and I've forgotten the password; can you help me log on?" Simply knowing where to look can also net you all kinds of valuable information. Passwords scrawled on slips of paper taped to terminals, lists of user ids in wastebaskets, discarded (or "found") floppy discs with only partially erased data: these are all surprisingly common items in the average office, and simply knowing what to keep your eyes and ears open for can be as important as a dozen lessons in arcane communications protocols. The Nightmare covers these important techniques, which are often overlooked by muscle-bound techies, pretty thoroughly. He also includes a few chapters on the history of hacking and its social, political, and legal implications, which are also essential if you want to understand what hacking is really about.

Still, no serious hacker can hope to get very far without at least a cursory (no pun intended) knowledge of how operating systems work, what sorts of system activity are monitored by administrators, what are the most exploitable security holes on different computer platforms, etc. These subjects are touched upon by The Nightmare in a general way, but again, it's just impossible to cover them on anything more than a very superficial level in a two-hundred-page book. There's plenty of

Solidaridad Obrera Nov/Dec 1994 (Rda. San Antonio, 13, Pral., 08001 Barcelona, SPAIN) 8-page tabloid organ of the anarchosindicalist CNT. Articles about women and poverty, science, the cynicism of the IMF and World Bank, elections within the CNT. Foreign subscription 120 French francs.

Anarchismo No. 73 May 1994 (Casella Postale 61, 95100 Catania, ITALY) Excellent 56-page magazine in Italian, edited by Alfredo Bonanno. Includes translations of articles by Feral Faun and John Zerzan, an essay by Bonanno entitled "Let's Destroy Work," plus a review of Hakim Bey's T.A.Z. Nice illustrations. Price for an issue: 3,000 lire.

Umanità Nova Vol. 74, No. 16 May 1994 (Italino Rossi, Casella Postale 90, 55046 Querceta (LU), ITALY) 8-page organ of the Italian Anarchist Federa-

tion. Article on the globalization of the economy, review of book by Michel Foucault, news of demonstrations and the 21st congress of the FAI. One issue is 1,500 lire; annual sub is 60,000 lire.

Libero Volo No. 59 April 1994 (A.R.P., P.O. Box 57, Sakyo, Kyoto 606, JAPAN) 12-page anarchist bulletin in Japanese and Esperanto. Antifascist and antimilitarist focus.

Svododna Musvi No.1(51) (Alikand'r Nakov, ul. "Republika" No. 4, 2309 gr.Perink, BULGARIA) 8-page anarchist tabloid in Bulgarian, with news on Bulgarian situation. No subscription info.

Exegersi No. 15 Summer 1993 (Giorgos Vlassopoulos, P.O. Box 303658, Athens 10033, GREECE) 12-page anarchist newspaper. Articles about the anniversary of the death in

combat with police of a Greek militant named Christos Tsoutsouvis, the Haymarket riot, prisons as the evidence of the state's crimes, Greek school occupations of 1993. Send a donation.

Sklaven No. 1 June 1994 (Torpedokäfer, Dunckerstrasse 69, 10437 Berlin, GERMANY) 40-page magazine concerning "literature, philosophy, economy." Articles by Michel Foucault, Noam Chomsky, interview with Hakim Bey. A few graphics, plus poetry. Price: DM 5 per issue.

Mordicus June 1994 (BP 11, 75622 Paris cedex 13, FRANCE) 72-page magazine with ultraleft politics. Special issue on the United States. Material here from Mike Davis, Midnight Notes, Peter Rachleff, and Paul Mattick Jr. on the Los Angeles revolt, the urban ecology of fear, homelessness in America, composition of the U.S. working class,

prisons, racism, and sabotage in the American workplace. Price: 30 FF/issue.

Tesão No. 3 (C.P. 70513, CEP 05013-990, São Paulo, BRAZIL) Anarchist Portuguese-language newsletter. In this issue: love and anarchy, Angolan capoeira, and Soma, a form of "anarchist therapy." Send contribution for a sample copy.

Resistência e luta Nos.1-3 (Cx.P. Santos—SP cep 11051-970, BRAZIL) Small four-page zine in Portuguese from punk anarcholeftists. Against racism, militarism.... Trade or contribution.

L'Unité Humaine No. 12 (L'Alliance Universelle, 73, Av. de la Résistance, 83000 Toulon, FRANCE) Organ of the Universal Alliance, an international group espousing world government, Esperanto, and universalist spiritualism. No price listed.

MARY TYLER MARX

practical and technical information here, but the short, hit-and-run chapter format and attempt to address an audience of technically savvy and novice readers simultaneously make the book a hodge-podge: not enough solid foundation material for beginners, no great revelations for pros. The Nightmare too often puts the cart before the horse, or gives "tips" so vague as to be almost completely useless: incredibly, some passages in *Secrets of a Super Hacker* almost seem to come directly from Monty Python's "How to Do It" ("The most adept hacker BBSs will not advertise themselves, but don't worry: Once you establish yourself as a knowledgeable hacker, you will learn of their existence and they will welcome you with open arms").

On the bright side, used in conjunction with hard-core manuals or technical references, or more specialized hacker resources, this book may be about the best general handbook on the subject you'll find, if only because there's such a dearth of books like it. But if you want to be a big-league hacker, do it right: pick up a copy of Cheswick and Bellovin's *Firewalls and Internet Security: Repelling the Wily Hacker* (a book for system administrators that describes known security holes in internet installations and how to plug them); pick up a copy of O'Reilly and Associates' *Essential System Administration*, which describes the architecture of UNIX systems as well as their various weaknesses; read the periodic security alerts issued publicly on the internet by CERT (the Computer Emergency Response Team), which detail the latest system breaches and bugs, and are probably read by only a tiny minority of system administrators, wink wink. And of course, read the hacker bibles *2600* (the quarterly hacker magazine) and *Phrack* (an occasional hacker publication available for free on the internet). Armed with some, or preferably all, of these resources, you may have an easier time piecing together the often vague and fragmentary information given in *Secrets of a Super Hacker*. And last time I checked, Cheswick and Bellovin's book didn't cover "Sorting Through Trash," "BBS Exploitation," "Midnight Masquerade," or "How to Keep from Getting Caught."

Mary Tyler Marx

Review by Alex Trotter

Mary Tyler Marx: A Nothingness Day (A Simple Sense of Superiority Productions, POB 6381, Mpls, MN 55406-6381) 28 min., \$6.66 + \$2 shipping.

Here's an interesting idea—a detoured episode of one of our favorite television situation comedies from the 1970s, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. Produced by a band of



mediawrenchers for St. Paul cable access TV, *Mary Tyler Marx* is about the length of an actual episode (sans commercials). The original canned laughter is retained to accompany subversive dubbed-in dialogue, done in incongruously gendered voices, and the flow of the original material is augmented with clips from other shows such as *The Love Boat* and archival footage from the 1930s of scenes from the Great Depression and Nazi propaganda film.

Mary Tyler Moore and other TV shows of its ilk are lame bromides that attempt to make comedy out of the misery of everyday life imposed by modern capitalism. In *Mary Tyler Marx* the horror of office slavery is savaged with (some) real comedy. The basic new-and-improved plot involves the efforts of boss Lou Grant and lieutenant Mary to keep everyone in the newsroom on the treadmill of the work-and-spend existence. But the news-crew has other plans: Sue Ann quits her job, Murray the Temp daydreams about being the captain of the Love Boat, and Ted decides to commit suicide but settles for Prozac instead.

Then the critique is enlarged into historical perspective by comparing the Great Depression, when people faced material hardship, to the present, the "Second Great Depression," this time of the psychological kind whereby capitalist society not only dominates the physical process of production, but engineers the desires and emotional life of worker/consumers

through—among other means—therapy and psychopharmacology. In another excursus, Lou Grant recounts his rise to boss-hood accompanied by images of colonial merchant ships and Nazis. And all throughout, the characters never stop reminding themselves—and the viewer—that they are fake, fake, and that television is the "collective unconscious" through which the spectator lives vicariously. The poverty of philosophy and psychology is presented along with the exhortation to drop out of the rat race by any means necessary.

Mary Tyler Marx brought to mind René Viénet's situationist classic *Can Dialectics Break Bricks?* *MTM* provokes a few chuckles but is not as gut-bustingly funny as I remember the Viénet film to have been. On the other hand, it dispenses with the marxism of the situationist film exercise and expresses a more explicitly antiwork viewpoint. The complaints I have are, first, that the goofy voices, although effective at first, begin to sound cloying after a while. Second, *MTM* is simply not savage enough. It could have used a little more mischief. And third, it's just not as funny as it could be; some episodes of *The Simpsons* have more to offer in that department. "Yet another effort, media detournistes..." to paraphrase a notorious libertine and miscreant. There's certainly plenty to

plunder—how about the *Brady Bunch* next?

Guerrilla videos like this can reach small audiences through cable access TV and will otherwise have to make the rounds like samizdat. It would be much cooler, though, to be able to zap them right into prime time and disturb the sleep of the world.

Blaster

Review by Alex Trotter

Blaster: The Blaster Al Ackerman Omnibus by Dr. Al Ackerman (Fehl Press, 200 E. 10th St. #603, New York, NY 10003) 304pp. \$12.95 ppd. paper.

It will do you good to read something strange and unexpected. *The Blaster Al Ackerman Omnibus* certainly fits that bill. These are some of the nuttiest stories you will ever come across. If they don't tickle your dada-bone, well then, you may as well go ahead and check yourself into a mental hospital.

Included in this volume are dozens of the author's autobiographical tales of woe, misadventure, and anecdotes around which he spins fantastic and preposterous yarns inspired in part by science fiction but mostly by alcohol, kif, and mescaline, which he uses to tap into a golden source of surreptitious id-thoughts that come tumbling out in an inexhaustible and unpredictable stream of consciousness. Travel-

ing the road of excess straight down the line, Ackerman invites you into his own palace of wisdom gained from stints working in mental hospitals and other odd jobs, in the army during the Vietnam War (and escaping from the army), participating in the Mail Art scene, and imbibing the (fire) waters of life.

Ackerman's world is a vision of America as a carnival sideshow and madhouse filled with pornographically minded presidents, door-to-door brassiere salesmen, bogus priests, and other charlatans and quacks such as the "Ling Master," a hooded savant wearing a pillowcase over his head who knows the answers to everything. Ackerman is obsessed (abscessed?) with the themes of suicide, madness, horrible diseases, dismemberment, and decay. But his gift for humor puts him in a different league (sui generis) than the PoMo death-trip artists. We meet characters who derive protein and good memory from eating platefuls of hair gathered from the floors of busy barbershops, gain sexual release with Nazis and/or severed heads and/or dogs, attempt to impress an object of desire by wearing suits made of 2,976 decomposing Vienna sausages, and fashion aphrodisiacs out of rabbit pellets. The real world is often that strange, sometimes more so.

The antiwork theme is prominent—check out "The Crab" for a description of joyful contempt and ineptitude for gainful employment. Decide for yourself whether you want to try this at home.

In addition to stories, there are samples of the thousands of letters Ackerman has written in his career as a Super-Neoist, including a beauty addressed to Henry Kissinger, and anecdotes about his friends in the world of marginalia such as David Crowbar and Istvan Kantor (the *real* "Monty Cantsin").

Ackerman is not just a wordsmith, but an artist as well, and he has copiously illustrated this book with bizarre drawings, reminiscent of underground comix, that complement the stories nicely. Especially of note is the "Are You Drunk?" series of portraits of famous poets, writers, and artists—all of them sporting two and a half pairs of eyes.

Blaster Al's weird tales are well worth your time.

Among the Thugs

Review by Alex Trotter

Among the Thugs by Bill Buford (Vintage, New York, 1990) 317pp. \$12.00 paper.

Bill Buford, the American-born former editor of the London-based literary journal *Granta* and now fiction editor of *The New Yorker* magazine, spent a good part of the 1980s insinuating himself into the rough-and-tumble world of English football (soccer to us Yanks) supporters, getting to know "the lads," accompanying them on their drunken and violent jaunts, and trying to determine what makes them tick. His method of personal engagement and immersion in a milieu while abandoning traditional standards of journalistic objectivity is part of the "new journalism" that started to appear in the 1960s. It is a slumming practice that has been used to investigate phenomena on the margins of society. *Among the Thugs* is in some ways reminiscent of

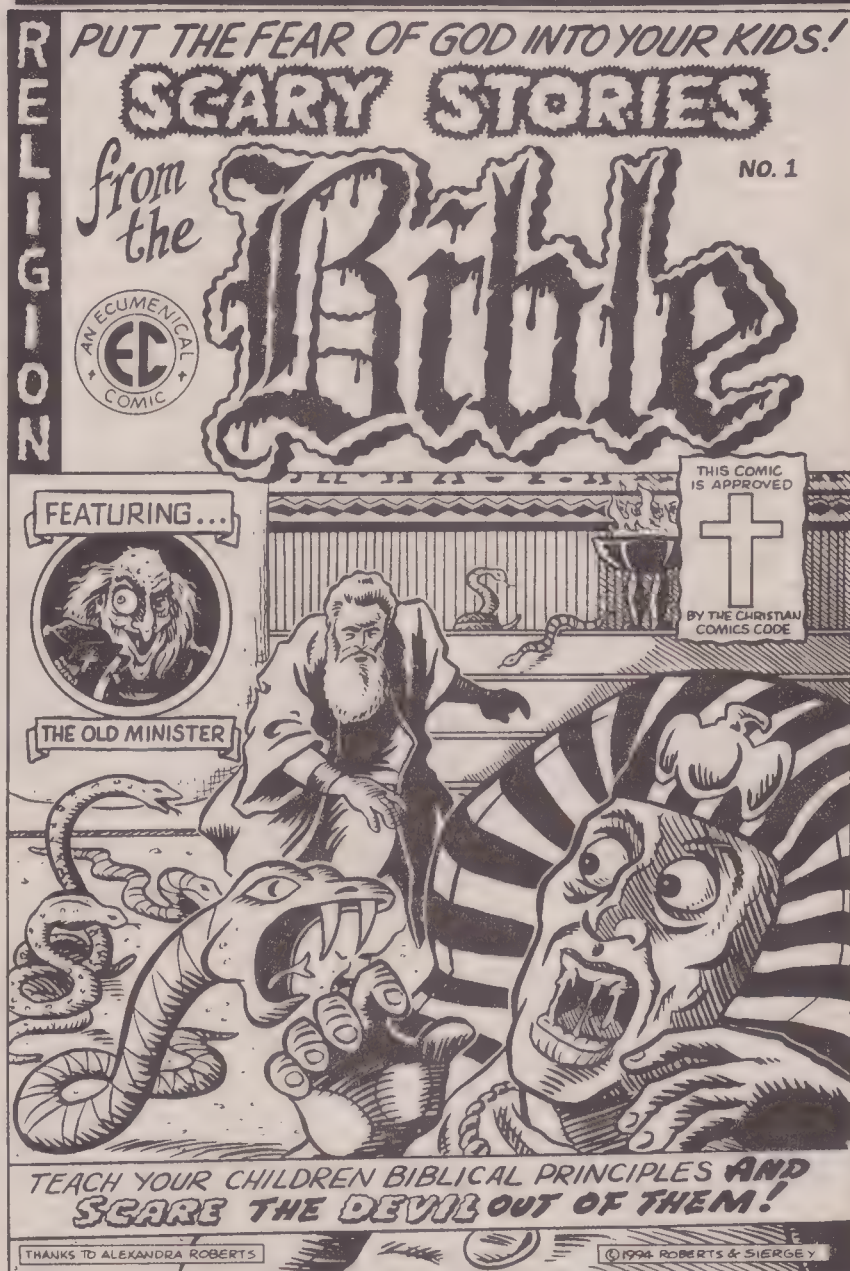
Hunter S. Thompson's book on the Hell's Angels.

If Buford's account is to be believed, the English football fans cause destruction on a scale to dwarf anything the motorcycle outlaws ever accomplished. In North America there have been occasional riots accompanying major sporting events (most notable in recent memory: the Canadian hockey riots following Stanley Cup matches), but as a rule supporters and spectators of even such a violent game as American football are, comparatively speaking, paragons of civility. The irony in this is the statistical truism that in other respects daily life in the U.S.A. is significantly more violent than in

Europe. But soccer fandom in Europe (and throughout the world generally), which according to Buford is particularly violent in Britain and Germany, is a way of life unknown in the States. Indeed, the 1994 World Cup came and went without major incidents of violence, to the surprise of American kops, who had been bracing themselves for the worst.

The young male supporters, mostly working class, of the various football teams in Britain are constantly on the move, attending every Saturday game they possibly can no matter what the difficulties and inconvenience involved, stealing, scamming, drinking seas of beer and liquor, and fighting with

CULTURAL JETLAG—JIM SIERGEY & TOM ROBERTS



the police, the fans of other teams, foreigners, and anyone who happens to get in their way. They have been known to go on mass rampages, one time trashing the city of Turin, Italy. At the games, the fans work themselves into paroxysms of team spirit tending toward hysterical aggression, and several times panic has led to scores of people being trampled to death in stadiums. But these kind of incidents ensued just as much, Buford admits, from the police practice of fencing in the fans and the owner's practice of packing stadiums to overcapacity in pursuit of maximum profit.

After relating how he managed to enter the society of the football rowdies and gain their trust (a feat in itself, given their not unjustified contempt for journalists), the author sketches portraits of several hooligans—Daft Donald, Steamin' Sammie, Robert the Sneak Thief—whose crimes and adventures he recounts throughout the book. Although he drinks aplenty with the lads, manages to bond with them in a sense, and even gets beaten up along with them by Italian riot cops, Buford also can't help revealing his disgust for them—and sometimes for himself, for associating with them.

Interwoven into the narrative are Buford's observations, often backed with quotations from sources as disparate as Charles Dickens, newspaper reports, a Boy Scout manual, and the police blotter, concerning the history of football violence in Britain and the sociology and psychology of crowds. Of particular interest are the passages concerning crowd violence as ecstasy and the transcendence of ego. The crowd becomes a thing in and for itself, no longer made up of individuals but of elements in a single mass organism, running amok and swept away by an oceanic adrenaline high.

Inevitably, political questions arise. The social disruptions caused by the football supporters, as well as their contempt for authority and the law, are the stuff of which revolutions—but also lynch mobs—can be made. What are the implications for anarchy and freedom? The football thugs resent constraints, won't stand for boredom, live for (a mostly sadistic) pleasure, and hate the police. Respectable society fears and loathes them. Does this make them potential fighters in a general insurrection against capitalism and the state? After all, there was the example of the *blousons noirs* (young French thugs and petty criminals) joining with the insurgent students and workers in 1968. The possibility exists, but don't bet on it. With their macho aggression, retrograde nationalism, and—frequently—racism, the football hooligans might seem more likely to supply troops for a revolution of the right than of the left, let alone a human revolt against capital. Although these types constitute a minority of the fans, the liberatory potential of mass spectator-sport fandom seems on the whole limited.

One chapter in *Among the Thugs* is devoted to a study of the fascist National Front, whose officers Buford contacts and hobnobs with, but he finds no solid connection between the NF and football supporters. In his account, the fascists attempt with little success to appeal to the lads with a publication modeled on the Rupert Murdoch tabloid the *Sun*, complete with football news. Though not noted by Buford, at least one group on the ultraleft in Britain, Class War, also publishes a tabloid, apparently a sort

of parody of the *Sun*, which does not lack for a football column. They and similar organizations champion soccer as "the people's game," affirming its fandom as a proud badge of worker identity. Their idea is that soccer matches concentrate proletarians in such a way as to make them into a dangerous class (and is apparently the flipside of the argument that games distract the proles from the serious business of making the revolution). In the United States, the people's game is baseball—though perhaps not as much as it once was—but there seems to be nothing in the culture of the game and its fandom that would serve as a springboard to proletarian insurrection; as with soccer in Britain, it has been associated largely with national(ist) consciousness. So the appeals to populism and/or workerism in sports ring hollow.

Buford ends the book with a description of more violence following a 1990 World Cup playoff match between England and Germany in a passage that seems to summon the ghost of the Second World War. The miserable nationalism that contributed heavily to the gigantic European slaughter of years past, he suggests, continues in the petty squalor of football wars. The author shakes his head at the stupidity and senselessness of it all; having disengaged himself, he exudes a sadder-but-wiser pessimism. His personal odyssey has apparently left him with a less sanguine view of human nature. Buford's perspective is disappointing. When all is said and done he's a liberal and a player in the literary journalism establishment. Still, his book has a fascination to it that's worth a read, so nick it if you can.

Anarchism: Left, Right, and Green

Review by Lawrence Jarach

Anarchism: Left, Right, and Green by Ulrike Heider, translated by Danny Lewis & Ulrike Bode (City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, CA 94133, 1994) 153pp. \$12.95 paper.

The tone of this book is set on the very first page of the introduction: "Since its inception, anarchism has brought to mind the Roman god Janus whose two faces are turned in opposite directions: one of them resembling the social revolutionary forefathers Bakunin and Kropotkin, turns its eyes toward a stateless democratic socialism, collective self-administration, and mutual aid. The other, inheriting its features from Max Stirner, the philosopher of unlimited personal freedom, looks to the brutal chaos of the war of each against all, waged in the arena of the unfettered free market."

Certainly no ideological punches pulled here. Why? "This book focuses on the differences between the traditional two main tendencies of anarchism," "leftist" anarchism and individualism. It is Heider's intention to show that these two types of anarchism have little in common and even less to offer each other, in order to make it clear to anarchists and others what is "progressive" in anarchism and which parts are "reactionary." Along the way she tosses around polemical terms like "realist," "utopian," and

"purist," the last of which is particularly remarkable since it is in fact Heider who is attempting to purify and cleanse "real" anarchism from the contamination of "utopian" communists, "conservative" ecologists, and "reactionary" capitalist individualists.

She uses the term "utopian" in its Marxian sense as a blueprint for a future society that is perfect but not attainable in reality. A pejorative term, it is used in opposition to the "realistic down-to-earth unionists" like Bakunin and those who carried on his legacy, the anarcho-syndicalists. Heider laments their eclipse by "Alexander" (sic!) Kropotkin and his successors, utopian communist anarchists. She assures the reader that the "utopians" devolved into "folk romantics who developed...pre-fascist blood-and-soil ideologies," because of a "focus on lifestyle reform and spirituality." It also led to "terrorists' propaganda of the deed," where revolutionary violence becomes an end in itself. One can only presume that the revolutionary violence of folks like the Cenetistas, Wobblies, and other syndicalists meets with her approval since it was done in the name of the union.

Heider refers to "the anarcho-syndicalist blueprint for democratic socialism" without a trace of irony. For me, the latter phrase evokes an image of moderately reformist leftism, which she obligingly reinforces by stating that "work still must be done, although with a wiser use of technology it could be organized more efficiently and equitably." She calls all non-capitalist varieties of anarchism "leftist," as if we were still living in those heady days of the First International, before Kronstadt and the May Days in Barcelona.

She confesses to being strongly influenced by *The German Ideology*, which goes a long way toward explaining her hostility to the ideas of Max Stirner. Marx and Engels devoted over 300 pages of that tome to an attempt to demolish Stirner's critique of communism and other impediments to the full realization of the individual; almost all of it was ad hominem (or, as we could say today, "personal attacks"), since they couldn't find "scientific" reasons to object to his premises and conclusions. She follows in the footsteps of her mentors and quotes Stirner out of context and refers to his ideas as "bourgeois" and "fascist."

Difficult as it is to believe, Heider apparently hasn't read Stirner in German (she's German): she quotes the English paperback edition of *The Ego and Its Own*, making it easier for someone who has it—like me—to show her inability to comprehend what "Saint Max" actually wrote. She quotes him three times (one has an incorrect page reference, and another excerpt is incorrectly punctuated, with a missing upper-case letter and missing quotation marks) and makes a couple of baseless assertions. In reference to his statement in favor of "the war of all against all" she has consciously omitted the discussion begun on the previous page. There, Stirner sarcastically baits bourgeois charities, accusing them of promoting this war. Maybe she would have understood the sarcasm in German.

Nearly unbelievably, she states that some of Stirner's comments "can easily be interpreted in a fascist and imperialist light," ignoring com-

Continued on next page

Dioxin: The Orange Research Handbook

Review by Tad Kepley

Dioxin: The Orange Research Handbook (Synthesis/Regeneration: A Magazine of Green Social Thought #7/8, Summer '95; WD Press, POB 24155, St. Louis, MO 63130) 100pp, \$7.00 saddle-stitched magazine.

Synthesis/Regeneration is the organ of the Green Party USA. This special double issue is an in-depth examination of Dioxin—the most toxic chemical known to humanity. Here is everything you could want to know about the tragedies and struggles of this potent poison—the manner in which it is produced, the horror stories, the battles fought and lost.

Dioxin is an inevitable by-product of certain kinds of manufacturing. "In the production of trichlorophenol—or for that matter in most reactions involving organic (carbon-containing) chemicals and chlorine—dioxin is likely to be formed...[it] is not simply a matter of poor housekeeping or bad management; it is an inescapable part of chlorine-based chemical production." The resulting marriage of carbon and chlorine produces "organochlorines"—dioxins—which are found nowhere in nature. The chemicals of capitalist agriculture—herbicides and insecticides—often leave dioxin as a by-product of their manufacture and their use has been the major source of contamination. Until the early 1970s, our friends at Dupont and Monsanto claim that they were "unaware" of the toxicity of this high-unchangeable "stable compound." Accordingly, it was not filtered from their finished products. One of these products was Agent Orange, or 2,4,5-T (the molecular nomenclature), a broad-spectrum herbicide used commonly worldwide throughout the middle decades of this century. "Orange" was used on farms, in forests, and most familiarly to many, as a tactical defoliant during the Vietnam War. 2,4-D, a close relative of Orange (one molecule removed) is the most widely used herbicide at present; a chemical I practically bathed in as a pre-teen/teen doing farm labor. I did spray application on windy Western Kansas days without any protective clothing; such practices are still very common. Most farmers laugh at you if you advise them of the dangers of the chemicals with which they perform their trade, but farmers (in a section of the high plains where 2,4-D is widely used), according to a recent study by Kansas State University, have quadruple the median rate of lymphomatic cancers. This despite the fact that currently marketed 2,4-D falls at or below the EPA standard parts per million of dioxin after the filtration now required during the herbicides' production.

This collection is filled with studies similar to the one done by KSU, well researched and annotated. There are articles on proposed incinerators and the most egregious violators of EPA regulation, like WTI (Waste Technologies Incorporated)—the world's largest incinerator of toxic waste, an American corporation that imports waste from other countries to be

burned in their incinerators here (which are inevitably located in extremely low-income areas). There is a short statement by retired Admiral E. R. Zumwalt on the use of Agent Orange in Vietnam ("Binding Up the Wounds"), and a few pieces on the world-famous evacuation and quarantine of Times Beach, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis so contaminated that it has been stricken from maps and a road built around it. Included here are very real personal accounts of those condemned by dioxin poi-



soning to die horribly slow deaths, their organs filled with tumors, their muscles packed with millions of microscopic fibrous malignancies. Particularly striking are the stories of people who died simply because they were in the wrong place at the wrong time, or did something as innocuous as pick strawberries near a recently sprayed railroad bed.

The profit-driven irresponsibilities and machinations of chemical manufacturers and their stoolies—lobbyists and private clean-up firms, corrupt congressmen and anonymous bureaucrats—are devastatingly exposed in this extremely well-researched compendium. The accounts of EPA mismanagement and bungling to be found here are truly enlightening as well. The first federal law regulating toxic waste—The Resource Conservation and Recovery Act—was written in 1976 (I) and has been "selectively enforced", to say the least. An excellent article written by a twenty-year veteran of the EPA, William Sanjour, ("What's Wrong With The EPA") is truly chilling in its exposure of the Agency's ineffectuality and ineptitude, as well as the ease with which it has been manipulated by corporate interests. His revelations may come as a surprise to liberals and those with a misguided faith in electoral politics and "representative democracy" who apparently can't see how money travels, but they should certainly be no surprise to anti-authoritarians. It was very nice to see one of their own so devastatingly and openly say what we already know: that policy is governed by profit, and anything that

costs money on top of the straight manufacture and sale of chemicals and consumer products—like proper waste disposal, smoke-stack filtration, toxicity studies, etc.—will be avoided at all costs.

Some of the articles here come close to saying what needs to be done to stop the poisoning of the planet, but stop short. Simply, many of the things the manufacturing of which produce dioxin are things manufactured as tools of industrial capitalism in its never-ceasing struggle to sustain itself. The self-replicating nature of the beast ensures that it will always poison and destroy in order to give itself more of an excuse to poison and destroy. Acting under the dictates of an imaginary, shell-game economy that relies on the unquestioning assent and participation of populations for its survival, the leviathan of production and consumption will stop at nothing to preserve the uninterrupted flow of profits stemming from the sale of its products. A friendlier, kinder and gentler, more "responsible", "worker-controlled" industrialism will make little difference. The monster's reason to exist is to consume and excrete on a huge scale, with redundancy and built-in obsolescence in its bloodstream. Only through a complete restructuring of the modes of worldwide resource exchange—only through consumer/industrial capital's abolition—will the horrors cease.

Dioxin: The Orange Resource Book is well worth the seven dollar cover price—even though it is printed in a saddle-stitched newsprint magazine format with a cardstock cover. This collection should be published as a bound book instead. Highly recommended for anyone with even a passing interest in the inherently destructive and deadly nature of industrialism.

Anarchism: Left, Right, and Green

Continued from previous page

pletely the explicit subject of *The Ego and Its Own: the individual*. Stirner repeatedly speaks of the individual opposing society, and more particularly the State, which is the death of the individual. Only someone who is really dense can ignore the anti-individualist nature of fascism, where the State is supreme and the individual is a replaceable cog. Stirner continually speaks of the struggle of the individual against all forms of oppression, whereas the proponents of fascism rely on the complete subordination of subjective desires. In no way could a Union of Egoists approach the predatory brutality of a fascist state. But then, leftists are always quick to characterize anything they don't like as "fascist" or "imperialist."

Another individualist she attacks is John Henry Mackay. He wrote a novel in German (which Heider actually read in German) in which the narrator seems to reject violence, but which "under closer scrutiny" is merely a rejection of "revolutionary violence." She disapprov-

ingly quotes the following passage as characteristic of "vigilante justice": "I would not be capable of killing a man...in war...But I would not hesitate for a moment to put a bullet in the head of a burglar who broke into my house with the intention of robbing and murdering me." Sounds like self-defense to me, not vigilantism, but I am living in the Wild West; as a survivor of a violent crime, I have learned that when it comes to defending myself or my loved ones, there's no time for hesitation or mercy. I guess if some nasty person broke into Heider's home with harmful intent, she'd call the anarcho-syndicalist committee for the defense of the revolution and wait patiently for them to deal with the murderous intruder.

Heider has some harsh words for eco-anarchists as well. She sees the whole tendency as a romanticization of the "primitive": "nostalgia for the medieval age, interest in mysticism, or the longing for the Neolithic Age of 10,000 years ago is all part and parcel of the conservative backlash against the progressive social movements of the 1960s." Leaving aside the memories I have of these things actually being part of the '60s, I know of no one who really wants to live in a culture that is medieval or neolithic, not even the people at *Fifth Estate*. Is there really nothing to be learned from human history? Isn't an analysis of the past a useful way to understand the present, and to help strive for a better tomorrow? As with almost all the critics of "primitivism," Heider has either ignored or deliberately misunderstood the difference between examination and longing, between investigative analysis and an attempt to recapture the past.

The entire book is one long rant against any anti-authoritarian tendency that deviates from the orthodoxy of anarcho-syndicalism. Forgetting for a moment the dismal history of compromise, capitulation, and surrender with which syndicalism is fraught, it remains the most rigid, unimaginative, and moralistic segment of the anarcho-hyphenated tendencies. Heider, as a dissimulator of adherents of other strands of anarchist thought, shows what the syndicalists have to offer the rest of us: a push for a massive organization (or a federation of smaller ones, with immediately revocable delegates). If this is the best the anarcho-syndicalists can come up with (more of the same boring stuff they've been talking about for the last seventy years), then the rest of us have little to worry about.

A Modern School interview on video

Review by Alex Trotter

Nellie Dick and the Modern School Movement directed by Jerry Mintz; about 2 hours (AERO [Alternative Education Resource Organization], 417 Roslyn Rd., Roslyn Heights, NY 11577) \$25.00.

Most of this video documentary consists of an interview, conducted by Jerry Mintz, of Nellie Dick, then 96 years old (and now nearly 100), a pioneer of the alternative education movement, which has included intentional communities, free schools, community schools, and the home schooling move-

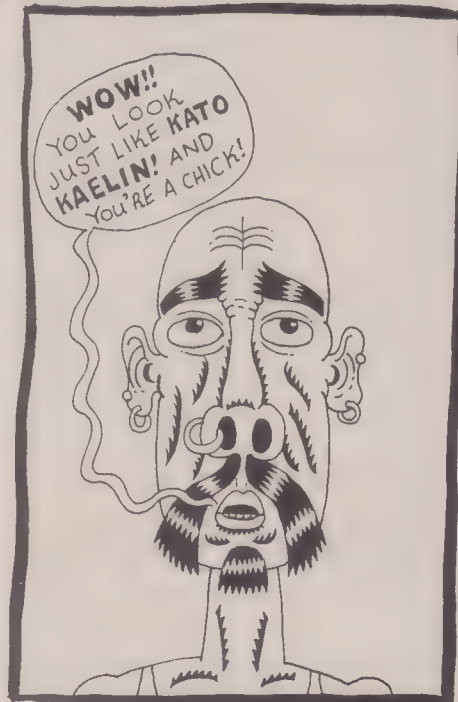
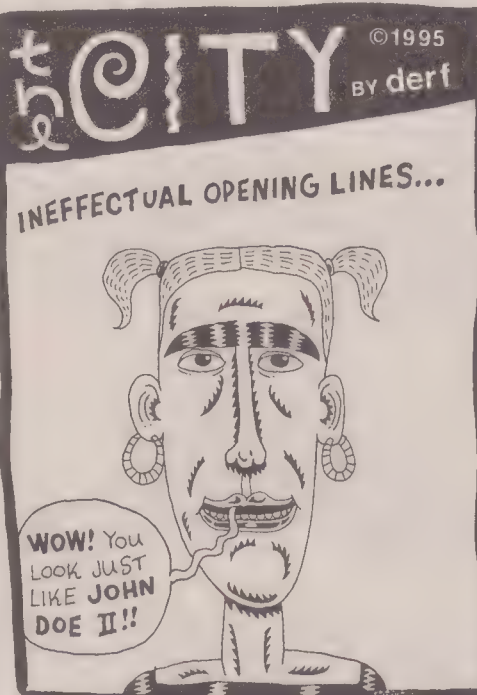
ment, all of which have been efforts to let children learn free of the authoritarian strictures of church- or state-run education. Through the interview we learn the history and fate of the *Modern School*.

Born in the Ukraine to Jewish anarchist parents, Dick grew up in England, where she started anarchist schools in 1908. In 1917 she went to the United States to teach at the Modern School/Ferrer Colony in Steiton, New Jersey. (The Modern School was based on the *Escuela moderna*, the work of Francisco Ferrer,

a Spanish educational reformer and anarcho-liberal who was executed by the royalist government of Spain in 1909.) She continued to teach at Modern Schools until 1958.

Her son, James Dick, a pediatrician who went to the Modern School as a child, is also interviewed. Mother and son describe the Modern School's connections to the anarchist wing of the classical labor movement, and how its decline was due to pressure from two principal sources: the U.S. Army, which built a base

Continued on next page



War and Cinema

Review by Judith Frederika Rodenbeck

War and Cinema: The Logistics of Perception by Paul Virilio, translated by Patrick Camiller (Verso, 128 8th Avenue, New York, New York, 10011, 1989). \$14.95 paper.

One of the most widely distributed sequences in the image-repertoire of the Gulf War is perhaps the cinematic zoom shot from the nose of a so-called smart bomb as it focuses in on, approaches, and then penetrates the chimney of a shelter: quick fade to gray, then flash. The murky electronic picture has been globally simulcast, broadcast and rebroadcast, with closeups and frame-by-frame analysis, becoming the visual signifier for military technology and the authority of postindustrial warfare. Look: No labor! No bodies! Look! Similarly, the hideous footage of the Basra road, not hideous enough. Vehicle after vehicle stuck to the melted macadam or keeled over onto the sand like so many wiped-out cockroaches, occupants charred beyond recognition. Very spooky, nothing moving, nothing sentient, not even a groan. Each black lump its own freeze-frame. One other image—I only saw it once, on CNN—was embedded in several sequences of Iraqi prisoners of war. These were not the grateful soldiers laughing and drinking water—the comic relief—but wounded POWs on allied hospital ships—sequences never repeated during the course of the war because they were allegedly too disturbing: not much seeming to be wrong with the prisoners from the outside, but all of them with heavily bandaged eyes; and one brief shot of a man bleeding from the eyes, like his vision had exploded. A related and more recent example comes from what Misha Glenny has called a "postmodern" war, the conflict in Bosnia: the young man shot by a sniper who lies in bed watching a videotape of himself taking the bullet, a tape shot by a cameraman lying in wait for exactly that moment....

These instances from what Paul Virilio would call the "permanent film-set" of war provide an entry for thinking about the collapsing of representational and ballistic technologies which forms the substance of Virilio's book, *War and Cinema: The Logistics of Perception*. The television broadcasts spectacularize a kind of blindness in double—moves of showing and hiding: we see everything on the Basra road, but no blood; we already know the narrative of the little scene set up by the cameraman in Sarajevo; we can look the Iraqi in the face, look at the impossibility of his looking back. It's all in the form of entertainment—the Disneyfied, virtually blood free war in the Gulf, the home video in Sarajevo, "war in the box" from the safety of the sofa a virtual universe away, instantaneously there and always already removed.

At the extreme end, the bomb footage elides us with the bomb itself: we are its eyes—not guiding it, but being rocketed forward—registering, relaying, shooting and, in the moment of impact, closing. "Cold, cold, smoked the bitch"—in the blistering heat of the desert, the

bomb, our sight, snuffs into a chimney and explodes itself. Cut to exterior daylight: long shot of soldiers playing volleyball, guys climbing up into airplanes, smiling, US Grade A porn under one arm, women setting up tents; cut to interior, zombie-light: Peter, Tom, Dan, et al standing on a brightly colored map in their own corporate War Rooms explaining it all to a people who don't even know where Washington is.

"There is no war...without representation, no sophisticated weaponry without psychological mystification. Weapons are tools not just of destruction but also of perception," writes Virilio. But with the advent of photography, chronophotography, cinema, and virtual reality, the technology of representation is increasingly the technology of weaponry; visual perception has become a weapon, and perception has become the enemy. Bit by bit conflict has been dislodged from location and thus, where prior to the twentieth century, "[m]ilitary strategy...involved the division of space, the building of permanent fortifications complete with ditches, ramparts, and screens that added up to what one nineteenth-century general called a kind of 'box of surprises.'" In the twentieth century it "moved on to the division of time, where the surprise effect came from the sudden appearance of pictures and signs on a monitor, and where screens were designed to simulate, rather than dissimulate, a war that ever more closely resembled non-stop cinema or round-the-clock television." War has become a game of visibility and invisibility, projected fakes and decoys for invisible sensors designed to misguide enemy projectiles: over here, over there. If you can see the whites of their eyes, they're already dead and you're watching television. And in the most sophisticated pilot training experiments, neurological feedback in response to computerized projections cues the behavior of the aircraft and the aim and firing of its weapons.

War and Cinema is concerned with "the osmosis between industrialized warfare and cinema." This history starts in the late nineteenth century with the Gatling gun and Marey's chronophotography (which used a similar rotational device), Nadar's aerial views of Paris (taken from a balloon), and moves into early twentieth century temporal experiments in cinema by the Lumière brothers and Georges Méliès, leading us to D. W. Griffith shooting—from the director's chair—battle scenes in World War I. With increasing rapidity, Virilio reveals, the technology of representation in the form of the cinema, but also of telegraphy and, certainly by the early 1930s, early video—is developed by or in the service of techniques of warfare. Concomitantly the effects of those technologies—the star system, dream factory, industrial light and magic—mark shifts in population, in techniques of manipulation, in the architecture and morphology of power. In some of the more chilling examples in *War and Cinema*, Virilio discusses the image-production of the Third Reich. From Hitler's kinesthetic

rehearsals (the book reproduces a photograph of Hitler practicing a speech) and his hypnotic power to Leni Riefenstahl's brilliant and terrifying *Triumph of the Will* ("the first and most important example ever of an 'authentic documentary' of a pseudo-event," says Amos Vogel) to the massive architecture constructed by Albert Speer out of searchlight beams to the endless production of propaganda films by the camera crews attached to German platoons, the Nazi exploitation of spectacular cinematic effects laid the recognizable groundwork for the circus of late capital's electoral politics as well as the strategic psych-out of wars of illusion. (Charlie don't surf, but he's gonna listen to Wagner.)

Paul Virilio is a philosopher, a professor of architecture in Paris, and a founding member of the Center for Interdisciplinary Research in Peace Studies and Military Strategy (CIRPES). Since the mid-1980s his writing has appeared in English with greater frequency, and books now in translation include *Pure War*, *Speed and Politics*, *War and Cinema*, and, most recently, *The Vision Machine*. Virilio is possibly the most readable of the currently fashionable (translated) French philosophers and certainly the most directly engaged in the material analysis of power's spectacle. In this book military and cinema history are mutually engaged (with the help of archival images) for a heady and prescient—it was first published in 1984—examination of deadly force, representation, and illusion.

Modern School interview

Continued from previous page

nearby; and the Communist Party, which undermined the libertarian atmosphere. Nellie Dick recounts her meetings with Malatesta, Kropotkin, and Rudolf Rocker. James Dick talks about his father's (also named James) involvement with A.S. Neill and the Summerhill school. According to the Dicks, the children themselves ran the Modern School and were allowed to use their own initiative and creativity to learn at their own pace and on their own terms. There were no grades and no top-down discipline from the teachers. Nellie Dick points out that education means to bring out, not to pour in. She doesn't call herself an anarchist now; she is beyond labels, and claims that no attempt was made to inculcate children at the Modern School with anarchism as an ideology (although they were apparently encouraged to sing workers' songs).

The "talking head" aspect of the documentary is broken up by numerous still photographs, chiefly from the 1910s and '20s, of Nellie Dick, her family, and scenes from the Modern School/Ferrer Colony.

The second half of the video is taken up with scenes from a 1989 reunion of Modern School students who fondly recall their childhood days at Stelton and talk of the terrible state of education in the United States today. This segment is unfortunately too long and boring, featuring seemingly endless footage of several people

speaking one after another at a lectern. It's a bit too much. I found myself fidgeting impatiently, my attention wandering. The presentation ends with a reprise of earlier segments of the Nellie Dick interview, as if Mintz is either trying to find a way to wrap it all up, or wants to make sure the viewer gets the point. Rather annoying. Another, though lesser, gripe I have is with Mintz's interviewing style: he sometimes interrupts and prompts Nellie Dick too obtrusively and unnecessarily.

To sum up, the first half, featuring the interviews with Nellie Dick and James Dick Jr., would have made a fairly good and self-sufficient presentation, of an appropriate length, and the video should have ended at the conclusion of that segment.

I myself went to a free school (run by hippies, not socialists) in Buffalo, New York, for a year at the age of six, which was a lot of fun for me, so I have a natural sympathy for such experiments. It may be debatable how effective alternative institutions and education can be in confronting the dominant society of spectacular commodity relations, but the story of the Modern School offers a glimpse of utopia that younger rebels and freedom-seekers of today can possibly learn from.

Other videos about alternative education are available from AERO. Call or write for a newsletter/catalog.

Anarchist Voices

Review by Peter Lamborn Wilson

Anarchist Voices—an oral history of Anarchism in America by Paul Avrich (Princeton University Press, 1995) 542pp. \$75.00 cloth.

The absolute dean of American anarchist historiography, Paul Avrich, has published about nine-tenths of his interviews with the friends, disciples, families and associates of various anarchists and also of course with the anarchists themselves—ranging from 1963 to 1991, superbly edited and annotated, 180 transcripts in all. Unfortunately Princeton University Press has apparently decided to publish the book as a reference work at a price only libraries can afford. Hopefully they'll consider the possibility of a paperback half-price edition, since the book could have a much wider appeal. Its charm creates a deep atmosphere, slightly shadowy and dusty perhaps (as many of the subjects are in their eighties or nineties!) but shot through with vivid flashes of intense memory and emotion. For any reader with an interest in the subject, *Anarchist Voices* will be a moving experience. Too bad that the price will reserve this pleasure for a few specialists. Well, there's always interlibrary loan.

Part one, "Pioneers", includes (among many others) memories of Benjamin Tucker (by his daughter), Kropotkin (by his son), Rudolf Rocker (son). Part two, devoted to Emma Goldman, and part three, on Sacco and Vanzetti, provide valuable new insights; the latter section includes interviews with two friends of mine, Valerio Isca, and the late Frank Brand (Enrico Arrigoni)—who I now discover was an illegal resident! Brand's Italian Stirnerite working-class individualism influenced me greatly in the 1980s, and I consider his crazy autobiography (*Freedom—My Dream*) an unrecognized mas-

terpiece.

Part Four is a superb mosaic of sources on anarchist schools and "colonies" or utopias. The stories of some of these TAZ's deserve their own separate treatments (like the madcap Home Colony near Seattle); Avrich here supplies raw data. Part Five carries out the same service to various "ethnic anarchists" in America—Spanish, French, German, Russian, and (rare treat) Chinese, as well as the usual suspects, Italians and Jews. Part Six, "The 1920s and After", includes a number of old NYC Libertarian Book Club stalwarts (Sam Dolgoff, Sarah Taback, Jack Frager, Abe Bluestein, etc.), plus a scattering of figures from other tendencies, from Dwight Macdonald to Fred Woodworth (who merits one of the funniest introductions, including the only stinging personal remarks I can recall in any of Avrich's books!).

The scholarly apparatus includes a list of periodicals, "Further Reading," and an index.

Little Tenement on the Volga: Two reviews

Review by Laure Akai

Little Tenement on the Volga by C.S. Walton (Claudia Press, BM Claudia, London, WC1N 3XX, England, 1995) 120pp. £5.99 paper.

History is written with a view from above. For most people, their knowledge of Russia is tainted by historiography; it is a collection of political faits accomplis and celebrity reminiscences, occasionally accented by the voice of the masses. What little is written about the life of the people is usually measured in consumer spending power, with the occasional human interest piece on life in the post-Communist era. However, it is precisely when we take a good look at the everyday life of the people that we begin to understand some of the events and nonevents in Russian history.

Little Tenement on the Volga, by C.S. Walton, is very different than most travel writing and memoirs about Russia. It is not the typical account of well-known people and exotic customs with a political/moral backdrop written by a journalist or intellectual, whose positions of relative privilege in society often taint their visions of Russian life. Walton wound up where few foreigners (from the "capitalist countries" at least) have landed before: in a communal apartment in the grim world of Samara. Her approach is to faithfully portray rather than trivialize the idiocy of everyday life, the characters and situations she brings to life being remarkably universal for postperestroika Russia.

Throughout the book, the people are forced to endure endless annoyances and are anaesthetized by wholesale hopelessness (and often enough by alcohol). Indoctrinated for centuries with the sanctity of stoic martyrdom, first by the Orthodox church, then by the Communist Party, women sit out their lives in rooms 15 sq. meters large (if that), often with family, with no

Sadly my review copy—bound publisher's galley—lacks the index (which would make the book ten times more useful) and I'm not about to buy the commercial edition just for the index. Perhaps I'll go xerox it in the library...

Actually I haven't finished *Anarchist Voices* yet. I've been dipping in, using it as bedtime material. For one thing, I hate to finish the book because this aimless wandering in the memory-palace of Avrich's archives is so purely enjoyable—but also because it's so sad. It's hard to finish a book that makes you gulp back tears every twenty pages or so. The interview with Gustav Landauer's daughter Brigitte Hausberger was almost too much, as was the account of Beltrando Brini, who testified as a 13-year-old boy at Vanzetti's trial. Brini as a 80-year-old recalls the day he went eel-fishing with Vanzetti—the day of the Bridgewater holdup—with such luminous love it takes the breath away.

consolation in the fact that none of their neighbors has it any better. If the abject pauperization of the workers was once compensated for by cultural events and free vacations, they now find themselves in a world of different values, a world where they are of no real value and are seen as impediments to gentrification.

The Brezhnev generation, trained and brought up into docility, turned to fantasy and the bottle. (Alcohol production once made up 40 percent of the GDP.) The hostility that could not be safely directed upward was directed out and around. Dreams of capitalist riches danced around in the heads of the young and ambitious, who have already made their moves, many of them driven by the images of despair of the poor and the wage laborer.

Always lurking in the background of the book is the failure of the so-called workers' state to usher in their promised harmonic society and the foreboding that the capitalist state, for many, will be even worse. While the characters often feel a healthy cynicism toward the system they live in, they are caught in it, like quicksand.

Wilson rightly realizes that the problems embodied in her portrayals are not isolated, but endemic to the society. The provincialism of the people who cannot dream of getting farther than Moscow, the racism, the rampant male infantilism and alcoholism. In that respect, her world is a microcosm of the nation, replete with skillfully told stories and complex characters.

While there is much in this book and the stories of Walton's Samara friends that attest to the above, to me the strongest aspect of this book is the definition of the gender roles that Soviet women must face and have assimilated. Clearly illustrated are examples of Soviet male infantilism and the women's asiatic/communist willingness to sacrifice in various ways. Coddled from birth, raised in a culture where it is unseemly for women to demand too much

for themselves, men retain the social ineptness of a spoiled ten-year-old in regards to women, who are expected to jump into the role of mother, bearing most of the responsibility for the well-being of themselves and their families. "Female care allows men to make an art form of irresponsibility." Indeed, a striking aspect of Russian social life is that women understand the injustice of their situation, yet usually comply with it and invariably promote it in subsequent generations. We can explain this willingness partially by the dominant sacrificial mode in Russian society; individualism was a hideous concept; the merit of a person was measured by their ability to sacrifice, for love, for the motherland, etc. Throughout the book we feel that the characters have a certain resignation to their roles as the sacrificial lambs of state capitalism. But there are exceptions. Some have bought into the private capitalist market.

Little Tenement on the Volga is not a scathing account of the people Walton has met, but rather of the system and the social rules that are woe to live with. Still, one can see the kindness of individuals to their friends, and some traces of life that existed despite state totalitarianism. It's a great source of information, a good read, and it's self-published. Read it yourself and find out what it's all about.

Review by Hakim Bey

Little Tenement on the Volga by C.S. Walton (Claudia Press, BM Claudia, London, WC1N 3XX, England, 1995) 120pp. £5.99 paper.

The Rebel's New Clothes (Claudia Press, BM Claudia, London, WC1N 3XX, England, 1992) 36pp. £2.25 paper.

Claudia Walton also wrote *I, Claudia* (a combined version of *Feminism Unveiled* and *Love Lies Bleeding*, available at the above address for £3.30). I'm presuming most Anarchoids will have already read this work, or at least the title essay, which was fairly widely distributed and deservedly popular. I'd call it the best thing in English on "anarcha-feminism," except that I feel fairly sure Claudia herself would reject the label—along with all other labels! *The Rebel's New Clothes* is less well known, although it's been around since 1992. It consists of a set of short rants on various forms of "lifestyle" and ideological leftism—including anarchism. The tone approaches cynicism and even "burn-out," but is saved from sheer negativity by clear-eyed realism and sharp wit:

"Repelled by leftist bullies acting out their power fantasies, I turned towards the anarchist milieu. This seemed logical, as anarchists claim to despise power.

"...Before long I realized I was surrounded by the familiar rag-bag mix of wife-beaters and emotional cripples. The only difference is that anarchy appeals to the sort of person who finds it hard to get out of bed for Saturday morning paper sales" (p. 17).

Ultimately I believe Claudia proposes an individuality (not "ism"), based on "empirical freedoms" and human solidarity, which reminds me somewhat of B. Traven. Like him, her "politics" seem based on a transcendence of mere ideas through lived experience and wide deep travel ("over forty countries"). As a

talented traveler, Claudia has developed a theory of intentional voyaging quite similar to a concept I've been pushing for years: she makes it a rule to avoid all places deemed picturesque or interesting by any guidebook, no matter how "hip" (she mentions the *Lonely Planet* series with special scorn). This desire for un-spectacularized "difference" ultimately led her into the experience described in her most recent and ambitious work, *Little Tenement on the Volga*: a long time (about a year?) teaching English in the Russian city of Samara.

It's no surprise if you've never heard of Samara, even though it's Russia's sixth largest city. There's absolutely nothing of any interest there, nothing but vast Stalinist housing estates, armaments factories, understocked grocery stores, misery, and mud. Somewhere Claudia mentions *Obolomov*—it's the perfect reference. Sloth, boredom, pretension, dirt, and alcoholism seem to define the borders of life itself. Sunlight and hope grow dim. Depression and even madness hover on the edge of each moment. The effect is suffocating. Most of the people we meet appear to be alcoholic men, or women in voluntary servitude to alcoholic men. Grinding poverty leads to an obsession with material goods; the only thing that seems to have changed since 1989 is the way in which this obsession has taken on the guise of an ideology.

Needless to say however that precisely this sort of hell conceals the most patient and sensitive traveler. At the center of this epiphanic aspect of Samara lies a friendship between Claudia and (who else?) the local witch, Lina Ivanovna Shatalova. Wise-woman and soothsayer, Lina alone manages to survive without the brutality of domesticity—by dint of sheer poverty and madness. She lives alone in a hut with her adopted stray cats, a refugee from folktales in the gray post-Communist heart of Samara. Without romanticizing her, Claudia still makes it clear that Lina's individuality (a rare and fragile state) mirrors the author's desire for the authentic, for "true life." And yet Claudia's conclusions are grim; finally, she predicts, "when [the Russians] can no longer find refuge in the bottle or the stars, they will seek it under the centuries-old heel of despotism."

If Claudia is a rather emmagoldmanesque character, this is her "Disillusionment with Russia"—and a masterpiece of travel writing. The Right used to tell us, "If you don't like it here, go to Russia!" It seems that History, with its usual sour irony, has reversed the taunt. So much for the New World Order.

The Heyday of the Wobblies

Review by Hakim Bey

Break Their Haughty Power: Joe Murphy in the Heyday of the Wobblies by Eugene Nelson (Isis Press, Box 12447, San Francisco, CA 94112; also available from the author at Box 3615, San Francisco, CA 94609-0615) 367pp. \$12.00 paper.

Eugene Nelson made this "biographical novel/labor history" out of taped interviews and other fragments of Joe Murphy's extraordinary life. It's not exactly a

literary masterpiece, but it is something even better. For the devotee of old Wobbly and hobo narratives it's pure treasure. Murphy knows everybody, from William O. Douglas the Supreme Court Justice and ex-hobo, to Boxcar Bertha herself. (Murphy implies an affair with the latter; the former saves his life by teaching him a new way to ride the rods.) He's active in every strike, weeps for every martyrdom, sings every song, and even joins the secret protection squad of the IWW, militants who roam the rails and jungles looking for extortionists, scabs, and government agents. Without books like this, American History would be simply the epic of bad bourgeois consciousness. Awkward, clunky, sentimental, it's worth a ton of "fine" literature and the heartless triumphalism of the literati.

The Melungeons

Review by Peter Lamborn Wilson

The Melungeons: The Resurrection of a Proud People; An Untold Story of Ethnic Cleansing in America by N. Brent Kennedy, with Robyn Vaughn Kennedy (Mercer University Press, Macon, GA, 1994) 156pp. \$7.00 paper.

All up and down the Atlantic seaboard and as far as the Mississippi Valley there exist tribes of people who were once called "tri-racial isolate communities" by an inhuman and racist Eugenics movement. These groups were and still are persecuted by eugenics laws—legislation once admired and imitated by the Nazis—and never repealed. Recently we at Autonomedia published a book—*Gone to Croatan*, edited by Ron Sakolsky and James Koehnline—devoted in part to such groups, their splendid resistance, and their tragedy. We support their ongoing struggle for self-determination and autonomy. And we admire their culture(s).

The present work concerns one of these groups, the Melungeons, and it is a gem of a contribution to the study of these "lost/found" tribes and peoples. The authors are not academic historians but are themselves Melungeons, and their research has the immediacy and emotional impact of "first-person narrative." Profoundly uneasy with their identity, Brent Kennedy's family tried to suppress its own history—thus his story concerns not only "roots" but also his rediscovery of an occulted self. However, as an amateur historian he hasn't done too damn bad. In fact, the material he uncovered proved so fascinating to local academic historians that an interdisciplinary study group was formed to support him. (Contact the Melungeon Research Team via the publisher.)

To cut to the end of a long and complicated story, Kennedy succeeds in demonstrating the very strong possibility that the ancestors of the Melungeons were Moors, that is, Moriscos: Moslems forcibly converted in 16th-century Spain and shipped to the "New" World as cheap labor. Several such settlements were made in North America; when the Spanish retreated, the Moors remained behind as "Ma-rooms" and undoubtedly mixed with Native tribes—and subsequently with runaway slaves, Scots-Irish hillbillies, etc.—always keeping their separate core group identity. This theory holds tremendous implications for the study of early

Islam and Black Islam in America (see my essay on the Moorish Science Temple in *Sacred Drift* [City Lights]). So much research remains to be done in this area, which is so neglected one can hardly even call it "lost." A book like this is a major milestone.

Above all I find it a perfect example of what I call *anti-hegemonic particularism*, that is, the notion that one can belong to a certain group and take pride in its culture, without racism, without resentment, without authoritarian hegemonics, without "ethnic cleansing," without apology, and without shame. In the New Global Order of totalitarian K-mart Kultur, these anti-hegemonic forms of particularism must be seen as foci of genuine resistance. In this sense studies such as *The Melungeons* offer sources for a true and revolutionary poetics—and this makes them inherently interesting to those who value an aesthetics or a culture of "freedom."

A work of genuine charm and substantial value.

100 Greatest Combat Pistols

Review by Tad Kepley

The 100 Greatest Combat Pistols: Hands-On Tests and Evaluations of Handguns From Around The World by Timothy J. Mullin (Paladin Press, POB 1307, Boulder, CO 80306.) 424pp. \$40.00 cloth.

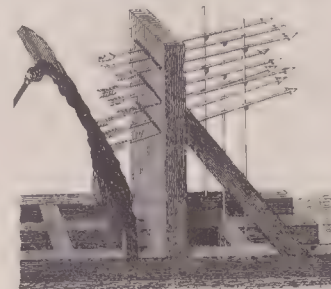
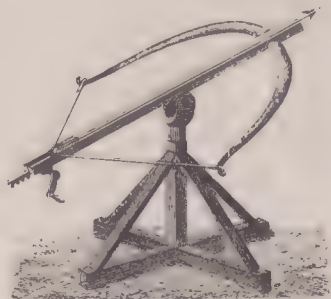
Point-Shooting: Battle-Proven Methods of Combat Handgunning (Paladin Press, POB 1307, Boulder, CO 80306.) 30 minute video, \$29.95.

This is an excellent book (and a short review). I enjoyed the hell out of it, and not because I always agreed with the author. Tim Mullin knows his sidearms, and rates them enthusiastically. He runs from old standbys like the Colt M1911 up to the most current popular semiautos (Glock 17, Beretta M92), rating them mercilessly. He shoots famous pistols that few of us will ever have the chance to fire—like the Type 94 Nambu (Japanese WW2 issue) or the Luger P.08.

Apparently Mullin thinks that wheelguns are obsolete as combat ordnance; he reviews no current models—but then again, design hasn't changed much in the cases of some of the revolvers he did review as opposed to those in current production. One revolver I would've liked to've seen reviewed would've been the old Colt Peacemaker or Pavillion models, just for the hell of it. He does review the Colt New Service model, and convinces me that I've got to find one. He also validates my pet personal choice in a pistol, one I've had to defend more than once. Contributing Editor Paul Simons and I paid a visit last December to a well-appointed shooting range in Aurora, Colorado. All the counter help there were wearing \$600 H&K's or Sig Sauers, and I made the mistake of asking if they had any Makarovs. They visibly sneered at me, informing me that in their establishment they carried no such inferior commie workmanship.

Maybe not for those ditto-head dickheads, but for the urban anarch, the choice is perfect—easily concealed, able to take a pounding, weighing in at under two pounds

(only with an eight-round in-line mag, but I'd rather be done with one than spray and pray anyway) and pricing at under two hundred dollars make this pistol particularly attractive. I own two. Admittedly, (as Mullin points out) the use of the .380 ACP in this gun makes accuracy suffer a bit (being that the gun is actually chambered for the Russian manufactured 9MM Makarov ammo), but my attitude is that I won't be firing unless I'm right on top of what it is I need to hit with the pistol. Mullin says "though not as good as the Glock 17 or Sig P225, it (Makarov) is clearly the equal of many Western European pistols." Well, I feel vindicated. The accuracy problem should be cleared up, as I've heard that there are Makarovs chambered for .380 ACP out there now... get one while you still can. And if you're at all interested in this kind of information, or have any idea of what it is I've been talking about in the previous paragraphs, get this book, I'm sure you'll find it as entertaining and informative as I did.



The video was truly a hoot. Col. Rex Applegate, unrepentant neo-fascist and author of several books on the proper application of authoritarian coercive force (*Riot Control* being the most famous "law enforcement" textbook he's penned) and decorated WW2 vet (so was George Lincoln Rockwell) introduces the film whilst seated in front of an array of flags and weaponry—it's a quite unintentional caricature, but a caricature nonetheless—informing us of the need for the film, of the lack of intelligent shooting today, and all that. Then we cut into the film—a WW2 training film that was classified during the war and for some time afterwards, and I was instantly rapt with attention. I learned something from this film about what I've been doing wrong for years that was so basic I wouldn't have figured it out if it hadn't been pointed out to me. I applied it, and my accuracy at distance with semi-autos improved considerably, getting up almost even to my relatively high level of proficiency with revolvers.

I don't know if the price on this thing is worth it, but maybe some infoshops should buy it and pass it around from place to place for viewing. It is certainly a very good primer for the uninitiated, as most Anarchists are. Most anarch "militants" I meet are urban or suburban-raised anti-gunners ripe for slaughter due to their incredible ignorance of firearms or tactics. Pull your heads out and get strapped, gawdammit.

Forest Rites

Review by Peter Lamborn Wilson

Forest Rites: The War of the Demoiselles in Nineteenth-Century France by Peter Sahlins (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, 1994) 188pp. \$14.95 paper.

Some time ago this journal ran Thom Metzger's essay on the "Calico Indians," rural New York State rent-rebels who dressed up in women's dresses and animal masks to terrify the landlord class. At about the same era, in southern France, exactly the same kind of rebellion broke out among peasants attempting to preserve ancient communal forest-use rights against enclosure. Could there have existed any contact between two such remote groups? Where did they both get the extraordinary notion of revolution in drag?

Peter Sahlins has discovered even further examples of such behavior, but has focused on the French complex. The custom turns out to be so widespread that the history is reduced (almost) to speaking of "archetypes." Sahlins meets the challenge admirably. Without recourse to vulgar Jungianisms, he explores the possibility of a very deep dispersion of motifs (as in folklore) clustered around the ideas of cross-dressing and resistance. Using old French fairy lore, History-of-Religions techniques, feminist theory, and other cognitive tools, he points finally to a connection between the feminine and the "wild" which emerges from all these sources and finally begins to form a coherent psychic pattern. His sympathy for the "Cause" is quite clear, although the writing retains academic balance and distance. Altogether a real find for the connoisseur of rare and bizarre manifestations of the human spirit of *festal insurrection*.

Fourier rides again

Review by Peter Lamborn Wilson

Cahiers Charles Fourier (no. 5, 1994) published by Association d'Etudes Fourieristes (c/o J.-Cl. Dubos, 55 rue de Dole, 2500 Besançon, France) Each issue FF 70 (add FF 10 for postage in France, or more for airmail, etc.)

If you read French and take a fairly deep interest in Charles Fourier, this is the fanzine (actually a very staid and dignified journal), published in Fourier's hometown, devoted to your noble Passion. This issue is 92 pages long and contains articles on Fourier and God, Fourier and Breton, Fourier and Zola, Fourier and the Paris journals, etc. There are abstracts in English, and some issues may contain articles in English. Anyway it gives me a warm feeling just to know this journal still exists.

The Electronic Disturbance

Reviewed by Judith Frederika Rodenbeck

The Electronic Disturbance by Critical Art Ensemble (Autonomedia, POB 568, Brooklyn, NY 11211, 1994). \$7.00 paper.

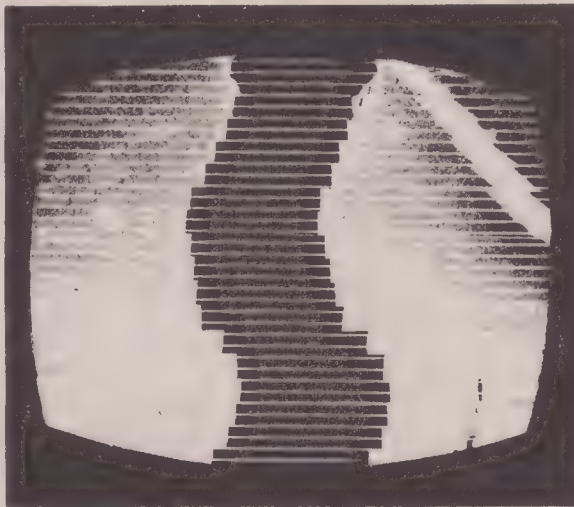
In 18th-century France the writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau were deemed scandalous by the authorities, beyond the pale of taste and decency, and were prohibited from publication or distribution. At the time, books travelled not as assembled units but as sequences of folios; this allowed for faster distribution of the partial texts as well as more efficient transportation of printed bulk. In the case of Rousseau, his books crossed the border between Switzerland and France clandestinely, the individual folios embedded alongside the pages of soft-core novellas among the leaves of more acceptable popular literature—travelling essentially in packets, worms in the apple.

In all the furor over recent attempts to regulate late capital's Wild West—cyberspace—the fundamental contradiction that forms the basis of the net itself, that is, the problematizing of geography as a limiting term for communication, is never directly addressed. For example, how would the U.S. federal government propose to prosecute a neonazi child pornographer posting from Taiwan, say, to Bloomington, Indiana, or even to regulate the passage of those packets of information—packets which may each take a different route, depending on speed of transmission and available dataspace rather than on distance and terrain? Not only is the transmission of a message from one location to another location no longer strictly mapped to the concrete space between those locations, the topology of the message itself seems to have atomized.

If the Communications Decency Act presents a fundamental misreading of how electronic communications operate, it nevertheless suggests that regulation of the Internet will be attempted through large-scale standardization and through limits to access. Having suggested the implausibility of such regulation, the answer is nevertheless chilling: implausibility is not much of a damper in these situations, and the massive electronic surveillance of users, on the one hand, and of the means of production, on the other, promise to be constant themes for the foreseeable future. A simple analogy: my bank just instituted a punishing fee for ATM usage over a certain frequency and increased the checking fee; the already-prohibitive daily lines at the human tellers are in effect a punishment for using this means of interaction as well. The bank-user is thus edged into using a single vehicle—plastic—to produce a single monthly banking transaction, presumably "recognized around the world." Terry Nichols may have kept his savings in the form of gold bullion, but just try renting a Ryder truck without a credit card....

"The rules of cultural and political resistance have dramatically changed," write the Critical

Art Ensemble by way of introducing the collection of essays and detoured quotations that compose *The Electronic Disturbance*. Electronic technology has created "a new geography of power relations in the first world" in which "people are reduced to data, surveillance occurs on a global scale, minds are melded to screenal reality, and an authoritarian power emerges that thrives on absence." As we approach the digital millennium, social control, or what CAE call nomadic power, is deployed across the field rather than point by point; governance as such is geographically defocalized, although it may rely on locally inflected spectacle—particular streets, particular



Reprinted from *Billy! Turn Down That TV!* by M. Kasper.

housing tracts—to imbue a generalizable fear. Absence here is the absence of fixed and singular location, and in the U.S. it seems this sort of nomadology has been adopted by all but the mainstream left, which continues to march on Washington and assault the St. Patrick's Day Parade in the name of liberal freedoms.

The Electronic Disturbance is divided into seven chapters: "The Virtual Condition," "Nomadic Power and Cultural Resistance," "Video and Resistance: Against Documentaries," "The Recombinant Theater and the Performative Matrix," "Utopian Plagiarism, Hypertextuality, and Electronic Cultural Production," "Fragments on the Problem of Time," and "Paradoxes and Contradictions." In between these texts, apparently prescient quotations from Western philosophy are sandwiched, each with a detoured version literalizing its address to electronic virtuality below it. Of the essays, the most materially grounded—those on plagiarism and on documentaries—also provide the most concrete critiques of cultural production, as well as valorizing an aesthetic of recombinant pastiche which the book itself tries, on a small scale, to embody. In the case of documentary media the disruption of apparently transparent strategies of truth-production are welcome, and

the "Video and Resistance" essay is a concise and sharp retort to leftist infomercials.

The chapter on plagiarism and hypertext also touches on documentary strategies, in particular those enabled by consumer electronics such as video equipment and desktop publishing, and although I found this section provocative, it also indicated for me some material problems of praxis. I have yet to be convinced of the value of plagiarism as configured here. Any text is truth-producing, speaks with authority, whether anonymous or credited; and citation is a double-edged procedure which in the very act of bolstering that textual authority reveals its fundamental instability. To eliminate quotation

marks is, in many ways, to "innocent" the text and to in fact present it as transparent when it is not. To mention just one example, knowing that Pat Robertson cribbs data, histories, and whole paragraphs from 50-year-old anti-Semitic tracts inflects his New World Order with the rabid cowardice the book itself is written to disguise.

I also found the discussion of image production via recombinant techniques unsatisfying, for while images may be controlled by a variety of industries, to therefore say that individuals lack access to distribution seems somewhat uncritical of the notion of distribution. Experimental video documentary production of the late 1960s and early '70s included a variety of distribution strategies which rethought notions of audience, distinctions between producer and consumer, the nature and hardware configurations of dissemination. Those experiments were suppressed from the inside as guerrilla media tacticians bled off into

advertising and other mainstream production houses, as television was oedipalized; a similar thing seems to happen in this essay in the dismissal of home production as a viable site of resistance. My favorite example of resistant television is a community access cable station in rural Massachusetts which broadcast pictures of local firefighters' kids for an hour during prime-time, but this kind of media usage would never even register on the horizon of resistant cultural producers marked out by CAE. Cultural image production includes community access cable, dish piracy, garage transmitters, home-made pornography, ASCII art, etc., and "cultural producers" are not just people who get paid to produce "culture." Elsewhere in the book performance strategies are suggested which ideally would address the theoretical concerns marked out and produce resistance at the level of micro-spectacle; but these are unfortunately lame, failing to match the insights of the essays from which they spring: again, cultural production, in this case performance, is still an unproblematic producer-consumer event.

But if the by-now familiar Deleuze-Kroker-Situ hybrid prophetic millenarian rhetoric used here presents problems at the level of the day-to-day

Continued on page 27

Alternative press review

Compiled by Alex Trotter

Peace Magazine Vol. 10 #5 (736 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2R4 CANADA) This pacifist news magazine includes articles on Tibet; the supply of South African weapons to Rwanda; "Serial Killer Entertainment," a critical piece on violent pop-culture products (games, cards, etc.); an interesting piece by Peter Nicholls examining war, aggression, media and art; and reviews of recent books by Petra Kelly and Kate Millet. 32 pages. Subs: \$17.50/6 issues.

Weird Flower #6 (P.O. Box 366, Station "B", Toronto, Ontario M52 2W2; Canada) is a 26 page magazine "devoted to an honest view of popular culture—from the fringe to the center." In addition to several pages of comics and reviews this ish includes a handful of irreverent and skeptical pieces on subliminals in advertising, music, and the "self-help" industry; a fond look at the *Planet of the Apes* movies; and an interview with Charles Johnson of the Flat Earth Society. Though quite amusing, this zine seems devoid of any radical or political content, and the publisher's admiration for products like *Wired* and *Ray Gun* perhaps betrays his ambitions, despite a stated concern for the mainstreaming of zine culture. \$4.

Fabio vs. Riker #1 (P.O. Box 42; East Burke, VT 05832) is a 16-page xerox punkzine from the sticks and includes reviews, comics, and assorted oddities. Quite crude and curious. Send a buck.

Joint Consensus Vol. 1, No. 6 Jan/Feb 1995 (c/o It's a Beautiful Day, 3916 Broadway, Kansas City, MO 64111) "An Urban Tribal Gazette" is an 8-page pro-pot tabloid with articles about urine testing, repressive laws, the Cannabis Cup in Amsterdam, medical uses of pot, and even a recipe including hemp seeds. Sub rates: \$10/yr (6 issues) or \$2 for a sample issue.

The Student Insurgent Vol. 6, #7 (1228 U. of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403-1228) "The Newspaper of the Left on the University of Oregon campus," 12 pp. This issue: Chiapas and NAFTA, marijuana activism, Indonesian army repression in East Timor, Black History Month, campaign to save the life of Mumia Abu-Jamal, plus several poems. Subscriptions are \$15/yr; free if you're a U. of Oregon student.

A Distant Caucas (255 Stratford Ct., Delmar, CA 92014) "A Journal of Social Thought in the 90s," 18 pp., no illustrations, one crossword puzzle. Series of brief essays, reviews, and statistics, mostly dealing with the need to protect freedom in cyberspace and knocking the Clinton administration for not being liberal enough. Price: \$20 a year.

The Nuclear Resister #98 (P.O. Box 43383, Tucson, AZ 85733) Liberal pacifist newspaper inspired by Martin Luther King Jr. that chronicles demonstrations and other acts of resistance to the nuclear power industry and nuclear weapons installations. In this issue: sits in at Israeli consulates on behalf of

Mordechai Vanunu, jail sentences for protesting the U.S. Navy's E.L.F. transmitter, prayer pilgrimage to Los Alamos, protest at the Army's School of the Americas. 1st-class subs: \$18 for 10 issues.

Slug & Lettuce #37 (c/o Christine, P.O. Box 2067, New York, NY 10009-8914) "A Do-It-Yourself Punk Rock Zine," 10 pp. Chronicle of the punk subculture on Manhattan's Lower East Side, with particular attention to bands that play and artists that show at ABC No Rio. Zine and record reviews, classifieds, radio listings, show bookings, and photos of bands in action. Cost of an issue: a 52-cent SASE, but donations are appreciated.

Garden State Greens Communi- que March 1995 (P.O. Box 2029, Princeton, NJ 08543) Calendar of news and events concerning mostly environmental issues, put out by the New Jersey Greens, a group espousing social-democratic parliamentary reformism. 4-pages, no price.

Toward Freedom Vol. 43, No. 5 Aug./Sept. 1994 (209 College St., Burlington, VT 05401) Social-democratic magazine, 23 pp. "A Progressive Perspective on World Events." Articles on events in Russia, Mexico, Leonard Peltier, radical street theater in Brazil. \$3.50/issue, \$25 for one year.

The Alternative Orange Vol. 3 No. 3, Spring 1994 (126T Schine Center, Syracuse University, Syracuse, NY 13244) Not to be confused, alas, with the Orange Alternative from Poland. This meaty 56-page newspaper features academic commies (who appear to be ISO-type Trots) picking a fight with the reigning pomo multicultural liberals. Price: \$20 for four issues; \$2.50 for a single issue.

Flag 'n Gun February 1995 (Trent Stevens, 800 Sleater-Kinney SE #206, Lacey, WA 98503) Monthly constitutionalist, pro-gun news and commentary, 8 pp. Articles about Chechnya, the Crime Bill, threats to the Second and Fourth Amendments, and a complaint about Clinton dismantling the U.S. nuclear "deterrent." Single copy: \$2; 3 issues for \$3; 6 issues for \$6, etc.

The Zine No. 9, July/August 1994 (P.O. Box 288, Shere, Guildford, Surrey GU5 9JS ENGLAND) Glossy hip magazine for pop music fans, featuring news about bands such as XTC and Shriek-back, lots of photos, cartoons, and low-octane leftist politics (for the peace movement and against nazis, animal testing, and the Criminal Justice Bill). It's very British. £1.65 (about \$4) for

one issue; £42.36 (outside Europe—that's almost \$90!) for 12 issues.

Common Sense: A Newsletter of the Kentucky Environmental Foundation Sept. 1994 (P.O. Box 467, Berea, Kentucky 40403) 12-page publication of group dedicated to "safe disposal of chemical weapons" and affiliated with a Russian environmentalist magazine called "Third Way" that favors "sustainable development." no price listed; send contribution or trade.

Cake Vol. 11 #32 (2401 University Ave. NE, Mpls, MN 55418) "The Non-Music Zine." Hip 54-page magazine focusing on indie rock scene, plus articles on the U2/Negativland imbroglio, performance artist Karen Finley, T.A.Z., cartoonist Mike Diana, and the Cacophony Society. Subs are \$20 for ten issues.

The Tempest No. 6 April 1995 (Willowpoint Publishing, P.O. Box 302, Decatur, MI 49045; email address: temp26@aol.com) 12-page zine with classical liberal bent, upholding the rights-bearing individual and "free enterprise" (not to be confused with capitalism). This issue: Emma Goldman on the tyranny of majorities, essays by others against minimum-wage laws, environmental education, and "the elitist hand of publicly-supported arts." \$1.25/issue.

Cow Patties #3 (4190 Countryside Dr., Eagan, MN 55132) small-size 24-page zine written by a high school student about things like Grover fandom (that's Grover from *Sesame Street*), a job in a grocery store, and a paean to his favorite guidance counselor. It's free.

Third World Resources Jan-March 1995 (464 19 Street, Oakland, CA 94612-2297) A collection of books, periodicals, directories, and Internet resources relating to the "third world" (in general: Africa, Middle East, Latin America, South Asia, but also the dispossessed within the metropolises of the West). Price: \$4/one issue; \$35 buys a year's sub. (individual).

Sound Views #32 (96 Henry Street, suite 5W, Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713; email: SoundViews@aol.com) 40-page magazine covering a wide range of nonmainstream music in the New York area. Interviews with the Murder Junkies, the Wives, Glenn Branca, Sarah Nagourney, Black Velvet Flag, and others. Price: \$2 US (\$2.95 Canada)

Oculus Magazine Vol. 4 No. 1 (P.O. Box 148, Hoboken, NJ 07030; email: oculus@ix.netcom.com) 32-page maga-

zine devoted to indie and experimental music. Lots of reviews, plus features on Margo Hennebach, Palm Fabric Orchestra, and Jim Santo, and an anti-Lollapalooza piece. Price: Annual sub (six issues) is \$5.

The Caretaker Gazette Vol. 13 No. 2 March/April 1995 (HC 76, Box 4022, Garden Valley, ID 83622-9729) 8-page newsletter consisting mostly of ads put out by landowners looking for people to work for them as caretakers on their land. Listings by state, plus a few for Australia and Thailand. Sub rates: \$15 for six months (3 issues); \$24 for a year (6 issues); \$44 for two years (12 issues).

Nukewatch Pathfinder Spring 1995 (The Progressive Foundation, P.O. Box 2658, Madison, WI 53701-2658) Quarterly antinuclear tabloid, 8 pages, published by liberal pacifist group that practices civil disobedience. This issue: calendar of events, Project ELF, reports about jailed activists. No price listed.

Flipside No. 96 June/July 1995 (P.O. Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116; email: flipside@ix.netcom.com) King of the punk rock magazines. Meaty (160 pp.), with dozens of bands profiled, interviewed, and reviewed. This issue has a long, in-depth interview with Tad Kepley. Lots of photos. It'll take you a solid week to read it. Subscription is \$12 for a year (6 issues); single issue is \$2.50. Catalog & back issues available.

Survivor (Thomas J. Evans, 11-15 45th Ave., LIC, NY 11101) 16-page xeroxed zine favoring Libertarianism. News items attacking state socialism, cartoons culled from mainstream media, a taste for science fiction, and "Bob." Subscription is \$15; single issue is \$1.00.

Moorish Science Monitor #7 (Ziggurat, Box 25193, Rochester, NY 14625) Cool collection of esoteric mysteries, heresies, and blasphemies. This issue: Ribofunk, mail-order hours, and Moorish blessing oil. Jihad! Contribution or exchange.

Gogglebox #3 (Jenn G. Box, Columbia University P.O., P.O. Box 250402, New York, NY 10025-1536) One grif's revolution. Spunky and funky anti-Boomer girlzine with lots of cartoons and other graphics. This issue: school, sex, cults, a road trip story, and a special toy that goes bang! Send \$1.00 cash, plus a couple of 29-cent stamps.

The 4th #1-4 (3138 Overhulse Rd. N.W., Apt. 22, Olympia, WA 98502, e-mail internet address: turner@evergreen.elwha.edu) Randite zine published by college student, jazzed up with cartoons and collages. Promotes an "independent" variant of the procapitalist ideology of Objectivism. No price listed; send something to exchange, or a SASE and ask for a sample.

Exposing Mirage #2/June-July '94 (P.O. Box 3458, Berkeley, CA 94703)

This 4-page effort is a sort of personal newsletter meandering through diverse subjects: art to sarcasm to sexuality to the Temporary Autonomous Zone (in practice and the book). Send a SASE.

Envy the Dead #4 (P.O. Box 30033, Kansas City, MO 64112) is a spirited and amusing digest-sized 70-page xerox zine full of collage, fiction, articles, politics, music, and jokes. Seriously fun anarchy. No price listed.

M.E.N. Magazine Vol.5, #7/July '94 (Men's Evolvement Network; 602 W. Howe St., Seattle, WA 98119) This 24-page newsletter includes "Inner Work and Gender Justice," "In Quest of Masculine Spirit," a calendar of events, and a smattering of other men's movement stuff. Amusing advertisements. Subs. \$15/yr.

Cement Squeeze premier issue, Oct. 1994 (P.O. Box 2112, Tempe, AZ 85280-2112) 11-page xeroxed zine in 8 1/2 x 11 format. Articles lauding the documentary film *Panama Deception*, the magazine *Fortean Times*, and the rock band Pink Floyd. Also, some lackluster ruminations about the deaths of Kurt Cobain and River Phoenix, calling them "anti-martyrs and anti-heroes of Generation X." No price listed. Send a trade or two bucks for sample; \$10 for 5 issues.

Slack Vol. 1 #4/Summer 1994 (P.O. Box 2243, Madison, WI 53701) is an irreverent 24-page zine. This one includes articles on FEMA, the FBI, the U.S. war in Mexico, dress codes of the NSA, and a few tidbits of local interest. \$13/12 issues.

Cerebral Disobedience #3/Oct-Nov. 1994 (Kyle Wright, 2615 Waugh, #149, Houston, TX 77006) is a ten-page personal zine tracking Kyle's "struggle to understand and conquer this wacko civilization of ours." SASE for free sample or \$5/4 issues.

Project Z No. 2 (P.O. Box 31848, Seattle, WA 98103-1848) "Irregular personalizing from Luke McGuff," 10 pp. One person's dreams, rants, and adventures, plus letters and information about local events and resources in Seattle. Available for trade, letter of comment, or \$1.00 (free to prisoners and high school students).

Meshuggah No. 11, March 1995 (Fehl! Press, 200 East 10th St. #603, New York, NY 10003-7702) 39-page journal of "oddball fiction and subversive thought." Lots of brief, bizarre, and humorous stories to keep you entertained, plus cartoons. They invite submissions. \$2 for single issue, \$7 for four issues.

Psychedelic Prisoners Newsletter No. 3, Fall 1993 (PPN, 107 Tall Trees Ct., Frankfort, KY 40601) 16 pp. Supports prisoners of drug prohibition laws. This issue: description of solitary confinement in New York State prisons, "Marijuana Revolution," and academic freedom under fire from the War on Drugs. Donation of \$1.00 requested.

Dream Scene Magazine (38 Rossi Ave., Suite Number One, San Francisco, CA 94118-4218) A 16-page "participatory dream journal" chock full of anonymous and often fascinating dream descriptions. You can submit your own for publication (enclose 3 stamps). The front and back covers on this issue are cool. \$2/issue, \$7/four issues (cash only).

The Firefly #27, August 1994 (P.O. Box 133, Angle Inlet, MN 56711) 8-page newsletter. Articles about effects of poverty on Native Americans, and a lament for the fate of hippie and punk rock and roll counterculture. \$10/six issues, \$20/six issues plus T-shirt.

Little Free Press #114 March 1995 (2714 First Ave. S., Mpls, MN 55408) Ernest Mann's ongoing chronicle of his quest for personal freedom and his vision of the "Priceless Economic System." This issue talks of the evils of capitalism and E.M.'s fifth river trip and its attendant adventures. One sheet, front and back. It's free, but send a stamp for postage. Back issues available.

Lumpen Vol. 3 No. 26 (2558 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago, IL 60647) The first four-color cover for this 50-page magazine. Sex is the theme for this issue: pieces on Wilhelm Reich, Guide to Dating, Aphrodisiacs, 10 Most Disgusting Sex Acts, sex toys, women's erotica, and an illuminating cartoon about the oedipal significance of sports, plus articles on Newt Gingrich and the collapse of the Mexican peso. Subscriptions: \$10 for 4 issues; \$30 for 12 issues.

Exile Spring/Summer 1995 (112 Harvard Ave., Suite 174, Claremont, CA 91711) 16-page xeroxed zine, "The Voice of Expatriate Americans Still Living in America." Introductory comments from the editor, who is originally from Cuba; psychedelic drugs; some cartoons detoured à la Situationist International; and an interview with "the Editor of *Anarchy* Magazine." Heavily sit-influenced, but with a dash of existentialism, Lenin, and Che Guevara as well. \$1.00 for an issue.

Terrifying Steamboat Stories No. 4 (Matt Madden, P.O. Box 49267, Austin, TX 78765) 20-page zine of bizarre cartoons, some without narration. Includes an illustrated fragment based on a story by Julio Cortázar, a story about an alien planet succumbing to Earth television, and a visit to the doctor to get a new penis out of a drawer. Price: \$2.50 ppd. Age statement required, because this publication is for "adults only."

Cerebral Disobedience No. 3 Oct-Nov 1994 (Kyle Wright, 2615 Waugh #149, Houston, TX 77006) 12-page personal zine from a freedom-seeker who's into hitchhiking and dumpster diving in a big way. Four issues for \$5.

Subnormal No. 6 (P.O. Box 602, Normal, IL 61761) 62-page magazine that combines punk, goth, and

SM/bondage. Interviews with bands Leatherstrip, The Last Dance, Eleventh Dream Day, Voice of God, And! Sex Gang, Usherhouse, Shadow Project, and others. Plus poetry and reviews of other bands and sex magazines. \$2/issue; \$10/four issues; \$18/eight issues.

Zenger Oct-Nov 1994 (P.O. Box 3323, Madison, WI 53704) 12-page newspaper striking a blow for freedom of speech and all other freedoms. Updates on battles won or lost against authoritarianism in every state of the union, articles on Haiti, the "abortion pill" RU-486, clinic defense in Alabama, and RICO legislation. Some articles are reprints from elsewhere. \$1 for one issue; \$10 for a year.

These Exit Times No. 4 (P.O. Box 86646, Portland, OR 97286-0646) voice of the Voluntary Human Extinction Movement. Small 12-page newsletter dedicated to human population reduction through the refusal to have children. Not as misanthropic as the official name suggests. Promotes vasectomy. Send a SASE for a sample copy.

Mickey Z. Says: A Newsletter of Dissent Vol. 1, No. 1 (Mickey Z., P.O. Box 9103, L.I.C., NY 11103-0904) Five-page newsletter. One man's spleen against corporate media, pollution, the tobacco industry, fast food, and people who don't wear seat belts. \$1 for one issue, \$15 for 15 issues, \$100 for a "lifetime subscription."

The Psychedelic Veil No. 1 (Electric Druid Publications, 12 Ash Rd., Stafford Springs, CT 06076) 24-page personalizing put out by Dark Lord Rob dedicated to his favorite pop culture icons, such as William Shatner (Kirk from *Star Trek*), and focused on themes such as synchronicity, "Genex," and the progress of his band, called the Electric Druid Project. Sub is \$20/12 issues.

News from Within Vol. 11, No. 7 July 1995 (Alternative Information Center, P.O. Box 31417, Jerusalem, ISRAEL; email: aic@baraka.org) 36-page monthly radical-liberal magazine critical of Zionism and Israeli domination of the Palestinian people, and of the "authoritarian features emerging in the Palestinian Authority." Articles include Palestinian women's movements, life in Gaza under "autonomy," and Israel's nuclear weapons. Annual sub is US \$60.00.

Heiter Skelter Nos. 1 and 2 (Don Gone, P.O. Box 13-585, Christchurch, NEW ZEALAND) Slickly produced, 36-page zine featuring irreverent but not that powerful photomontages, plus adolescent cartoons with lots of chainsaw mutilation. But the covers are visually stunning. Send two or three bucks (US) for each one, plus one dollar postage.

Waterfront Week Vol. 5.6 March 23 to April 4 (c/o L Cafe, 189 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11211; email: KXJ61D@prodigy.com) Voice of the local hipsters in Williamsburg/Greenpoint. Desktop published, 16 pages.

Articles on stalkers, trees in Prospect Park, and gender ideology in children's toys. Chock full of advertisements, and rather dull. At least it's free.

The Curse No. 6 (Daisy DeCapite, 158 Grand Street, Brooklyn, NY 11211) "Available every full moon"; perzine produced by an English artist living in Brooklyn for the past several years, with contributions from several others. Poems, personal stories (mostly about friends and lovers), drawings. Quite interesting. Looks like it's free; contributions considered.

Mass Magazine! Vol. 1, June 1995 (913 Illinois, Lawrence, KS 66044) punk rock magazine produced by a trio of coeditors, with focus on bands from Kansas City, Lawrence, and vicinity. Features on Action Man, Means to an End, and the scene in Lawrence, plus capsule reviews of a few other bands. No price or sub info listed; try sending a trade.

F5 Facts/Memes No. 3 (Chris Bright 140-210, V3B, 8900 B.I.S. Rd., Lancaster, OH) 20-page zine produced by a prisoner. This issue: several pages of run-on historical, scientific, and pop-culture facts in stream of consciousness, interrupted by a handy index of email addresses for anarchist and alternative publications, plus cartoons and other graphics. No price listed; send something to trade.

The New Archaic premier issue, Winter 1995 (P.O. Box 45133, Seattle, WA 98145) anti-right-wing zine, 16 pages, attacking Ayn Rand, Newt Gingrich, the "free market," the "war on drugs," and exploitation of Third World women factory workers employed by U.S. corporations. No sub info listed; send trade.

Factsheet 5 No. 56 (P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117) the "definitive guide" to the small-press/self-published world, 144 pages. The theme for this issue is electronic zines available through Internet FTP and the World Wide Web. Some books, catalogs, and recordings are reviewed as well as zines. Six-issue sub is \$20 at bulk rate, \$40 first class.

Electronic Disturbance

Continued from page 25

and the concrete, this book nevertheless has much to offer as a readable introduction to complex thinking about the wired world. The four theoretical chapters which bracket the material discussed above are punchy and dense, asking the right questions and making the right links. It is high time for questioning the euphoric language of cyber-nomads and for taking a nervous look at their net.

The Last Word on "Race"

by Mickey Z.

The concept of race has no biological meaning.

Ideally, this essay should begin and end with that very basic and well-documented scientific fact, but in our illusionary world of "racism," "color lines," and *The Bell Curve*, it seems scientific truth is losing its battle against television sound bites and magazine cover lines. Thus, in the interest of provoking a debate rooted in reality, I will continue.

Categories such as "Italian-American," "Jew," "gay," or "socialist" are cultural and/or political creations with no biological basis. Similarly, the supposedly vast differences between blacks and whites (or males and females for that matter) are more the result of misguided men like Linnaeus, Malthus, Broca, Murray, and Herrnstein than any relevant genetic factors. Human beings fit into a species called *Homo sapiens* and, as any post-1960s biologist or anthropologist could tell you, we have no objective subspecies or races.

Biologist Ruth Hubbard has explained quite eloquently that *Homo sapiens* is a relatively homogeneous species—genetically speaking. "About 75 percent of known genes are the same in all humans," Hubbard says. The other 25 percent are known to exist in more than one form, but all forms can be found in all groups, though sometimes in different proportions. In addition, the head of Human Genome Sciences, Inc., Dr. William Haseltine, has stated that "...only one-quarter of one percent of our basic genetic information can be ascribed to what we call 'racial' differences."

To make it more plain, consider the reality that if all Europeans disappeared overnight, the genetic composition of our species would hardly change. Why then, in the face of such clear-cut scientific evidence, do we persist in categorizing humans into false classifications like ethnic groups, nationalities, and, most of all, races?

Perhaps the first task is to explore precisely what is meant by "race." Even when the term is meant to define an objective biological category, it is false. As anthropologist and geneticist John Marks says, "You may group humans into a small number of races if you want to, but you are denied biology as a support for it." Therefore, it follows that despite the fact our misguided concept of race is perceived as quite distinct from other cultural labels like "liberal" or "Muslim" or "lesbian" or "Yankee fan," it is equally erroneous in terms of biology. What we call race is usually just someone who is exactly like us physiologically, but looks a little different.

The problems arise when those minor differences lead to war, violence, and oppression, and this usually coincides with the presence of cultural and social distinctions. This would explain why violence can occur between Turks and Kurds but not between blondes and brunettes. Rather than "race," it is the combination of physical appearance and cultural conflicts that leads to what is termed "racism."

This particular point seems to be easily dismissed by "facts" like the infamous 15-point IQ differential between blacks and whites. However, what these so-called facts do not recognize is how the above-described "racism" can directly lead to political, social, cultural, and economic conditions that will invariably alter the results of even something as frivolous as an IQ test. It is sadly ironic that modern science, while acutely lacking any clue of how genetic factors could be involved in such as IQ differential, is quite knowledgeable about the effects of adverse and supportive environments.

Similarly, U.S. health statistics are always trumpeting some newly discovered trend about a certain grouping of black men being twice as likely to get this or that disease than this certain group of white men. On the surface, such a finding appears to be evidence of genetically rooted racial differences. However, without data on housing, employment, income, education, exposure to pollutants, and access to health care, this "evidence" is a quantum leap from reality. As Ruth Hubbard explains, "skin color is no more likely to be biologically related to the tendency to develop high blood pressure than eye color is."

Also, when discussing health or IQ statistics for so-called blacks, simple logic begs the question: Who is black? For example, as Jonathan Marks points out, some inhabitants of India are darkly pigmented like "blacks" but have Caucasoid facial features like "whites," yet they live on a continent that categorizes them as "Asians." So, one might understandably ponder, what makes their blood pressure rise?

Ultimately, the use of science to investigate sex or race differences is usually an ideological venture designed to justify a current social policy and herein lies the deepest roots of so-called racism. Justification is needed—and thus, very common—for those in power. Hence, rather than being born with "racism" in our genes, it is far more likely that we inherit the desire to protect our self-image. To do so, we often recast our actions in a new light in order to make it easier to live with them. This method was succinctly described by Noam Chomsky when responding to a woman who wondered aloud about the role of "evil and God" in the murderous antipoor policies of current American elites. "This doesn't have anything to do with evil or God," Chomsky snapped, "this has to do with rich, powerful people trying to justify the fact that they are pursuing social policies which are forcing children to die. That's what it has to do with."

Another frequent example of such "recasting" is the dehumanization of a class of people in order to vindicate the imperialist oppression or even slaughter of that class, and has been the ostensible justification of nearly every genocidal act from the African slave trade to the extermination of the Native Americas to the Nazi Holocaust. It is necessary for those in power to create false differences where none exist in order to rationalize their actions. Hence, the myths of Manifest Destiny, the final solu-

tion, and the white man's burden. The legacy of such deception and mythology is often a near-permanent stigmatization of a people (i.e., Jew, black, Indian, etc.). Thus, "racism" grows from the spurious foundation of justifying class-based violence and subjugation.

Reinhold Niebuhr—called "theologian of the establishment"—has often been engaged in retrospectively constructing a moral framework for the actions of twentieth-century elites. Paraphrasing Niebuhr's "paradox of grace" theory, Chomsky sums up such moral hindsight as: "No matter how much you try to do good, you're always going to do harm," adding, "That's very appealing advice for people who are going to enter a life of crime."

It is also welcome advice for anyone seeking to lump human beings into convenient ideological categories whether this is done through legislation, social policies, or even cultural control. The reduction of a people's culture to a mere educational footnote is often more effectual than violence or coercion when it comes to targeting a group of different-looking *Homo sapiens* for purported racism.

"One cannot postpone discussions of slavery, colonialism, or racism in any serious investigations of modern Indian, African, Latin and North American, Arabic, Caribbean, and Commonwealth literature," declares Edward W. Said. "Nor is it intellectually responsible to discuss them without referring to their embattled circumstances either in post-colonial societies or as marginalized and/or subjugated subjects confined to secondary spots in the curricula in metropolitan centers.... The notion of black skin in a white mask is no more serviceable and dignified in literary study than it is in politics."

Regardless, like the incognizant leaders of a medieval Catholic Church choosing to ignore the realities of Copernicus and Galileo, today's "family values" crowd conveniently evades scientific scrutiny. While Murray and his ilk exploit the progress of genetic research to substantiate their claims about human differences, not a word is spoken about those same researchers proving there is only one race—the human race. However, in a society that emotionally clings to the illusion of differences between Democrats and Republicans, it shouldn't be a shock that we manage to produce "racists" in a one-race world.

In the end, however, it may be the discoveries of geneticists that can ultimately expedite our cultural evolution. Dr. Haseltine, while finding little to validate even the most minute claims of racial differences, did confirm that "there are almost fifteen million changes in genetic code between one human and another." Hence, while we are all of one race, the complexity of our individuality is staggering. Perhaps, if urged to act upon such uniqueness, human beings will eventually shun the cowardly refuge of the hateful crowd.

Human beings must consciously seek enlightenment and advancement. Just as a com-

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The Revolution of Everyday Life

Chapter

21

by
Raoul
Vaneigem

1.

In the *Theages*, Plato writes: "Everyone would like if possible to be master of all men, or better still, God himself." A feeble enough ambition in view of the weakness of masters and gods. Slaves are weak because they swear allegiance to those who govern them; masters, and God himself are weak because of the shortcomings of those whom they govern. The master knows the positive role of alienation, the slave its negative one, but both are denied full mastery.

How does the feudal lord behave in this dialectic of master and slave? As slave of God and master of men—and master of men *because* he is a slave of God, according to the rules of the myth—he finds himself condemned, in his dealings with God, to conceal his execration behind respectful obeisance, for it is to God that he owes allegiance and from him that he derives his power over men. In short, he reproduces between God and himself the same relationship that obtains between nobility and monarch. What is a king? An elect of the elect. Significantly, the struggle for succession to the throne resembles a contest between equals. Feudal lords serve the monarch, but they serve him as his equals *in potentia*. By the same token, if they submit to God they do so *qua* rivals.

The dissatisfaction of the masters of old is not hard to understand. Through God, they partake of the negative pole of alienation; through those whom they oppress, they partake of its positive pole. How could they truly wish to be God, familiar as they are with the *ennui* of positive alienation? And how could they fail to want to destroy God, who tyrannizes them? The "to be or not to be" of the high and mighty always comes down in the feudal period to the question, insoluble at that time, of how to negate yet preserve God—the question, in other

Masters without Slaves

Power is that social organization whereby masters maintain the conditions of slavery. God, State, Organization: these three words are a good index of the relative importance to Power of autonomy and historical determination. Three principles have successively held sway: the principle of domination (feudal power), the principle of exploitation (bourgeois power), and the principle of organization (cybernetic power) (2). Hierarchical social organization has been refined through deconsecration and mechanization, but at the same time its contradictions have become more acute. It has given itself a human face precisely to the extent that it has stripped men of their human substance. It has gained in autonomy at the expense of the masters (the rulers are in charge, but they are governed by the levers of Power). Those who enforce Power's directives are the modern scions of the race of submissive slaves—that race which, Theognis tells us, is born with head bowed. They cannot even enjoy the unhealthy pleasure of dominating. Confronting these master-slaves are the men of refusal, the new proletariat, rich in their revolutionary traditions. Out of this confrontation will come the future masters without slaves, and a higher form of society destined to realize both the lived project of childhood and the historical project of the great aristocrats (1,3).

words, of God's transcendence, God's realization.

History records two practical attempts to achieve such a transcendence: that of the mystics and that of the great negators. Master Eckhart: "I pray to God to deliver me from God." Similarly, the Swabian heretics claimed in 1270 that they had risen above God, and that since they had themselves attained the highest possible degree of divinity, they had abandoned God. Following another path, the negative path, such towering figures as Heliogabalus, Gilles de Rais, or Erszebet Bathory were clearly trying to attain complete mastery by eliminating the intermediaries, those who alienated them positively, namely, their slaves. They sought to reach the total

man via total inhumanity, by following the road of perversity. But from this it may be seen that the ruler who would reign without restrictions and the slave who rebels absolutely were on the same path: they are both on that uphill and down-dale road along which Caligula and Spartacus, Gilles de Rais and Dosza Gyorgy, travel arm in arm, together yet apart. But it is not enough to assert that the thorough-going revolt of slaves—and I say thorough-going because I am not talking about half-cocked revolts like the Christian, bourgeois, or socialist ones—is akin to extreme revolts by feudal lords. For there is a difference. The fact is that the will to abolish slaves and their descendants (proletarians, administrators, abject and passive indi-

viduals) opens up a unique opportunity for the will to reign over the world with no restrictions save those imposed by a finally reinvented nature and by the resistance of things to their own transformation.

This opportunity is part of a historical process. History because the oppressed exist. The struggle against nature, and against the various forms of social organization devised in the struggle against nature, has always ultimately been the struggle for emancipation, for the whole man. The refusal to be a slave is the only thing that really changes the world.

What then is the goal of history? Made "under specific conditions" (Marx), by slaves and against slavery, history can have but one end: the destruction of the master. For his part, the master can expect no surcease unless he can escape from history, rejecting it by massacring those who make it—and who make it perforce against him.

Here then are the paradoxes of the situation:

1) The most human aspect of the masters of old lay in their aspiration to absolute dominion. Such a project implied the complete blocking of history, and hence of its emancipatory tendency. In other words it implied total inhumanity.

2) The desire to escape history only makes one more vulnerable to it: to flee it is to break cover and expose oneself to its blows. Die-hard conservatism is every bit as susceptible to the repeated assaults of real life as it is to the dialectic of the forces of production. The masters are martyrs to history. History crushes them in accordance with what, from atop the pyramid of the present, with three thousand years' worth of hindsight, gives every appearance of a *plan*, a systematic program, a line of force which tempts one to speak of history as having a sense (the end of the world of slavery, the end of the feudal world, the end of the bourgeois world).

It is because they seek to escape history, then, that the masters are in due course filed in history's pigeonholes; they enter linear temporal development willy-nilly, precisely because of their contempt for it. By contrast, those who make history—revolutionaries, slaves drunk with the prospect of their freedom—seem to act *sub specie aeternitatis*, under the aegis of the timeless; they are drawn by an insatiable

thirst for life intensely lived, and they remain faithful to this goal regardless of changing historical conditions. Perhaps the philosophical concept of eternity is tied up with the historical quest for emancipation, destined to be realized one day—along with philosophy—by the bearers of total freedom and by the end of traditional history.

3) The superiority of alienation's negative pole over its positive one resides in the fact that it is only from the negative starting point that thoroughgoing revolt can make the project of absolute mastery feasible. It is slaves, struggling to throw off their chains, who unleash the movement whereby history abolishes masters, and who can already glimpse, beyond history, the possibility of a new kind of power over things—a power which no longer has to appropriate beings in order to appropriate objects. Given the slow workings of history, however, it was inevitable that the masters would not disappear in an instant; instead, they slowly degenerated, until today we have no more masters, just slaves-who-consume-power, distinguishable from one another only by reference to the relative quantity of power they consume.

That the forces of production could but slowly bring about the material preconditions of total emancipation, that they had first to pass through the bourgeois stage, was unavoidable. Now that automation and cybernetics, if only they were applied in a truly human way, would allow the actualization of the dreams of the masters of old, and the dreams of every slave, all we have left of the old system is a socially shapeless magma in which each individual is in some confused and partial way both master and slave. This reign of *equivalent values* is nevertheless destined to spawn the masters of the future: masters without slaves.

I would like at this juncture to pay homage to Sade. His appearance at a great turning point in history and his astonishing lucidity together qualify him as the last great aristocratic rebel. Thus, in the *Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom*, he gives us the masters of the Chateau of Selling making their bid for absolute mastery and earthly paradise by massacring all their servants. Marquis and sansculotte, de Sade couples in his person the icily logical hedonism of the evil *grand seigneur* and the revolutionary

will to push the employment of subjectivity, freed at last from the shackles of hierarchy, as far as it will go. His desperate efforts to abolish alienation both positive and negative place him in the highest rank among theoreticians of the whole man. It is high time he was read as carefully by revolutionaries as Marx. (Admittedly, our revolutionary experts' knowledge of Marx tends to be limited to what he wrote under the pseudonym of "Stalin"—or at best as "Lenin" and "Trotsky.") At all events, no one who genuinely wants to change everyday life in radical fashion can afford to ignore such great negators of Power, nor indeed any of the masters of old who felt nothing but hampered by the authority with which God had invested them.

2.

Bourgeois power draws sustenance from the crumbs of feudal power. It is nothing more than bits and pieces of feudal power. The bourgeoisie's revolutionary criticism first eroded aristocratic authority, then trampled it down and smashed it into pieces, but this demolition job was never carried to its logical conclusion, namely, the abolition of hierarchical power. Instead, this authority survived the demise of the aristocracy in parodic form, like the fixed grin of a dead man. The leaders of the bourgeoisie, stiffly confined within their fragmented power, strove to make a whole out of the pieces (this is, indeed, the essence of totalitarianism), but they were fated to see their improvised prestige become ever more moth-eaten and end up in the rags and tatters of the spectacle. Once the weightiness of myth and the belief in authority were gone, the only forms of government left were burlesque terror and idiot democracy. What pretty little children Bonaparte had! Louis-Philippe, Napoleon III, Thiers, Alphonso III, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Franco, Salazar, Nasser, Mao, de Gaulle...so many prolific Ubus spawning ever more tainted offspring in every corner of the world. Only yesterday these gorillas could at least brandish their twigs of authority and threaten Olympian wrath; today, their weedy ancestors are lucky if they can achieve a miserable *succès d'estime* in the public eye. There are no leading roles any more. Please do not mistake me. I am not saying that a Franco, for all his



absurdity, is not lethal. I am saying, though, that the stupidity of Power is about to become a far deadlier killer than stupidity *in* power.

The brain-scrambling machine of our penal colony is the spectacle. Our master-slaves are the spectacle's faithful servants, its actors and stage-managers. Who will care to judge them? We may be sure that they will plead not guilty. And indeed they are not guilty. They depend less on a cynicism of their own than on others' spontaneous admissions of guilt, less on terror than on willing victims, less on brute force than on widespread masochism. The rulers' excuse is the spinelessness of the ruled.

But everyone is ruled now—manipulated like a thing by an abstract Power, by a self-sufficient organization whose rules apply as much to the would-be rulers as to anyone else. And you cannot judge *things*: you can only prevent them from doing harm.

In October 1963, the sociologist Fourastié came to the following conclusions with regard to the leader of the future: "The leader has lost his former *magical* power; he is now, and will continue to be, someone capable of *provoking action*. Ultimately decision-making will become the responsibility of work groups. The leader will be a committee

chairman, albeit one able to *come to conclusions and make decisions*." (Emphasis mine.) Here we can see the three stages in the historical evolution of the master:

1. The principle of domination, characteristic of feudal society.
2. The principle of exploitation, characteristic of bourgeois society.
3. The principle of organization, characteristic of cybernetic society.

In actuality, all three principles are always in play. There is no domination without exploitation and organization. But their relative importance varies with the period under consideration. As one stage gives way to the next, the indepen-

dence of the masters and the scope of their responsibility decline. As their humanity tends toward zero, the inhumanity of disembodied power tends toward infinity.

Under the principle of domination, the master denies his slaves an existence which would limit his own. Under the principle of exploitation, the boss grants his workers that degree of existence which fattens and develops his own. The principle of organization breaks individual existences down into fractions, classifying them according to degrees in each's capacity for leadership or administration: e.g., a foreman might be described, after careful examination of his productivity, representivity, etc., as 56 percent leader, 40 percent administrator, and—as Fourier might have put it—4 percent ambiguous.

Domination is a right, exploitation a contract, and organization an ordering of things. The tyrant dominates according to the laws of profit; the organizer programs and is programmed. The first appeals to arbitrations, the second to justice, the third to rationality and objectivity. The inhumanity of the exploiter seeks to buy its way out by bribing humanity with technological progress, amenities and triumph over hunger and disease. The inhumanity of the cybernaut is an inhumanity perfectly at peace with itself. Thus the master's inhumanity has become progressively less human. Extermination camps are of a different order of atrocity from the murderous fury of feudal barons engaged in pointless wars. But the clinical hecatomb of Auschwitz still has a lyrical quality when compared with the icy grasp of that generalized conditioning which the programmers of technocratic organization are preparing for us in a frighteningly near future. I am not saying that there is any more "humanity" in execution by order of the King than in brainwashing techniques. As soon as we choose between the hangman's rope and the guillotine! No, it is simply that the dubious pleasure derived from dominating and crushing people is tending to disappear. It was capitalism that instigated a need to exploit people without getting any erotic gratification out of it. No sadism, none of the negative joy to be had from infliction of pain, not even a *perversed* humanity: the reign of things brought to perfection. When they gave up the principle of hedonism the mas-

ters gave up mastery itself. It will be up to the masters without slaves to rectify this error.

Mechanisms set in train by production-based capitalism are now being refined by the dictatorship of consumption. The function of the principle of organization is total mastery of dead things over people. Whatever power remained to those who possessed the instruments of production is lost as soon as control of the machines passes from the hands of their owners to the hands of technicians who organize their use. Even these organizers are destined to be ingurgitated by their own plans and systems. The simple machine will then be seen to have been the last justification for the existence of bosses, the last prop for the boss's vestigial humanity. The cybernetic organization of production and consumption called inevitably for the control, planning, and rationalization of everyday life.

Specialists are those truncated masters, those masters-cum-slaves, who proliferate in the sphere of everyday life. Their chances, fortunately, are nil. As early as 1867, at the Basel Congress of the First International, Francau declared: "We have been in tow for far too long to the dukes of the diploma and the potentates of science. Let us take care of our own affairs; no matter how inept we are, we will never make such a poor job of it as these people do, in our name." Fine words of wisdom, these—and all the more apt today, as swarms of experts parasitize every aspect of individual life. A clear polarization is occurring between those who succumb to the magnetism of the great Kafkaesque machine of cybernetics and those who follow their deepest impulses and seek to escape this machine at all costs. The second group are the sole trustees of all that is human, because there is no one left in the camp of the old masters who can make any claim to humanity. On the other hand, there is nothing left but things, all falling at the same speed into the void; on the other, nothing but the age-old project of slaves intoxicated by the prospect of total freedom.

3.

The master without slaves, or the aristocratic transcendence of aristocracy. The master disappears down the same hole

as God. He topples like a Golem as soon as he ceases to love men, that is to say, as soon as he ceases to love the pleasure he takes in oppressing them, as soon as he abandons the principle of hedonism. There is scant pleasure to be drawn from the ordering of things, from the manipulation of beings as passive and inert as bricks and mortar. With his refined tastes, God needs living creatures; appetizing, throbbing flesh; souls trembling in terror and humility. To get a sense of his own grandeur he must have subjects who are fervent in prayer, in rebellion, in subterfuge—even in blasphemy. The Catholic God is quite willing to dispense true freedom, but he dispenses it, like a pawnbroker, on loan only. He plays cat and mouse with men until the last judgment, then he gobbles them up. With the arrival of the bourgeoisie on the scene toward the end of the middle ages, this God is slowly humanized. He is humanized in a paradoxical way, however, for at the same time he becomes an object, and so do men. Calvin's God, by dooming people to predestination, abdicates his pleasure in arbitrary judgment: he is no longer free to crush whomever he wants according as the mood takes him. This God is the God of the business transaction, devoid of divine whim, quantifiable, cold as a discount rate. So he hides his head in shame: *Deus absconditus*. Hence Pascal's despair, and Descartes's embarrassment at being left holding a soul which he does not know what to do with. Later—too late—Kierkegaard tries to resuscitate a subjective God by resuscitating human subjectivity. But there is nothing for it: by this time God has become the "Great External Object" in people's minds. He is as dead as a dodo, lithified, of coral made. Meanwhile, caught in the *rigor mortis* of his dying embrace (i.e., the hierarchical Form of power), people seem doomed to reification, and everything human to annihilation. In Power's perspective there is nothing to be seen but things—chips of the divine fossil. And this is indeed the light in which the so-called human sciences of sociology, psychology, and economics pursue their "objective" researches.

What obliges the master to relinquish his hedonism? What prevents him achieving complete gratification, if not his very state of being a master, his commitment to the principle of hierar-

chical superiority? The scope of this renunciation of his can only widen as hierarchy is comminuted, as masters—but reduced masters—become legion, as history parcels out power in democratic doses. Thus the imperfect gratification of the masters becomes the gratification of imperfect masters. We have seen the bourgeois masters—Ubuesque plebeians—consummating their beerhall revolt in the dead march of fascism. But soon our masters-cum-slaves—the last avatar of hierarchical man—will not even have the dubious pleasure of such a *fête funebre*. The only thing left to them will be the melancholy of things, gloomy quietude, the malaise of roles, and the awareness of *being nothing*.

What will become of these *things* that govern us? Will they have to be destroyed? Certainly—and the best equipped to liquidate these slaves-in-power are those who have been fighting against slavery all along. Popular creativity, which neither lords nor capitalists have succeeded in smashing, will never kowtow to programmed necessities and technocratic planning. It will be objected that less passion and enthusiasm can be mobilized for the liquidation of an abstract form, a system, than for the execution of hated masters. But this is to see the problem from the wrong point of view—from the point of view of Power. For, in contrast to the bourgeoisie, the proletariat is the bearer of the end of class distinctions and of hierarchy. The bourgeoisie's role was solely negative, as Saint-Just reminds us, with fine arrogance, when he says: "What constitutes a republic is the complete destruction of everything opposing it."

Whereas the bourgeoisie merely forges arms against the feudal system—arms which will eventually be turned against it—the proletariat carries within itself the possibility of its own transcendence. The proletariat is poetry momentarily usurped by the ruling class or by technocratic organization, but ever on the point of bursting out of this bondage. It is the sole depository of the will to live, for it alone has experienced the intolerable pressure of mere survival in its full force. The breath of its pleasure and the spontaneous violence of its creative energy will one day break down the walls of constraint. All the joy and laughter that this art will release the proletariat already possesses, for its

strength and passion are drawn from within. It is in the process of *building* that the proletariat will, in addition, *destroy* whatever stands in its way, just as a new recording erases the previous one. The power of things will be abolished by a proletariat in the act of abolishing itself. It will be abolished by virtue of a luxurious, nonchalant afterthought, by virtue of the grace displayed by someone calmly displaying their superiority. The new proletariat will throw up masters without slaves—and not the automatons of humanism dreamt up by the masturbators of the would-be revolutionary left. The insurrectional violence of the masses is but one aspect of the proletariat's creativity: this class is just as impatient to abolish itself as it is to carry out survival's self-imposed death sentence.

I find it helpful, albeit artificial, to distinguish three predominant passions involved in the overthrow of the reified order:

1) The *passion for absolute power*, a passion for placing objects directly in the service of men, without the mediation of men themselves. The destruction, in other words, of those who cleave to the order of things, of the slaves who possess crumbs of power. "Because we cannot stand the sight of them, we shall abolish slaves" (Nietzsche).

2) The *passion for smashing constraints*, for breaking chains. As de Sade says: "How can lawful pleasures be compared to those which embody not only so much more piquant delights but also the priceless joy of breaking all social taboos and overturning all laws?"

3) The *passion for rectifying an unhappy past*, for retrieving and realizing disappointed hopes, in the individual's life as much as in the history of failed revolutions. Just as it was right to punish Louis XVI for the crimes of his predecessors, passion gives us every reason—there being no way of wreaking vengeance on things—to avenge the memory, so offensive to any free man, of executed Communards, the tortured peasants of 1525, revolutionaries hunted down and murdered, workers massacred, civilizations annihilated by colonialism, and all past oppression which the present has yet to eradicate. Evening the score has become a passionate pursuit because it has become historically possible: at last we have a chance to wash away the blood of Babeuf, Lacenaire,

Ravachol or Bonnot with the blood of the obscure descendants of all those who, though themselves enslaved to an order founded on profit and economic mechanisms, managed to put cruel checks on human emancipation.

The predominant element in the pleasure to be obtained from overthrowing Power, from becoming a master without slaves, and from rectifying the past, is the subjectivity of each individual. The revolutionary movement gives everyone a chance to make his own history. The cause of free self-realization must always embrace subjectivity—and thus cease to be a cause. Only from this starting point can we accede to those vertiginous heights where every gratification falls within the grasp of each.

* * *

The destroyers of the old order of things must beware lest they bring it down upon their own heads. Unless collective protection of some kind can be devised against conditioning, the spectacle and hierarchical organization, there is a real danger that consumer society will drag us all down in its collapse. Shelters must be built from which future offensives can be launched. The realization of the project of the masters of old, divested of its hierarchical cancer, will be the task of microsocieties already in gestation. The transcendence of the "evil *grand seigneur*" will amount to a strict application of Keats' admirable principle: everything that can be abolished must be abolished, so as to save our children from slavery.

This transcendence must occur in three spheres simultaneously: (a) the transcendence of patriarchal social organization; (b) the transcendence of hierarchical power; (c) the transcendence of subjective arbitrariness, of authoritarian whim.

a) The magical power of the aristocracy resides in lineage, in the authority passed on this way from generation to generation. The bourgeoisie undermines feudal authority, but by the same token it involuntarily undermines the institution of the family, along with the organization of society in general. This negativity of the bourgeoisie is undoubtedly its greatest virtue, its most "positive" side. But what the bourgeoisie lacks is the possibility of transcendence. What would constitute a real transcendence of



the family in the form it had under feudalism? The only possible answer is: the establishment of coherent groups in which individual creativity is totally invested in collective creativity and strengthened by it; in which an unmediated, lived *present* becomes the source of the energy potential which derived under feudalism from the *past*. The relative powerlessness of the lord imprisoned by his hierarchical system is perfectly analogous to the weakness of the child confined by the bourgeois family.

The child accedes to a subjective experience of freedom unknown to any other animal, but at the same time he remains objectively dependent on his parents; he needs their care and love. What distinguishes the young human from the young of any other species is the fact that he has an unlimited sense of transformation of the world, that is to say, a sense of *poetry*. But he is denied access to techniques which adults use for the most part to combat such poetry, eg, techniques for the conditioning of children themselves. And by the time children are old enough to gain access to techniques, they have been so broken in that their "maturity" consists in the loss of everything which constituted the superiority of their childhood. The universe of the master of old bears the same stigma as the universe of the child: in both cases the techniques of liberation are out of reach. One is condemned to dream of a transformation of the world while confined by the laws of *adaptation* to it. Once the bourgeoisie brings world-transforming technology to a high degree of sophistication, hierarchical organization—arguably the best way of focussing social energy in a world where such energy is without the invaluable underpinning provided by the machine—becomes an anachronism, a brake on the development of human power over the world. Hierarchy, the power of man over man, obscures the true enemy; it prohibits the transformation of the environment and imposes the need for adaptation to that environment as it is, for integration into the order of things.

b) Consequently, the destruction of the social screen which alienates our view of the world is predicated upon the strict rejection of all hierarchy within the group. In this connection it is worth taking a look at the notion of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Historically,

the dictatorship of the proletariat has turned into dictatorship over the proletariat; in other words, it has been institutionalized. Now, as Lenin wrote, "The dictatorship of the proletariat is a relentless struggle, sometimes bloody, sometimes bloodless, sometimes violent, sometimes peaceful; a struggle military and economic, educational and administrative, against the forces and traditions of the old world." It is not in the proletariat's nature to institute an enduring despotism, nor to run a willingly accepted dictatorship. The imperative need to crush the enemy nevertheless obliges it to concentrate a highly consistent repressive power in its own hands. The dictatorship of the proletariat has therefore to be a dictatorship which contains its own negation: for the party or the proletariat, as for the proletariat itself, "Victory must also mean annihilation." The proletariat must exercise its dictatorship to place its own negation immediately on the order of the day. It has no choice but to liquidate in short order—as bloodily or as bloodlessly as the circumstances decree—all those who stand in the way of its project of total liberation, all those who oppose the end of the proletariat *qua* proletariat. These enemies must be completely destroyed, treated as proliferating vermin. Furthermore, within each individual, the proletariat must erase even the most vestigial concern with status and prestige, stirring up against these tendencies—ie, against roles—a self-confident energy in search of authentic life.

c) The end of roles means the triumph of subjectivity. Once acknowledged and given a central part, this subjectivity will give rise, paradoxically, to a new objectivity. A new world of objects—a new "nature" if you will—will be constituted on the basis of the demands of individual subjectivity. Here again we find an analogy between the point of view of childhood and the point of view of the feudal lord. For in both instances—though in different modes—what is possible is masked by the screen of social alienation.

How can anyone forget those spaces of primitive immensity which open before the solitary child? When we were children every stick was a magic wand. Then we had to adapt, to become social and sociable. The life went out of our solitude, the child chose to grow old despite himself, and the immensity was

suddenly closed up like a storybook. In this world nobody manages to leave the murky waters of adolescence completely behind. Meanwhile childhood itself is slowly being colonized by consumer society. The "under-tens" are already a category on a par with teenagers in the big happy family of consumers; "consuming" childhood instead of living it, the child grows up in record time. Between the historical decadence of the old masters and the increasing decadence of the realm of childhood the resemblance is striking. The corruption of the human element has reached its nadir. We have never been so near to, yet so far from, the whole man.

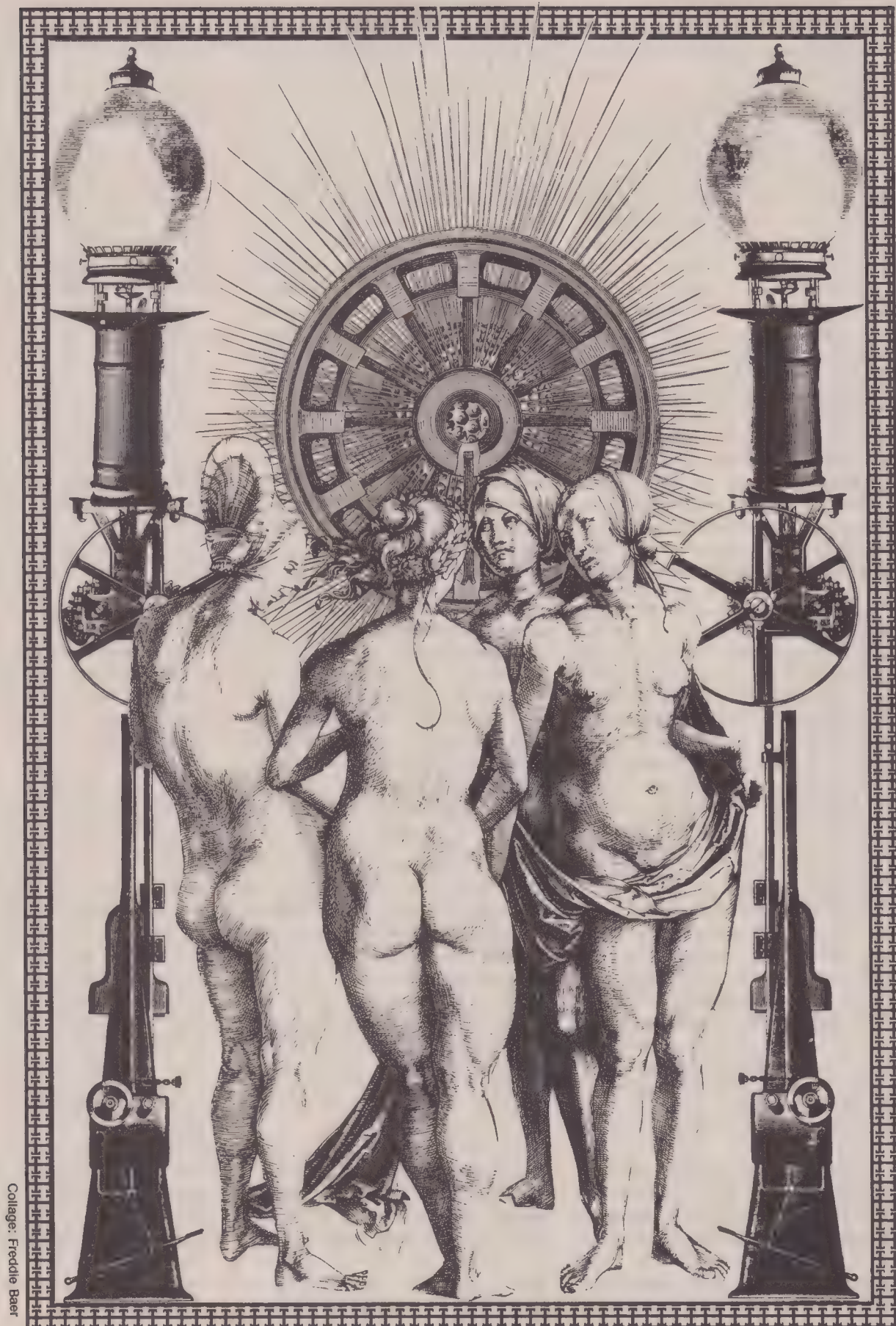
The arbitrary power of the lord and master of old is inferior to the child's capriciousness in that it odiously calls for the oppression of others. The subjectivity embodied in feudal arbitrariness—"I give you riches or I give you death, as I see fit"—is inhibited and tainted by the sterility of its expression. The master's subjectivity is in fact only actualized through the denial of the subjectivity of others, and thus it loads itself down with chains: by shackling others it shackles itself.

The child does not have the advantage of this imperfection: he loses his right to pure subjectivity in one fell swoop. He is forever being taxed with childishness and urged to behave like a grown-up. And grow up he must, repressing his childhood all his life through, just so he can claim, in his dotage, on his deathbed, that he has lived like an adult.

Child's play—like the play of nobles—needs liberating, reinstating, to be given its due once more. Today is a historically favorable moment for this. Childhood can be saved through the actualization of the project of the old masters—childhood with its sovereign subjectivity; with its laughter, that first ripple of spontaneity; and with its way of putting the world in a light all its own, a light coming direct from the self which gives objects a strangely familiar look.

The beauty of things is lost to us; we have lost touch with their mode of existence by leaving them to die in the clutches of power and the gods. The splendid daydream that was surrealism sought in vain to resuscitate them by means of poetic radiation: the power of imagination alone is not enough to shatter the husk of social alienation in

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Primitives & Extropians

by Hakim Bey

The anarcho-primitivists have backed themselves into a situation where they can never be satisfied without the total dissolution of the totality. Luddism as a tactic has much to recommend it:—on the local level, machine-smashing can actually accomplish something. Even one or two nuclear reactors have been shut down by “sabotage” (legal, political, or actual)—and one can always gain at least a moment of satisfaction with a wooden shoe or a monkey wrench. On a “global” level however—the “strategic” level—the totality of the neo-primitive critique of the totality itself begins to take on a disturbing air of—totalitarianism. This can be seen most clearly in certain strains of “deep” ecology and “ecofascism,” but it remains an inherent problem even in the most “left-wing” strains of primitivism. The puritan impulse—purification, the realization of purity—imparts a certain rigidity and aggression to all possible actions on behalf of such a *total* critique. This must seem especially the case when the critique extends beyond, say, urban civilization (or “History”) into the “prehistoric” realm of art, music, *techné*, language, and symbolic mediation itself. Short of some hypothetically “natural” evolution (or devolution) of the very species, how *precisely* is such purity to be attained? Primitivism in effect has proposed an absolute category—the “primitive” itself—which assumes the function of a metaphysical principle. Of course the primitive in its “true essence” remains beyond definition (beyond symbolic mediation), but until mediation itself is abolished, the primitive must assume (in relation to all other possible totalities) the philosophical trappings of an imperative, and even of “doctrine.” This brings us perilously close to the notorious violence of the sacred. The deepest of this violence is directed at the self, since the reification of the eschaton (either in the future or the past) precisely devalues the present, the “place” where we are actually living our everyday lives. But invariably the violence must be directed

outwardly as well. Fine, you say:—let the shit come down. Yet the successful resolution of the violence (i.e., the total abolition of symbolic mediation) can logically be defined only by a presumptive vanguard of the “pure.” The principle of hierarchy has thus reappeared—but hierarchy contradicts the initial premises of primitivism. This, I believe, can be called a tragic contradiction. On the level of the individual and of everyday life such a contradiction can only manifest as ineffectuality and bitterness.

By contrast, the anarcho-Extropian or futurians are also forced to reify the eschaton—since the present is obviously not the utopia of *techné* they envision—by placing perfection in a future where symbolic mediation has abolished hierarchy, rather than in a past where such mediation has not yet appeared (the ideal Paleolithic of the primitivists). Obviously for the Extropians, mediation *per se* cannot be defined as “impurity” or as the invariable source of separation, alienation, and hierarchy. Nevertheless, it remains obvious that such separation does in fact occur, that it amounts to immiseration, that it is bound up in some way with *techné* and mediation, that not *all* technology is “liberating” according to any anarchist definition of the term, and that some of it is downright oppressive. The Extropian therefore lacks and needs a critique of technology, and of the incredibly complex relation between the social and the technical. No one with any intelligence can any longer accept the notion of technology as “morally neutral,” with control of the means of production the only criteria for valuation. The social and the technological are somehow bound in a complex relation of co-creation (or “co-evolution”), such that *techné* shapes cognition even as cognition shapes *techné*. If the extropian vision of the future is viable it cannot depend on “machine evolution” alone to achieve realization. But unless anarcho-futurism can develop a critique of technology, it is relegated precisely to this passive role. Invariably a dialectic of “good” machines and “evil”

machines is developed, or rather of good and evil modes of social-technological relations. This rather manichean worldview however fails to eliminate or even plaster over the contradictions which arise from such premises, and which revolve around the "bad-fit" between human values and machine "logic," human autonomy and machine autonomy. As M. de Landa pints out, the autonomous machine derives from and defines the war machine (Taylor developed "Taylorism" while working in an arsenal). Extropianism has marked "cyberspace" as the area of struggle for "good" human/machine relations (e.g., the Internet), and this struggle has taken on the aspect of a resistance against the "militarization" of cyberspace, its hierarchization as an "Information Highway" under centralized management. But what if cyberspace itself is by definition a mode of separation and a manifestation of "machine logic"? What if the *disembodiment* inherent in any appearance within cyberspace amounts to an alienation from precisely that sphere of everyday life which extropianism hopes to transform and purge of its miseries? If this were so, the results might very well resemble the dystopian situations envisioned by P.K. Dick and W. Gibson;—turned inward, this violent sense of contradiction would evoke the kind of futility and melancholia these writers depict. Directed outward, the violence would conjure up other SciFi models such as those of R. Heinlein or F. Herbert, which equate "freedom" with the culture of a technological elite.

Now, when I talk about "the return of the Paleolithic" I find myself leaning toward the primitivist position—and have consequently been criticized by extropians for luddoid reaction, nostalgia, and technophobia. However, when I talk about (say) the potential use of the Internet in organizing a TAZ, I begin to tilt a little toward my old SciFi enthusiasms and sound a bit like an extropian—and have consequently been criticized by primitivists for being "soft on technology" (like some sort of melting watch by Dali), seduced by techno-optimism, by the illusion that separation can overcome separation.

Both these criticisms are correct to some degree, inasmuch as my inconsistency results from an attempt to think about *techné* and society without any recourse to an inviolate system of absolute categories. On the one hand, most of my thinking about technology was shaped by the radical ad-hoc-ism and bricolage theory of the '60s and '70s, the "appropriate tech" movement, which accepts the de facto link between *techné* and human society, but looks for appropriate ways to shape situations toward low-cost/maximal-pleasure tendencies. In fiction a model is attempted by B. Sterling in his short-story "Green Days in Brunei," a brilliant imagining of low-tech non-authoritarian solutions to "3rd world" over-population and poverty. In "real" life a smaller but most exquisite model is provided by the New Alchemy Institute, which turns polluted sinkholes into arcadian springs with low green technologies in cheap installations which are aesthetically beautiful. On the other hand, I prefer the burden of inconsistency (even "foolish" inconsistency) to the burden of the Absolute. Only an impure theory can do justice to the impurity of the *present*—which, as everyone knows, is only a psychological impossibility caught between a lost past and a nonexistent future. "Everyday life" is not a category—even "the body" is not a category. Life—and the body—are "full of holes,"

permeable, grotesque—ad hoc constructions already compromised with an impure empiricism, fated to "drift," to "relativism," and to the sheer messiness of the organic. And yet it is "precisely" here, in this imprecise area of contradiction and "vulgar existentialism," that the creative act of autonomy and self-actualization must be accomplished. Critiques can be directed at the past or future, but praxis can only occur in the impure and ontologically unstable here-and-now. I don't want to abandon the critique of past-and-future—in fact I need it, in the form of a *utopian poetics*, in order to situate praxis in the context of a tradition (of festivity and of resistance) and of an anti-tradition (of utopian "hope"). But I cannot allow this critique to harden into an eschatology. I ask of theory that it remain flexible in regard to situations, and *able* to define values in terms of "the struggle for empirical freedoms" (as one modern-day Zapatista put it). "Revolution" no less than Religion has been guilty of promising "pie in the sky" (as Joe Hill put it)—but the real problem of theory is (as Alice put it) "jam today." The concept of the TAZ was never intended as an abandonment of past or future—the TAZ existed, and will exist—but rather as a means to maximize autonomy and pleasure for as many individuals and groups as possible as soon as possible—even here and now. The TAZ *exists*—the purpose of the theory has been simply to notice it, help it to define itself, become "politically conscious." The past and future help us to know our "true" (revolutionary) desires—but only the present can realize them—only the living body, for all its grotesque imperfection.

Suppose we were to ask—as anarchists—what should be done about the problem of technology "after the revolution." This exercise in utopian poetics may help us to clarify the question of desire, and of praxis in the "present." The primitivist might argue that there can be no revolution without the abolition of symbolic mediation, or at least of the technological imperative; extropians might say that no revolution can occur without technological transcendence. But both parties must perforce admit a transitional stage, when de facto power has been seized by the "Revolution," but the full unfolding of revolutionary society has yet to occur. Let's imagine that the one rough principle agreed upon by "everyone" is the freedom of the individual from coercion by the group, and the freedom of the (self-organized) group from coercion by all other groups. The only "price" of this freedom is that it damage no other free and autonomous interests. This would seem to be a minimalistic but adequate definition of basic anarchism. At this point the primitivist may hold that the dialectic of freedom moves irrevocably toward the re-appearance of the Paleolithic, albeit at a "higher" and more conscious level than the first time around, since this re-appearance will have been announced by revolution, by consciousness. Similarly at this point the extropian may argue that the further unfolding of freedom can only be envisioned as self-directed evolution through the co-creation of humanity and its technology. Fine and dandy. But now what? Are these two anarchist tendencies going to become armies and fight it out to the last recalcitrant computer jock or neo-wild-man? Are they going to force their visions of the future on each other? Would such action be consistent with the basic anarchist premise of—mutual non-coercion? Or would it reveal each of these tendencies to be flawed by destructive and tragic contradictions?

I've said before that in such a situation, the problem of



Collage: Freddie Baer

technology can be solved only by the principle of revolutionary desire. Since we've "ruled out" coercion of all those who accept the premise of mutual non-coercion, all competing models of utopia are submitted to the crucible of desire. How much do I *want* a computer? I can't force Taiwanese and Mexican women to make silicon chips for slave wages. I can't pollute other peoples' air with some outrageous plastic factory to make consoles. I'm free to have a computer, but I must meet the price—mutual non-coercion. Or—how much do I *want* the wilderness? I can't force people to get out of "my" forest now because it's also "their" forest. I can do what I want with "my share" of the forest, but only at the agreed-upon price. If my neighbors desire to plant wheat, or hand-craft fine computers, so long as they respect my "Nature" I must respect their "Culture." Of course we may wrangle about "acceptable emission standards" or forest preservation—about the appropriateness of a given technological or non-technological "solution" in a given situation—but we will accept the price of mutual non-coercion in the form of mess and compromise, impurity and imperfection—because "empirical freedoms" are worth more to us than categorical imperatives.

Of course, everyone is free to play this game of utopian poetics with different "rules," and different results. After all, the future does not exist. However, I would like to push the implications of my thought-experiment a bit further. I suspect that this "utopia" would prove disappointing to both the primitives and the extropians. I suspect that a workable utopia would adhere more closely to the "messy" model than to either of the "pure" models of the pro-tech/anti-tech theorists. Like *bolo'bolo*, I imagine a complex multiplicity of social models co-existing under the voluntary aegis of the social "price" of mutual non-coercion. In effect the primitivists will get less wilderness than they demand, and the extropians will get less tech. Nevertheless, all but the most fanatical extremists on either side will be reconciled to the messy utopia of desire—or so I predict—because it will be organized around pleasure and surplus, rather than the denial and scarcity expressed by the totality. The desire for wilderness will be gratified at a level undreamed since the early Neolithic, and the desire for creativity and even co-creation will be gratified at a level undreamed by the wildest science fiction. In both cases the means for this enjoyment can only be called *appropriate techné*—green, low energy, high information. I don't believe in the abolition of symbolic mediation, and I don't believe that separation can overcome separation. But I do hypothesize the possibility of a much more immediate and satisfactory experience of creation and conviviality through the human (animal/animate) scaling of economy and technology—and this, however untidy, I would call utopia.

If I have disagreed with both primitives and extropians here, it was not to reject them as allies. The only useful purpose served by our "after the Revolution" game is to shed light on our present situation, and our possible options for concrete action here and now (more or less). It seems to me that both the P's and E's are quite capable of grasping the theory of "messiness" and the "impure" model of the TAZ. A night, a week, a month of relative autonomy, relative satisfaction, relative realization, would be worth far more to most anarchists than a whole lifetime of absolute bitterness, resentment, and nostalgia for the past or future. The most enthusiastic

cyberpunk can still embrace the "festal body," and the most savage primitives have been known to succumb to civilized impurities such as beer, or art. I fear that a few diehards in both camps will still sneer at our enjoyment—of the impure TAZ or the impure uprising—because it falls short of the perfect revolution. But realization arises only from direct experience, from participation. They themselves admit this. And yet action is always impure, always incomplete. Are they too fastidious? Will nothing suit them both besides the void—wither of wilderness, or of cyberspace? Are they dandies of the Absolute?

The TAZ project is one of indiscriminate syncretism, not of exclusion. By disagreeing with both parties we are attempting to reconcile them—at least *pro tem*—to a sort of "united front" or ad hoc tendency, determined to experiment *now* with various modes of contestation as well as enjoyment, of struggle as well as celebration. The palimpsest of all utopian theories and desires—including all redundancies and repetitions—forms the matrix of an anti-authoritarian movement capable of "lumping together" the mess of anarchist, libertarian, syndicalist, council communist, post-situationist, primitivist, extropian and other "free" tendencies. This "union"-without-uniformity will not be driven (or riven) by ideology, but by a kind of insurrectionary "noise" or chaos of TAZ's, uprisings, refusals, and epiphanies. Into the "final" totality of global capital it will release a hundred blooming flowers, a thousand, a million memes of resistance, of difference, of non-ordinary consciousness—the will to power as "strangeness." And as capital retreats deeper and deeper into cyberspace, or into disembodiment, leaving behind itself the empty shells of spectacular control, our complexity of anti-authoritarian and autonomist tendencies will begin to see the re-appearance of the Social.

But at this present moment the TAZ (in its broadest possible sense) seems to be the only manifestation of the possibility of radical conviviality. Every non-authoritarian tendency should support the TAZ because only there (aside from the imagination) can an authentic taste of life without oppression be experienced. The vital question now concerns the "technology" of the TAZ, i.e., the means for potentiating and manifesting it most clearly and strongly. Compared to this question, the problems of technology (or of zero-technology) take on an air of theological debate—a ghostly and querulous other-worldliness. My critics have a point—but it's aimed somewhere about 10,000 years in the past, or "five minutes into the future," and misses the mark.

I must admit that my own taste inclines neither toward Wilderness World nor spaceship Earth as exclusive categories. I actually spend far more time defending wildness than "civilization," because it is far more threatened. I yearn for the re-appearance of Nature out of Culture—but not for the eradication of all symbolic mediation. The word "choice" has been so devalued lately. Let's say I'd prefer a world of indeterminacy, of rich ambiguity, of complex impurities. My critics, apparently, do not. I find much to admire and desire in either of them as totalities. Their futurity or eschatology bores me, unless I can mix it into the stew of the TAZ—or use it to magic the TAZ into active existence—to tease the TAZ into action. The TAZ is "broad-minded" enough to entertain more than two, or even six, impossible ideas "before breakfast." The

TAZ is always "bigger" than the mere ideas which inspire it. Even at its smallest and most intimate the TAZ englobes all "totalities," and packs them into the same kaleidoscope conceptual space, the "imaginal world" which is always so closely related to the TAZ, and which burns with the same fire. My brain may not be able to reconcile the wilderness and cyberspace, but the TAZ can do so—in fact, has already done so. And yet the TAZ is no totality, but merely a leaky sieve—which, in the fairy tale, can carry milk or even become a boat. For the TAZ, technology is like that paper fan in the Zen story, which first becomes a "fan," then a device for scooping cake, and finally a silent breeze.

Masters without Slaves

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which things are imprisoned, and try as it may, it is unable to restore them to the free play of subjectivity. From Power's point of view, a stone, a tree, a mixer, a cyclotron are all dead objects—so many tombstones to the will to see them otherwise, and to change them. Yet I know that, aside from what they are made to mean, these things could be full of excitement for me. I know that machines can arouse passionate enthusiasm the moment they are placed in the service of play, fantasy, freedom. In a world in which everything was alive—including stones and trees—the passively contemplated sign would not exist. Everything would speak of joy. The triumph of subjectivity is destined to restore life to things; and does not the present intolerable domination of subjectivity by dead things itself constitute at bottom our best historical chance of one day achieving a higher state of life?

How? By realizing in today's language—in the language of praxis—what a heretic once said to Ruysbroeck: "God cannot know anything, will anything or do anything without me. With God I created myself, I created all things, and my hand holds up heaven, earth and all the creatures of the earth. Without me there is nothing."

We must discover new frontiers. The limitations imposed by social alienation still imprison us, but at least we are no longer taken in by them. People have been standing for centuries before a worm-eaten door, making pinholes in it with increasing ease. The time has come to kick it down, for it is only on the other side that everything begins. The problem facing the proletariat is no longer the problem of how to seize power, but the problem of how to abolish Power forever. Beyond the world of hierarchy, possibilities will surge forth unbidden. The primacy of life over survival is the historical movement destined to undo history. Our true opponents have yet to be invented, and it is up to us to seek them out, to join battle with them on the far side—the infantile side—of things.

Can humanity resume a dialogue with the cosmos, a dialogue comparable to the one that the earliest inhabitants of the earth must have engaged in, yet different, this time, in that it will occur on a higher plane, on a plane whence it will be possible to look back at prehistory, a plane devoid of the trembling awe of primitive man in face of the cosmological mystery? In other words, can the cosmos be invested with a human meaning—a highly desirable replacement for the divine meaning with which it has been impregnated since the dawn of time?

And what of that other infinity, the actual human being, complete with body, neuronal impulses, muscular activity and errant dreams? Might not men one day become master of these too? Might not individual will, once liberated by collective will, put in the shade the astounding but sinister wonders of control already achieved over human beings by police-state conditioning techniques? If people can be made into dogs, bricks or Green Berets, who is to say that they cannot be made into people?

We have never had enough faith in our own infallibility. Perhaps out of pride, we have given a monopoly of this virtue to a collection of hypostatized, gnarled forms: Power, God, the Pope, the Fuhrer, Other People. The fact remains that every time we refer to Society, God, or all-powerful Justice, we are referring—albeit feebly and indirectly—to our own power. At least we are

one stage beyond prehistory—and on the threshold of a new form of human organization, a social organization in which all the energy of individual creativity will have free rein, so that the world will be shaped by the dreams of each, as harmonized by all.

Utopia? Not in the least. Enough whining condescension! There is *no one* who does not cling with all his might to the hope of such a world. Many, of course, lose their grip on this hope—but they put as much desperate energy into falling as into hanging on. Everyone wants his own subjectivity to win out; the unification of men ought therefore to be founded on this shared desire. Nobody can strengthen his subjectivity without the help of others, without the help of a group which has itself become a focus of subjectivity, a faithful expression of the subjectivity of its members. So far, the Situationist International has been the only group ready to defend radical subjectivity at all costs.

The last word on "Race"

Continued from page 28

puter can be rendered impotent if we refuse to be corrupted, so-called racism holds no appeal to those who choose not to indulge in illusion. Every time a member of the *Homo sapiens* species defines his or her own needs, fears, desires, and so on, the system of exploitation and oppression is dealt a powerful blow. Such individuality is not only a step in the right direction but is also consistent with our biological nature.

"It's a shame that evolution moves so slowly," Christopher Hitchens recently lamented in *The Nation*. But I'll take solace in the fact that in 1993, 95 percent of new babies were born in the Third World and, as Mr. Hitchens reminds us, "...though [evolution's] mills may grind slowly, they grind exceedingly small."

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A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE

New Model Army

by Paul Z. Simons



evolutions have generally required some form of military activity; and military activity, in turn, generally implies an army or something like one. Armies, however, have traditionally been the

offspring of the revolution, impinging little on the revolutionary politics that animate them. History provides numerous examples of this, but perhaps the most poignant is the exception that proves the rule. Recall the extreme violence with which rebellious Kronstadt was snuffed out by Bolshevism's Finest, the Red Guards. The lesson in the massacre of the sailors and soldiers is plain, armies that defy the "institutional revolution" can expect nothing but butchery. The above statements, however, are generalizable solely to modernity, that is to say, only to the relatively contemporary era wherein the assumption that armies derive their mandate from the nation-state; and the nation-state in turn derives its mandate from "the people." Prior to the hegemony of such assumptions, however, there is a stark and glaring example of an army that to a great degree *was* the revolution. Specifically an army that pushed the revolution as far as it could, an army that was the forum for the political development of the revolution, an army that sincerely believed that it could realize

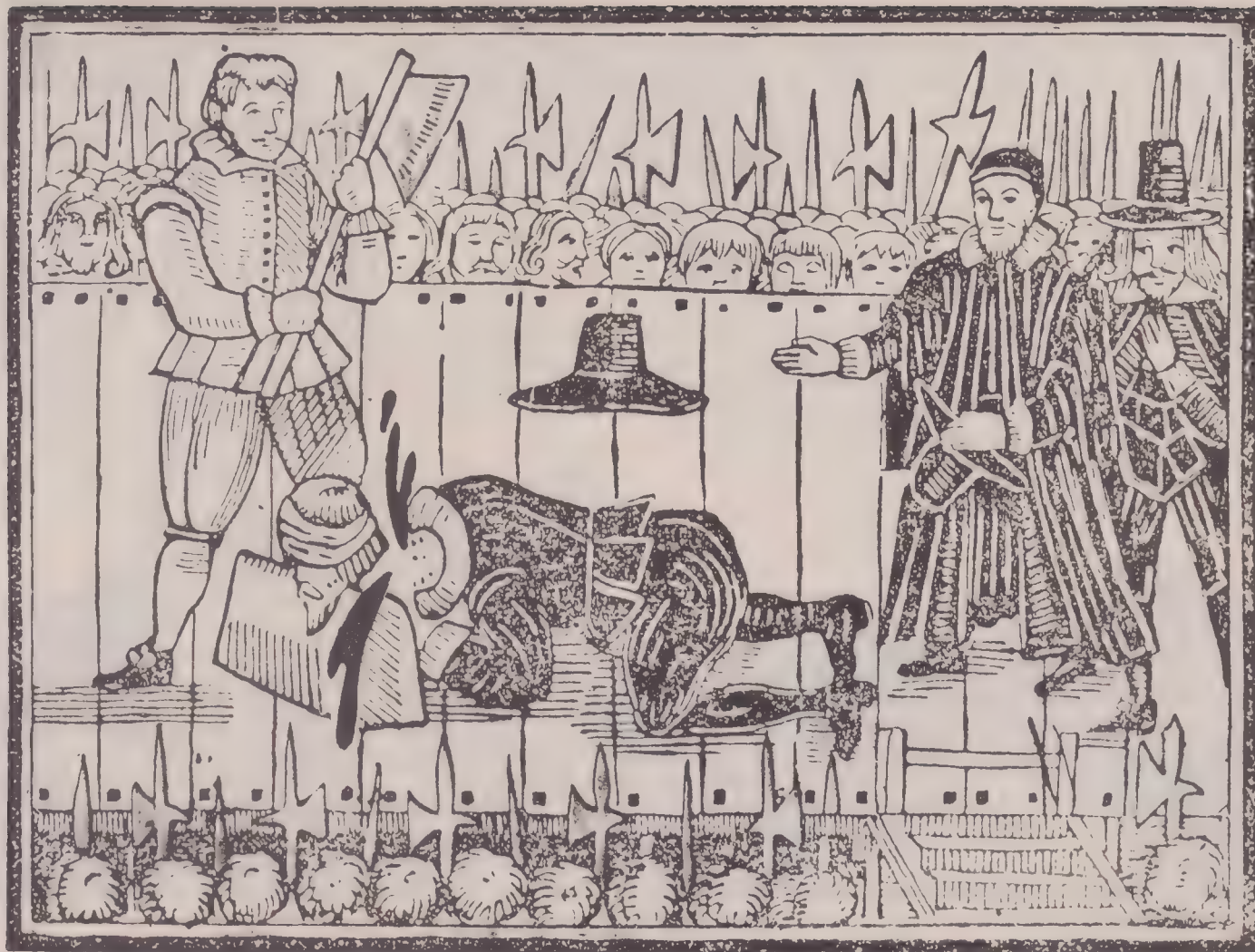
heaven on earth. Not a revolutionary army by any means, rather an army of revolutionaries, regicides, fanatics and visionaries. The Revolution is English (ca 1645-1653) and the name of this army is the New Model.

THE SET UP

The English Revolution began as most early modern revolutions began, with the clash of a restive, self-confident middle class and an incompetent (if not blatantly stupid) monarch. Charles I had, almost from the outset of his reign, done everything wrong. In a country that had seen almost a century of unrest and bloodshed centering around the question of anglicanism versus catholicism, Charles married a papist. Worse, laws against catholics went unenforced while puritan ministers were being tortured, thrown into prison and publicly reviled. The final religious insult came when Archbishop Laud began to reintroduce ceremony into the anglican faith in direct contradiction to the simple dignity that the puritans demanded from their services. The re-institution of the railed altar in all churches led to scattered rioting that inevitably included the destruction of the hated "romish" rails. It was all too much for the godly and, significantly, such "popish" provocations often drove puritans to the far left of religious heresy, in an effort to break all ties with established religion (Cromwell fits into this category). The religious question, however, was only half of what rankled the gentry.

By 1629, it had become obvious to Charles and the royalists that Parliament, and particularly the House of Commons, was developing into something little better than an elected rabble. In March of that year, after several stormy sessions and in spite of repeated pleas and threats by Charles, the Commons had refused to grant the traditional tariff guarantees for the monarchy (tunnage and poundage). In retaliation Charles decided to dissolve the body. The radicals realized that years might elapse before a new Parliament would be summoned so they decided to close the final session with a demonstration of their displeasure with the crown. On the day that Parliament received the order of adjournment as the Speaker was preparing to rise and end the session, Benjamin Valentine and Denzil Holles rushed forward and held him forcibly in his seat, effectively keeping Parliament in session. The Commons erupted, a rush was made to set the Speaker free, a counter-rush was made to lock the door. Swords were drawn and oaths exchanged, the radicals gained the upper hand and Holles read out the charges; that anyone seeking to introduce innovations into the Church of England or trying to establish tunnage and poundage or any other tax without the consent of Parliament was to be counted an enemy of the kingdom and a betrayer of its liberties. The chamber resounded to cries of, "Aye! Aye!" The doors were flung open and the members burst out into the midst of an armed force that Charles had assembled to put the "uprising" down. Another Parliament would not be called by Charles for eleven years. And as one might expect, this time it was the Commons' turn.

The Long Parliament assembled in November of 1640, and



from the beginning it was obvious that its members had their own agenda; Archbishop Laud was immediately impeached and imprisoned (and later executed), all royal taxes were suspended and political prisoners of the crown were released and compensated. In addition, a scathing indictment of Charles's policy was adopted by the Commons, the so-called Grand Remonstrance. In response to such provocation, Charles brought a body of armed men into the House in an attempt to have five members of the opposition arrested. As it turned out, Charles was no better at a simple arrest than he was at running the country; the five had been warned well beforehand and had taken refuge in the City of London. Resolutions of support poured in from all over the country and Charles was forced to leave for the relative safety of the north of England.

THE NEW MODEL ARMY

The next four years are characterized by desultory attempts at negotiation between Charles and the Commons, and of course, Civil War. While the situation in the countryside proved to be fluid, generally Charles held the north and southwest of the country, while support for Parliament was strongest in the midlands, the Home Counties and London.

The battles and lines of support raged back and forth across the country, Charles never really having enough support to win any major engagements and Parliament never having the will to press home its advantage. For all intents and purposes, a stalemate punctuated by occasional bloodletting.

In the fall of 1644, things were looking particularly grim for the supporters of Parliament. The Earl of Essex and his entire army had been cut off and forced to surrender in Lostwithiel in September. The indecisive Battle of Newbury (25 October) had strengthened the arguments of those calling for the elimination of half-hearted officers and a more unified command. Oliver Cromwell, a silent backbencher prior to the conflict, and by 1644 one of the preeminent military commanders, was particularly hot on this topic. He argued forcefully for some kind of new army to meet and defeat the royalists once and for all. He stated in Parliament that the gloomy argument used by Henry Montague to avoid battle at Donnington, "If we fight a hundred times and beat him ninety-nine, he will be king still... But if he beats us but once, or the last time, we shall be hanged," was a sure indication that without an army dedicated to victory, the war would be lost. What was needed was something different, an army of fanatics, razors; men with a religious zeal to win. Cromwell, in a speech to Parliament on 9 December, makes the case plainly, "till the whole army were



St. Mary's Church, Putney, scene of the Army debates of the autumn of 1647; the bridge on the left did not exist at the time.

new modelled...they must not expect any notable success in anything they were about." Much to Cromwell's later chagrin, he got exactly what he asked for, in the New Model Army.

The formation of the New Model Army is inextricably linked with the Self-Denying Ordinance, which prohibited peers and members of Parliament their previous military commissions. The act of self-denial signaled an attempt to break cleanly with the past and to form a wholly revolutionary institution. It is also interesting to note that this split between Parliament and the Army effectively created two sources of power in the country (not counting Charles). This was not lost on many members of Parliament and soon the Commons had split into two factions, "Presbyterians" and "Independents," read conservatives and radicals. It is also important to remember that the one thing that fueled this split and the subsequent clashes across the benches was the simple existence of this entity.

WHAT THEY BELIEVED

It is difficult to describe the level of fanaticism and zeal associated with Parliamentary forces at this time. Cromwell was one of the first military commanders to actively recruit and train religious non-conformists. His Eastern Association, prior to the formation of the New Model, was considered by

its soldiers to be a union of the "godly" and Independents of all stripe joined in large numbers. Cromwell, once questioned about promoting an Anabaptist to a captaincy, replied, "The state in choosing men to serve them takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve...that satisfies." Such sentiments, however, were considered dangerous to the point of sedition by the stolid presbyterian property holders in London and elsewhere, who regarded Anabaptists as holding religious and social views that could potentially damn the souls of innocent bystanders.

Perhaps the best indicator of the intensity of the feeling of these men is by examining their views of battle. Cromwell is probably a poor barometer for this kind of measurement; the man was almost always exhilarated to the point of frenzy by battle. Yet after leading his Eastern Association into the Battle of Marston Moor (July 1644) he came away convinced that this army was the instrument of God on earth. He was also convinced that it had been established to defeat the Anti-Christ (Charles). Another example, in a mopping-up operation fought during July of 1645 near Langport in Somerset, a group of outnumbered royalists had taken up a commanding position on a hill which could only be approached by a lane wide enough for four horses abreast. The Royalists were swept from the hill and to the "godly" officers of the New Model there could be but a single explanation for such a victory. As he

watched the royalists break, Colonel Thomas Harrison, an Independent, "with a loud voice [broke] forth into the praises of God with fluent expressions, as if he had been in a rapture." Cromwell, not to be out done by a colonel, concluded upon witnessing the same site, "To see this, is it not to see the face of God?" Clearly, a very different Army than the coterie of professional soldiers and peers that had fought prior to the formation of the New Model.

It should come as no surprise then that men who held such different religious views should be forced to tolerate each other's idiosyncracies. This necessity for toleration crept slowly into other aspects of the men's lives as well, particularly when it came to their political beliefs. As shown above, the Army, almost from its inception, had been a hothouse for radical religious ideas and even more radical men. These radicals were often made chaplains and their preaching extended beyond Army listeners to include civilian worshipers. As the military campaign gathered steam, the linkage between religious and political radicalism became even more pronounced. The Bible, once the font of an individual's personal religious learning and comfort, became a signpost on the road to a new world. This new world differs vastly from the ravings of current religious fanatics, it is a world where there are no more peers, a world of social equality and religious tolerance. While some of the chaplains merely expressed the need for limitations on personal holdings, there were others expressing infinitely more dangerous sentiments, including programs to "level" society, incipient republicanism and even regicide. As the New Model tramped back and forth across the country rooting out Royalists, sermons on such topics were preached to both soldier and citizen alike.

WHAT THEY DID

The New Model fought a single significant engagement during this period, the Battle of Naseby (14 June, 1645) at which Royalist forces were decisively routed. After a year of cleaning the countryside of latent or active royalists the job of the Army appeared to have been pretty much accomplished. So just when the New Model should have been exiting the stage of history, things started to heat up.

As the military prowess of the Army and the incipient radicalism of its soldiers became known to presbyterian members of Parliament they began laying plans to eliminate it. In the spring of 1647 Parliament tried to disband a part of the Army and to send the rest off to Ireland. This deal also left a great part of the soldiers unpaid for services rendered. The final insult came when Parliament refused to pass an act of indemnity to protect soldiers from legal consequences for acts committed during the war. That was as far as the Army was willing to be pushed. Reunited by a long list of grievances and fueled by almost two years of increasingly radical influences, the New Model would rise and set things straight.

The Army elected Agitators, two per company, starting with the cavalry. Plans were drawn up for a march on London and ultimately Parliament itself. All troops wore a red ribbon on their shirt sleeves symbolizing solidarity, even to death. The Generals, Cromwell and Thomas Fairfax, were at a loss as to how to deal with these malcontents. Lilburne, a leading Agitator, derisively wrote later that "all or most of the officers sat like so many drones and snakes." After a fair amount of

dithering, however, most of the officers were drawn into the plot. The Agitators called upon Cromwell and Fairfax to arrange a general rendezvous, otherwise, "we...shall be necessitated...to do such things ourselves."

On 3 June, 1647, just one day before the general rendezvous, Cornet Joyce was sent, in an action initiated by the Agitators and approved by Cromwell, to seize the king from Parliament and place him fully under Army control. Joyce and a company of 500 cavalymen visited the king twice at Holmby House; the second time he was persuaded to come away with them. When the king demanded to know under what authority he was being taken away, Joyce gestured around to the soldiers and said, "All commanded."

With Charles as its prisoner, and the Agitators in complete control of the situation, the Engagement of 5 June 1647 established an Army Council, "to consist of those general officers of the Army who have concurred with the Army...with two commission officers and two soldiers to be chosen from each regiment." In one document the Agitators had replaced hierarchy with equality and martial discipline with mutual trust. The sequel to this rendezvous shows how deeply feeling in the Army had run against some of the officers. The troops, "hooted divers officers out of the field, unhorsed some and rent their clothes and beat them...Officers at that time being only admitted by mutual consent, they could have no power but what was betruisted to them by the soldiers." After this display, the Army vowed to a man, "not to willingly disband nor divide" until all their grievances had been answered. The New Model then set off for London, where in the Levellers they had allies, and in Parliament they had a score to settle.

The Army occupied London on 4 August and the eleven presbyterian members of Parliament, whom the Army had proposed impeachment for, fled and did not return. Divisions between the Army, Cromwell and some of the other Independents, however, began to arise at this time. Cromwell and some of the Generals had entered into negotiations with the king. These negotiations had produced a document, The Heads of Proposals, which, among other things, contemplated a limited monarchy. In response, the Agitators, in collusion with some of the London Levellers drew up the Agreement of the People, a document wholly founded on democratic principles. The two factions, Generals and Agitators met to thrash out their differences at St. Mary's Church, Putney, on the outskirts of London. These debates are perhaps one of the most remarkable collisions of two separate and competing views of political franchise and power in the English language, Cromwell and his brother-in-law Ireton arguing the conservative case and Colonels Rainsborough and Sexby arguing the radical. Cromwell dwells on the need for property ("a fixed interest in the kingdom") in order to be guaranteed the vote while Rainsborough insists that the "poorest he that lives" must be given a say in political affairs. The debates ended inconclusively and in turn laid the groundwork for the king's escape from Hampton Court on 11 November to the Isle of Wight. The New Model soon found itself back in the field and the importance of the debates was lost in the need to defeat the king's supporters once again.

Disillusion and disappointment ran deep, both among the Agitators and Levellers. One Leveller pamphlet published in 1648 spelled out in no uncertain terms the radical view of what

Continued on page 62

BAJA CALIFORNIA:

ATTEMPTED INSURRECTIONS

Octavio Alberola

"Let the people take possession of the factories, the mines, etc." The insurrection had to light the fuse of the revolution, and the latter had to lead to the social emancipation of the workers. For five months hope would last ... until it was defeated by a coalition of political interests.

On July 1, 1906, the program of the Mexican Liberal Party was published. The program, of a democratic nature, was used to unite the Liberals and direct the insurrection, which became the main preoccupation of the P.L.M. The groups armed themselves on their own or with the collaboration of the Junta, which took care of smuggling the weapons. According to Enrique Flores Magon's account, five insurrectional zones were organized in this way. In its instructions for the uprising, the Junta asked that "Liberals who are prepared to take up arms must commit themselves quickly and act...without waiting for further notice or signals from the Junta." It also ordered the groups to start applying the program during the revolution without waiting for legislation on the matter, to proceed immediately to suppress the *tierras de raya*, to impose the eight-hour day and establish the payment of a minimum wage of one peso. Later, the P.L.M. was not to change its position; it systematically demanded the accomplishment of the transformations while the revolution was still in progress. The Junta hoped that by attacking a few strategic points, the insurrection could spread.

The first attack had to be directed against the customs post at Agua Prieta (Sonora) to open a breach that would facilitate actions in the South. But the plans of the Douglas group in Arizona were discovered and its members arrested on September 5, 1906. On the 26th of the same month another group attacked Ciudad Jimenez (Coahuila), but federal troops dispersed the rebels. On the 30th at Acayucan (Veracruz), an uprising assembled more than a thousand men,

led by Hilario C. Salas. They were routed, but most of them managed to take refuge in the sierra. In the surrounding villages, other uprisings took place at the same time (Coxcapa, Chinameca, Ixhaultan, etc.). Unfortunately, the most important uprising, which was to take place at Ciudad Juarez and was to be the signal expected by many revolutionary groups throughout the country, did not take place. The Governor of Chihuahua, Enrique C. Creel, laid a trap for the revolutionaries, and on October 19 he succeeded in capturing their principal leaders: Juan Sarabia, vice-president of the P.L.M., César Canales and J. de la Torre. At El Paso, American police captured Antonio I. Villareal, Lauro Aguirre and journalist J. Cano. These imprisonments seriously disrupted the insurrectional movement, forcing the P.L.M. to go into a period of withdrawal before attempting new insurrections.

In the following months, the leaders of the P.L.M. who managed to escape the repression strived to restructure the party's press: Ricardo Flores Magon managed to escape to Sacramento (California), Antonio I. Villareal escaped after having been arrested, and others like Librado Rivera, Lazaro Gutierrez de Lara and Modesto Diaz took refuge in Los Angeles (California).

On June 1, 1907, the newspaper *Revolución* was published in Los Angeles. The people in charge of the newspaper immediately received the cooperation of Praxedis Guerrero and Ricardo Flores Magon. The latter left his hideout in Sacramento to put himself at the head of the Junta in Los Angeles, in late June. As leaders of the Junta, Ricardo Flores Magon and Villareal appointed Praxedis G. Guerrero as a special delegate, so he could "incite the workers to make an imminent uprising in Mexico against the Dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz." The lack of money and the repression the Liberals came up against in Mexico and the United States represented a serious obstacle to the

preparation of the armed movement. However, despite the arrests, the activities of Enrique Flores Magon and Praxedis G. Guerrero allowed the insurrection to continue. As it was at the time of the previous insurrection of 1906, the country in 1908 remained divided into zones in which sixty-four armed groups were distributed.

On June 7 and 8, 1908, Ricardo Flores Magon took stock of the groups' very incomplete state of preparedness. However, Ricardo did not want a postponement of the insurrection, as he thought it should serve as an example to start a rebellion of anti-government forces and with it, the revolution. The important thing was to light the fuse. In a letter addressed to Praxedis G. Guerrero and Enrique Flores Magon, Ricardo insisted on the need to orient the revolutionaries' behavior in an appropriate way, to influence the process in a decisive way. He would say with foresight: "After its triumph, no revolution has succeeded in winning acceptance for or putting into practice the ideals that created it, for it is thought that the new government will do what the people should have done during the revolution."

Worried about the bourgeois turn the revolution had taken, Ricardo recommended advising "the workers to arm themselves on their own, to defend what the revolution gave them." For him, the important thing was "to work as anarchists," although this is not what we call ourselves: "giving the land to the people during the revolution" and also "let the people take possession of the factories and mines, etc." To accomplish that, he insisted that the Junta approve accomplished facts, for "what is gained by the workers themselves will be more solid than what is done by decree of the Junta." According to Ricardo, libertarian militants had an essential role to play in the revolution, as much political as it was military, and to accomplish that he was in favor of bringing many European anarchists to Mexico.

Magon planned to concentrate military equipment and provisions there, to facilitate the revolutionary struggle in the rest of the country.

one. Madero mobilized Francisco Villa to disarm the Magonists, which caused the P.L.M. to break definitively with Madero.

This is a historical map of the Pacific Northwest coast of North America, showing the coastline from the Strait of Juan de Fuca down to the mouth of the Columbia River. The map is labeled with various geographical features and names in French. Key locations include 'Freie' (likely Freeport), 'Lancap', 'Ido', 'Cudorea', 'Aris', 'Sonder', 'S. Francis', 'S. Ignace', 'S. Xavier', and 'S. Laurent'. The map also shows the 'Strait of Juan de Fuca' and the 'Columbia River'. The map is oriented with North at the top.

This is why, on January 29, 1911, a group of seventeen Magonist revolutionaries attacked and occupied Mexicali, a border town with several thousand inhabitants. The American journalist John Kenneth Turner, who supported and supervised the movement from the American side of the border, began a solidarity campaign with the Mexican Revolution known as "Hands Off Mexico!," to denounce the movement of United States troops toward the border.

Praxedis Guerrero's activity and Magonist activity in general vigorously gave an impulse to Mexican workers' participation in the revolutionary process in these years. As a result, and to prevent political factions that had arisen in the new Mexican context from capitalizing on growing agitation against the dictatorship, the propaganda of the P.L.M. strived to strengthen the movement's proletarian nature and to distinguish working class and peasant objectives from the interests of opportunistic political factions. It was in this spirit that the P.L.M. launched many insurrectional actions in late 1910. The rebellion in November, fomented from the United States by Francisco I. Madero, produced only poor results at first. On the other hand, the P.L.M. succeeded in impelling an insurrectional movement in Chihuahua through the activity of Praxedis Guerrero, who attacked Casas Grandes and took the village of Janos, where he died on December 30, 1910. But other guerrilla leaders took his place, and the military activity of the P.L.M. continued at a high intensity in Chihuahua.

The decisive factor in the fall of Magonism was the American government's support for Madero, aiding him militarily and repressing the P.L.M., for he knew that the anti-reelectionist movement could pacify the country and prevent the "social revolution" from continuing. Magonists who continued the struggle were subjected to violent repression. The new government concentrated its forces in Baja California until Maderism triumphed. Troops clashed with revolutionary groups that had already been weakened. In mid-June federal troops stationed in Ensenadas left for Tijuana. The noose tightened further. On June 22, the Magonists were routed and abandoned Tijuana. A few crossed the border and were arrested by American army patrols. These events led to the collapse of the P.L.M.'s military activity, and this is how Magonism's military adventures came to an end.

Fall 1995

Petersburg

Michel Donnegan

dyr boul chtchyl
oubechtour
skoum
vy so bou
rr l èz

—Russian futurist manifestoes, 1913

"There is more national character in these five verses than in all the poetry of Pushkin."

—Krutchenyk

They close the door. They are "among friends"; it is a broad definition that covers both old relationships and the hosts of the moment. They will drink. They help each other and search for solutions to everyone's problems; money is never an issue here. They joke, we exchange views, and again they drink and eat. They can end things with vows of friendship. They remain lucid for a long time. They can laugh at themselves and at the world. They tell each other what they have been doing. It is usually generous and warm. The feeling of loneliness doesn't exist, and everyone is ready to exclude whoever does not respect this "community," "among friends."

"If they could kill each other, they would do it willingly." More and more numerous cars accelerate in pursuit of a passer-by crossing a wide street. Swinging doors swing back violently against the next person. As soon as the subway train reaches the platform, passengers who were waiting rush inside: people have to elbow their way out. They take their children in their arms as they approach the bottleneck at the escalator, where everyone brutally forces their way through with their shoulders and fists. They are crammed together in the buses, when they circulate. Bags hit people's knees. Elsewhere, a man insinuates himself into a waiting line and tries to trick everyone, with an expression that is a mixture of uneasiness and false indifference. On the Nevsky Prospect, one passes a disturbing number of faces bruised by blows. In many places one finds a number of holsters for sale. A former officer, who is "a little drunk," asks our advice: "I'm looking for someone to slaughter."

One hears very few insults, yells or even comments. It is an insidious violence, where everyone hates everyone else, where other people are responsible for misfortunes and difficulties, where their very existence makes everything worse. It is a hatred that tries to take advantage of every opportunity to simply and maliciously do harm. Without any compensation:

"That's life." And though Russians have always abused each other in the street, today some discover a fear they were unaware of until now: a growing one caused by the permanent war of all against all.

There, people don't burden themselves with any politeness or conviviality, which, as they do in the West, remove uneasiness and frustration and conceal aggressiveness and contempt. Fear is not afraid of its effects: hatred is omnipresent and expresses itself indiscriminately against everyone, mute and straightforward, opportunistic and unsubtle—a constant veiled vengeance.

Without endless debate, straight out, Russians do not like work. Production is low and of poor quality; planning is only formally respected and authority is ridiculed. What counts, apart from wages, is what you can pick up there. Threats, terror, recruitment and competition haven't changed anything. They are still recalcitrant. These "Asian Barbarians" have neither a head nor the taste for it. Discipline is an obligation, order a constraint. They don't expect any enrichment, unless it is one that results from a collective exchange.¹ The more they are able to exert themselves in their daily lives for themselves and their friends, the more they will be indifferent and indolent at work.

Money was not their main preoccupation: the stores filled up and they could buy. It was just a sinister means that was usually separate from relationships that ensured survival. They used the money to feed and clothe themselves; other expenses were residual ones, as opposed to the West, where an extreme complexity of credit, taxes, social insurance, rent, insurance, bills, etc., subjugates everyone to the pace of life that is imposed by it. The social organization did not bind Russians through the *diktat* of money: they were largely unfamiliar with it.

Indifference to work and money: here are two terrible evils that modern states have always recognized as their most formidable enemies. For them, the West's contamination by the "spirit" of the East would be the worst possible case. The most plausible one is fear of a migratory contagion of the poor populations, reaching the West and its wealth "on foot" without an initiation into the effort and type of submission that is required by the hope of attaining that wealth. Since (according to the propagandists) the world has been divided, until now, between totalitarianism that the populations of the East were subjected to under the heel of the police, and western happiness, where people flourish in a standardized slavery—and this division is finished—from now on, Russians must be forced to love freedom.

The people of Petersburg have been seized with a feverish-



May 1st demonstration in Moscow, 1993. Photo by IREAN.

ness that is quite new: in addition to waiting in lineups, they will have to run and compare commodities, take an interest in them and spend time on them following the "liberation of prices." The invasion of many new products, signs of long-awaited abundance, is leading Russians into a pace of life that they have never experienced until now. The promise of commodities calls for their participation. The arrangements and schemes that show their lack of civic-mindedness must disappear. It's only by grabbing these Russians by the throat that they will change and submit willingly, because this is the only way they will be able to survive "the end of communism and the coming of democracy." They must get down to work, acknowledge its advantages, give in to its demands and further reduce their lives to a sum of activities that they are forced to do and that have become vital.

In one month the price of everyday products increased by a factor of two and a half, urban transport by a factor of two and trains by a factor of two or three. Wages hardly budged. Pensions are a thousand rubles a month—3 kilos of sausage, a vague agglomeration of dubious-looking meat. Rents are going up. At the slightest rumor of a price increase, shopkeepers empty the shelves, anticipating the profits that speculation will bring them. Cash shops are proliferating and

most people suffer nightmarishly in front of the windows.

Leave? From now on, the borders of the ex-USSR will be open. But western states, which have always protested against the shutting in of populations in the "totalitarian" countries, are increasing difficulties at their ports of entry in the form of interdictions.

Recently, the Austrian State bought border installations from Hungary that it had at the time of the Iron Curtain: although it is said that Hungarians can now leave, their entry into Austria is controlled from the same watchtowers. Germany is still tolerating a little final easy access, for a little while. A Russian who bears an invitation must pay into an insurance policy that is meant to prevent any expense to the German State. Other western countries are closing their borders de facto by requiring, with sinister hypocrisy, a mass of documents and attestations that are hard to assemble. As a last resort, the consul can block it, without explanation and irrevocably. Money will select people: every Wednesday there are significant increases in train and air fares with destinations in the West. As a final toll, the Baltic countries are slowly setting up a system of visas, which, in cooperation with the western states, will contribute more, acting as a final filtering effect.

Neither seventy years of communism nor the brutal offensive by the idea of money invented the crushing of Russia's peoples. It was a Czar who created the city of Petersburg ex nihilo: thousands of forced *mujik* volunteers exhausted themselves in the construction of this caprice. Men had to be little and despised there: broad streets, a geometrical convergence toward the center, an architectural monumentalism that was the result of a mix of western styles, without a trace of the hesitations, plans and disorderliness of its inhabitants.²

Accounts of previous epochs describe street scenes in which lineups outside supply depots trudge through the mud. Scenes of arrests, evictions of *mujiks*, forced labor camps, shortages, emaciated faces and vodka. The knout has been replaced by the club, which the cops still hold constantly and threateningly.

Bolshevik propaganda used to rely on the support of communal traditions to conquer state power. As Czarism's heir, the communist regime applied the same principles: subservience, contempt, barbarity and greed. Having the mentality of a docile functionary was and has always been the norm of social behavior. More grotesquely than elsewhere, lying, informing, blackmail, careerism and servility ensured the ruling classes' preservation and expansion. Membership in the Party, which was indispensable to social climbing; informing, which was not always inspired by fear, revealed a civic-minded attitude from which one could expect many advantages. Submission to ideology and the hierarchy had to prove its zeal. "One had to force one's way through the bureaucracy, enmities, paperwork and stupidity."³ There an individual's worth has always been measured by his baseness.

As opposed to the western ruling classes, who understood the need to weaken and domesticate abilities and talents without suppressing them, the ruling classes of Russia and the ex-USSR always saw in them a deadly threat that had to be eradicated.⁴

The western powers have achieved this incomparable feat: in all moments of their lives, citizens use the same language as the State. This governing apparatus has diluted itself in people's heads and its coercive nature has been expurgated: it is defended as a personal choice, with the same servility and baseness as the ones that exist in the functioning of communist society. There, lies are consumed, produced and spat out again as definitive truths, whereas even in Russia official truths are ridiculed. There, just as the language of the authorities is seen straight out as propaganda, spinelessness and duplicity, which are required in social life, are seen as monstrous excrescences. People are not unaware of self-renunciation; it can be described as an obligatory degradation, but one that has not lost its ability to judge itself. In the West, one has to reach the point of great intimacy or anger to spare oneself the dissembling, hypocrisy and peculiarities that justify and reproduce misery in relations among men.

Soviet power was the productive and regulating center that forced every citizen to submit to a bureaucratic normality made up of careerism and contempt. It not only dictated the need for it but defined its limits, which were supposed to force everyone to stay in their assigned place: it was out of the question for some people's zeal to be allowed to offend the hierarchy.

The decline of soviet organization is that of this regulating center. The desertion of the apparatchiks and the considerable worsening of living conditions are leaving the behavior gained

in the functioning of communist society leaderless and unmanaged. These upheavals are not suppressing them, they are aggravating them. Contempt and indifference, barbarism and greed, pettiness and spinelessness are taken up and developed by a whole new category of speculators and grabbers. The hoarding of foodstuffs and products, price increases, and speculation on everything—they are obeying a new master: money.

Speculators, the "*farsos*" or "bandits" whose work is underwritten and maintained by the former powers-that-be, are a type of independent vanguard that is reproducing the same techniques of despotism: threats and hope, competition and war. They are imposing money on people as the basic precondition of survival. This population that is dramatically suffering the *diktats* of this new master must now learn to understand the meaning and idea of money.

Money is not the external exercise of despotic power: it wants to devour the innermost recesses of the mind and does not tolerate anything that is foreign to it. It must penetrate minds and colonize tastes, feelings and aspirations much more deeply than any bureaucratic and ideological power can. It promises not a fragment of power but universal power, and in fact must wipe out the old ideologies, which left enclaves where people could "still breathe." Police terror is being substituted by the war of all against all. "The Russians are learning what loneliness is": it is a new situation and a new feeling. The exchange of services, mutual aid and the agreed-upon repurchasing of state production ensured a stable imbalance in the ex-USSR and the preservation of collective ties. The idea of money must destroy these vestiges, which are obstructing its development. "You have to count on your friends less and count your money more."

The state has "disengaged itself": private businesses are proliferating and stalls are taking up the sidewalks, long unmoving lines that offer a pair of shoes here, a pack of cigarettes and a bottle of cognac there, etc., and leave a line for passersby. This market is becoming the principal market.⁶

And everyone must pay: to the state (which adds a tax to fictitious bookkeeping), the municipality and the local mafias.

To apply the tax or regulate competition, which have not been made official by any law that legalizes rackets the way they are in the West, they have to use force and direct threats. As a result, private militias are recruited in body-building and karate clubs, when they are not cops who have left the force but kept their uniforms. These "sportsmen," these new *drujenniki*, must terrorize people and regulate the overall orderliness of the market.

At the service of a project that goes far beyond them and will suppress them, whose on-the-spot managers are, as they have always been, apparatchiks who have been redeployed—the *blatnoi* dogs, big traffickers and all the little men of business, speculation and terror are just a passing and necessary tool. Like the "golden boys" who worked so hard in the West during the '80s to establish and strengthen financial power over the whole planet, they are ephemeral; here a monetary gust, there a legislative squall will sweep them aside and send them back to the garbage cans they were taken from by interests far superior to their little businesses. All the same, the main thing is that they are creating the atmosphere and the social climate, defining the new social relations being imposed by the idea of money.

A vast conspiracy is being set up in Russia. Its foreman is the IMF and its branches. Russia, which has been a member since June '92, received a first loan of a billion dollars⁸. The managerial apparatuses are mere order-takers. After the long spectacle of East-West conflict, Russia's integration, and by extension that of the ex-USSR, is experiencing its globally programmed impoverishment and collapse first.



Fascist Russian militia in Moscow.

Because the ruble will have parity from now on, the National Bank of Russia, obeying the orders of the World Bank, is setting its value: in December '92, in the streets and the banks, the price of a dollar was 500 rubles. The western countries—which set up the BERDS and are moaning with lust over Russia, that declared in the context of the reorganization of the Russian economy that they want to shift 70% of all produced wealth monopolized by the army to civilian needs—are causing a quickening decline of the country with the aid of these monetary manipulations. Their contribution to the “reconstruction of Russia” is in fact extravagant. Because payment in rubles has obviously become impossible, only barter, which had already installed itself from the '70s on, allowed western states to contemplate setting up markets. At lower prices than those of the international markets, copper, manganese and other natural resources are its money. Thus, the IMF and its western organizations are appropriating the country's wealth at the same time that they wax indignant about the decline in sanitary conditions, which for example, forces Russians to buy their syringes in the stalls before going to the hospital; that they are surprised by the cutoffs of hot water, electricity and heating for periods of several months; that they describe the accumulated and multiple ordeals that the Russian people are being subjected to as the heritage of a past which they have made such good use of, and which, with their hands over their hearts, they now declare they want to save.

With the collapse of the ruble and its repercussions on the country's “adjustment” (according to the IMF's expression), a constant rise in the prices of current products adds to this decline daily. It has been a long time since the slightest threat of an increase made the state fear social unrest: since prices rise daily, the citizens are imperiously encouraged to spend their savings quickly, to hold on as long as possible.

The old “opium war” with alcohol and vodka, which was orchestrated in Russia by all the ruling classes to exhaust the population and drown people's anger,⁹ has been revived, reorganized and resupplied by the western states. Thus, a kind of alcohol that is impossible to find in the West has appeared in the stalls, the streets and the stores: its label, following Russian tradition, shows all the medals that testify to the quality

of the product. This imported alcohol, known as “spirte,” is 96 proof. But on the label of “Royal,” the most common brand, the eagerness of the poisoners signs the confession to the conspiracy by innocently indicating the many and surprising sources of the product—California, France, Holland and Italy—and whose manufacturer is apparently a multinational corporation

unknown in the West.¹⁰ Less expensive than vodka, and tasteless, it is cut with a quarter-liter of water. Its effects are anesthetizing and can lead to serious nervous disorders: paralysis and blindness at high doses, that is, more often than not.¹¹

For twenty years now the western ruling class has deepened a type of domination that had never been experienced before on such a scale: the days of triumphalism and odes to prosperity are over. For a long time, western states thought they could maintain a semblance of social peace with the promise of wealth. A ruse of History; the western poor wanted even more of this wealth, to the point of sensing the possibility of realizing it completely at the end of the 70s. The managers therefore resumed doing what their predecessors did: impoverishing people to separate them and threatening people to ensure their support. From economic crises to stock market crashes, from closer and closer wars to reductions in the standard of living, the reigning lie has instituted itself as an enormous campaign of intimidation, creating many conflicts and just as many new threats, which do not call the basic principle of poverty into question: preserving gains means reducing them; isolation worsens the breakdown in relationships among men; impoverishment rules out any universal project. Therefore this maneuver must impose absolute support for itself, which itself revives the lie. The wealth of the state lies in this support.¹²

Russia's current impoverishment, which is no more than an inevitable tactical moment, originates in the same maneuver. But there, the population does not give its support to the extent that we are familiar with in the West. The IMF must act quickly: internal political struggles can destabilize, slow or check the completion of the operation. Dependency on the West must be irreversible. Meanwhile, the blow must be struck now, so it can be generously tended to later. The widespread collapse in living standards must spectacularly prompt people to feel compassion and pity.

For the time being, nothing in Russia will allow a real development of the market economy to take place. The distribution networks are rudimentary and archaic, the circulation of commodities is hampered materially and bureaucratically, and the Russian population has not been completely colonized

by work and money. Thus, the country's collapse must reach a level high enough to stimulate the guilty conscience of the West and raise the whole moral, industrial and military armada of humanitarian aid, which synthesizes the high degree of mixed stupor and alienation of the western mentality. A promotional show that displays the aid brought by peoples who are full of happiness to ignorant peoples that are drowning in misery, it will create the primary distribution and communication networks—as in Romania in '89, when the infrastructures of the humanitarian organizations facilitated the implantation of western corporations. This harmful benevolence must evangelize on behalf of the democratic and commercial spirit. It organizes the ideological and material penetration of the commodity.

The contacts that humanitarian aid already has there are the remnants of the state apparatus. The "organs," the apparatchiks and the mafia are the only ones that hold the key to distribution.

With a few slips due to the recent nature of the operation, they take over shipments sent from the West and redistribute them at higher prices. Sometimes a few charitable associations still suffer the setbacks of their naive extremism: thus, at the beginning of '92, a German Protestant organization set out to collect some money and used articles, which were meant for a hospice in Moscow's Kiev district. The people in charge demanded that the shipment be handed over to the administrators themselves. The cops sequestered the hospice's managers, replaced them and seized the collected goods.

In this long process of decline, which is already liquidating thousands of people and will liquidate more, the new Russian leaders had to show the westerners proof of their good will. In August '91, the putsch was supposed to prove that the ex-USSR was entering a new phase as a fiefdom of the West. A few tanks and the stern faces of old Stalinists were supposed to frighten people once and for all, and impress them with the irreversible nature of the changes that are in progress. Democracy's spectacular officialization had to provoke a reaction in the street with a popular feel to it, one that would defend the present order and show both people's hopes and their refusal to return to the past. But Russians are stubborn, accustomed as they are to mistrusting state lies: this Yeltsinian show was too much like Tejero's playacting. Those who met at the barricades—which in Petersburg wouldn't even have held up against the passing of a truck—took advantage of the occasion to meet and drink and dance together in the streets. Even those who wished the putsch was real—and there were many of them—don't seem to have taken it seriously. What



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did they have to fear or hope for? In Petersburg, the commanding officer was the same high-ranking officer who officially protested the Tbilisi massacre in '89, and had been transferred after it. Many Russians say the putsch succeeded, and that it was Yeltsin who organized it.

Big maneuvers, manipulations, exactions, poisonings, expropriations and isolation in the name of democratic and commercial freedom are so many techniques of enslavement that are far too coercive and mundane, and which run the risk of provoking uncontrolled acts of resistance and refusal after all. Although Russians only envy the West for the wealth that is on display there, they want it right away and easily. What they are lacking is the spiritual dimension that justifies hardships and describes fatalism and submissiveness as virtues. Apartment blocks, public transportation and streets are neglected, but churches are right in the middle of renovations. All kinds of western sects are turning up. American religious lobbies

are financing propaganda and a share of the reconstruction of religious buildings. Russians are invited to big rallies, where preachers promise them happiness in the midst of suffering (or the opposite). On the Nevsky, groups of priests in plainclothes distribute luxuriously printed digests of the Bible. The only advertisement displayed on Moscow walls shows Billy Graham in a stadium, offering to answer the metaphysical question: "Why?"...

These missionaries sponsored by big American corporations have come to preach social peace, and present money as the salvation of the soul.

In August '92, public transport in Petersburg was blocked for ten days: it was a bosses' strike organized by the Communist Party. The Baltyskaya, one of the biggest firms in the city, is the stronghold of an ultranationalist competitor of Yeltsin's. The last big strikes of '91 in Vorkhuta, the Donbass and the Donetz were settled after management agreed to a tenth of the wage increase that was demanded, accompanied with insistent threats; in the west there have been massive layoffs. Apparently the strike was led by the NTS, the old corporatist and ultra-nationalist organization which stems from Russian emigré circles. Several movements in the factories and neighborhoods are the product of a hidden struggle between various political groups that will continue to exist, with nostalgia and a return to the past as their common viewpoint—the royalist-czarists, the nationalists, Pamyat, the Communist Party—whose program consists of profiting exclusively from the decline in living conditions by outdoing each other in disorganization.¹³

In 1986 there were about 7 million prisoners in the USSR. Individual struggles and the threat they were able to bring to bear on the administration resulted in a slight "softening" of the prison regime—more mail and visits. In early '92, a congress of the "Memorial" organization¹⁴ estimated that 50,000 prisoners had carried out acts of rebellion. The camps for "prisoners of opinion," to use the official expression, were closed and psychiatric hospitals are used solely for their intended purpose. In prisons for young people between the ages of twelve and eighteen, the color red is violently forbidden, and this ban has become a pretext for the hierarchies and for a reign of terror among the prisoners: such and such a prisoner who has agreed to a visit with a visitor dressed in red, or who has received a package containing a red object or red food is subjected to all kinds of punishment, ranging from humiliation to death.

On one hand nostalgia, which wants to revive the past, and on the other a caricatural and fetishistic rejection of it, seem to monopolize people's expression of their refusal.

"There is no future; the future is today" is a remark that is often heard. Others, who experienced the KGB cellars, the blows, the camps and the psychiatric hospitals, anticipate forty years of hardships: "The time it will take for a new generation to forget their parents were slaves." Like it does at the end of a long period of imprisonment, when the enemy was clearly defined, fatalism maintains confusion in the face of the situation's complexity and the increase in people's misfortunes. "There is no light in Russia today," an ex-member of SMOT said to us. "Let's hope there will never be another communist regime. And though we are eating even worse now, at least we can read the books we want to."

Many Russians say they don't understand at all what is going on anymore. The world wants to make them ashamed of having put up with so much and for so long: they defend themselves against it and submit to it. Caught in the frantic pace of an offensive against their way of relating to each other in society, and in the lies of an international propaganda which pretends to feel sorry for them while it starves them, they are being ordered to lose even the lucidity that allowed them to point out the rottenness of a world where they had to struggle to get by.

Humor—the "anekdotes," which are often about the unforeseen drawbacks of alcohol, and which made it through police terrorism, informing and careerist ambitions—seems to have gotten lost. The most recent jokes that are still circulating ridicule Gorbachev. There is nothing about Yeltsin and the imposition of the new laws, and no insolence, apart from an unhappy cynicism that jeers at the disturbing levels of radioactivity and the poor quality of food, and which repeats the most sinister anecdotes that young children tell each other in the West. A musical style inspired by hardcore and techno-pop, and which mixes in parts of military marches, has attracted a significant following among the youth, who call it "*depressnaya musika*."

The domesticated slaves of the West indifferently put up with the biggest lies and the most perceptive truths in a state of hypnotic contemplation. But it is a whole different matter for the Russian "barbarians," unused as they are to consent to being subjected to a general impoverishment of their lives in the name of the western model.

For the Russians, the attainment of wealth claims that it is

no longer hampered by the bureaucratic and communist system. But they, who had to bear horrors and terrors to attain "western happiness," have not experienced the slow process of dispossession and exhaustion experienced by the western populations. In a very brief period of time they must join a system that has taken several decades to put the finishing touches to itself, to channel people's ideas and anger, to impose itself as eternity and as the only measure of freedom. It is a finished product which they have to swallow brutally and in large doses, without the promise of drunkenness and with a permanent hangover. It is not the slow digestion of an insipid product: it is a violent ingestion which concentrates the poison and its vile taste.

Like the immensity of Russia, the inertia of its population is formidable. In the past, many invaders have already come to catastrophic defeats there after a few brilliant victories.

ENDNOTES

¹ A few years ago, using the recent western technique, a factory manager asked his workers to elect the one among them with the best performance, so he could be awarded a bonus. They all elected each other....

² It is the courtyards and alleyways which cross the building blocks that bring back the city's confused and disorderly character.

³ Mayakovsky.

⁴ The recurrent anti-Semitism in Russia has its origins in the same viewpoint. Independently of religious antagonism or the association Jews/Bolsheviks or Jews/revolutionary movements that supposedly favored the Bolshevik seizure of power, the constant rejection, whatever ideology of state power is in force, defines an aspect of this despotic will: in Jews, they have always seen the threat of a phantasmagorical myth of "Jewish talent."

⁵ In early January '93, a decree issued by the new government proposes to reestablish the old system for the price of bread, milk, and of course, vodka....

⁶ So, for example, shoe stores have nothing but summer sandals left in winter. There would not be anything unusual about this situation, except that today, these shoes are being resold in front of the stores.

⁷ Civil volunteers recruited in '57-'58 to struggle against hooliganism, in cooperation with the police.

⁸ Through May '92, it had received aid in the form of goods and supplies worth an estimated \$26 billion.

⁹ During the Andropov period, when the current mood was one of "struggle against parasitism and absenteeism," and the cops went on raids right into people's showers, he put a low-priced vodka on sale, known as "Andropovodka" (cf. note 5).

¹⁰ The "spirte" whose origin is exclusively French is called "Krystal"; "Camoe," the locally produced one, bears the inscription in English, "Cleaner for surfaces."

¹¹ Small 25 centiliter bottles of eau de cologne can be bought at the stalls: some people drink one in a gulp while they wait for the bus....

¹² During this period a new change in the situation appeared; people began to fight the lie everywhere, but in an illusory way: nationalism against unification-standardization, the critique of science against the degradation of biological life, the emotional plague and instinctive refusal against the despotism of well-reasoned submissiveness, dissatisfaction against praise for a world that gets by despite the difficulties.

¹³ An article in the November '92 issue of *Monde diplomatique* claims that anti-IMF committees are being set up in various regions of Russia and that *kolkhoz* workers who have been evicted from their homes by new private landlords are reviving the "scorched earth" tradition. We haven't heard of it....

¹⁴ An association that has set itself the task of collecting all information about the prison system—drawing up lists of the number of people deported and imprisoned during the communist epoch and publicizing current movements in the prisons.



Collage: James Koehnline

Reich:

How to Use

Jean-Pierre Voyer

"The thing contains in its second part, in an extraordinarily dense but relatively popular form, quite a few novelties which anticipate my book,¹ while at the same time necessarily barely touching on quite a few others. Do you think it's a good idea to preview such subjects in this sort of way?"

—Marx to Engels, June 24, 1865

I. The Notion of Character According to Reich

"To find love in Paris, one has to go down to the classes where the absence of education and of vanity and the struggle with real needs have left more energy. To show a great unsatisfied is to show one's inferiority, an impossibility in France except for those beneath everything.... Hence, the exaggerated praises of girls in the mouths of young men afraid of their hearts."

—Stendhal, *On Love*

Rreich, as a result of his practical and theoretical struggle against resistances in analysis, came to conceive of character (character neurosis) as the very form of those resistances.²

In contrast to the symptom—which must be considered as a production and concentration of character and which is felt as a foreign body, giving rise to an awareness of illness—the character trait is organically embedded in the personality. The fact that consciousness of the illness is absent is a fundamental symptom of character neurosis. An explanation of this degradation of individuality cannot appear except within an attempt to communicate, in this case within the analytic technique itself. However unilateral this technique may be, it had to rapidly reveal character for what it is: a defense against communication, a failure of the faculty of encounter. This is the price paid for the primary function of character, the defense against anxiety.³ There is no need to dwell on the origin of anxiety, on its causes and their permanence. Let us simply say that the particular form of one's character is a pattern that takes shape before the tenth year, which is no surprise to anyone.

The discretion of this arrangement explains why it is not recognized as a social plague, and thus why it is lastingly effective. This set-up produces damaged individuals, as stripped as possible of intelligence, sociability, and sexuality, and consequently truly independent from one another; which is ideal for the optimum functioning of the automatic system of the circulation of commodities. The energy which the individual could use to recognize and be recognized is *harnessed* to the character, that is to say, employed to neutralize itself.

In all of the societies in which modern conditions of production prevail, the impossibility of living takes individually the form of death, of madness, or of character. With the

intrepid Dr. Reich, and against his horrified recuperators and vilifiers, we postulate the pathological nature of all character traits, that is to say of all chronicity in human behavior. What is important to us is not the individual structure of our character, nor the explanation of its formation, *but the impossibility of its application to the construction of situations.* Character is therefore not simply an unhealthy excrescence which could be treated separately, but at the same time an individual remedy in a globally ill society, a remedy which enables us to bear the illness while aggravating it. People are to a great extent accomplices in the reigning spectacle. *Character is the form of this complicity.*

We hold that people can only dissolve their character in contesting the entire society (this is in opposition to Reich insofar as he envisages character analysis from a specialized point of view); whereas on the other hand, the function of character being accommodations to the state of things, its dissolution is a preliminary to the global critique of society. We must destroy this vicious circle.

Global contestation begins with the critique in acts of wage labor,⁴ in accordance with a first principle beyond discussion: "Never work." The qualities of adventure absolutely essential for such an enterprise lie exclusively outside character. Character is the downfall of those qualities. The problem of opposing the entire society is thus also the problem of the dissolution of character.

II. Its Application to the Spectacle Effect

"The truest and most important concepts of the epoch are measured precisely by the organization around them of the greatest confusion and the worst misrepresentation.... Vital concepts know simultaneously the truest and the most false uses...because the struggle between critical reality and the apologetic spectacle leads to a struggle over words.... It is not the authoritarian purge which reveals the truth of a concept, but the coherence of its use, in theory and practical life."

—Internationale Situationniste, #10

Public: pertaining to all of a people.

Publicité: public notoriety; the character of that which is put in the presence of the public; the state of that which belongs to the public.⁵

—Dictionnaire Larousse XXe siècle

The publicity of misery does not distinguish itself from the *idea* of its suppression.⁶ This is how *spirit* comes to men (and to girls too). Misery is always the misery of publicity. It is necessary, therefore, to seek the reasons for the persistence of misery in that which causes the misery of publicity.

Fetishism is the misery of publicity. It is the very form of social separation. Wherever there is opposition between

individuals and the totality of them and their relations, this opposition takes the form of fetishism of the totality. Opposition between the whole and individuals takes place by means of parts of the whole which appear to be isolated, or which maintain illusory relations with the whole and with each other.⁷ Deceived consciousness is the fundamental moment of fetishism. With it, things become what they seem. The absence of consciousness takes the form of consciousness.

The fetishism of the commodity is concentrated in its value. It would have taken Marx the thousands of pages of *Capital* to get to the bottom of the reality of this fetish. It is the yoke of value that weighs down human brows, be they bourgeois, bureaucratic, or proletarian. Value is the relation between two quantities. What is more fantastic than that here and now x pounds of carrots are worth y fifths of wine or even z minutes or hairdressing? Value is here and now the exorbitant autonomy of the commodity. It is dangerous to steal, loot, or burn! It's even more dangerous to never work! Value exerts itself implacably,⁸ while the deceived gaze only meets things and their prices!

In the nineteenth century, with the achieved opposition between the life of the individual and the life of the species (on the one hand daily life, on the other the automatic circulation of commodities), all hopes are allowed. (Those of Hegel and those of Marx.) At this stage, things are clear: daily life is *nothing*, circulation is *everything*. The nothingness of daily life is a *visible* moment of the whole of circulation. Fetishism scarcely deceives anyone but the dominant class and its toadies. Several times the proletariat launches an assault on the totality, and the publicity of misery came very close to triumphing over the misery of publicity.

Today, things have changed considerably. The modernization of the struggles of the oppressed, and above all their incompleteness, has brought about, since 1930, the rapid modernization of fetishism by the dominant class and its State. The rise of *scientific fetishism* was rather striking: New Deal, Bolshevism, and National Socialism simultaneously. This modernization consists essentially of *depriving* daily life of what was left to it: its negativity, that is to say the publicity of its misery, the publicity of its nullity. The secret of the misery of daily life is the real State secret. It is the keystone completing the edifice of separation which is also in fact the edifice of the State.

The spectacle, or scientific development of fetishism, is nothing but the private property of the means of publicity, the State monopoly of appearances. With it, only the circulation of commodities remains public. The spectacle is nothing but the circulation of commodities absorbing all available means of publicity, thus condemning misery to invisibility. The spectacle is the secret form of public misery, where value operates implacably while the deceived gaze only meets things and their use.

In the imperialist publicity of the circulation of commodities, value never appears. This is the spectacle of the invisibility of value. This "natural" invisibility constitutes the fundamentally spectaclist tendency of circulation which the bourgeoisie will be able to exploit in the scientific development of fetishism. As long as value does not become public in a different way, circulation is able to appear as a carnival of use. (Principally the use of money, needless to say.) From this, one easily understands the entrancement of the spectator confronted

daily by value. This is the spectacle effect. It forestalls all ideas; everything seems accomplished. It forbids all recognition; the miserable being sees himself as the only miserable being. The use of money appears as itself the instrument of the abolition of value. The peak of inversion. This is how spirit does not come to men (nor to girls, which is even more regrettable).

From his front row seat, Wilhelm Reich couldn't avoid being struck by the role played by character as anti-individual structure in the magnificent Nazi stage setting.⁹ He leaves the farcical question "Why do workers revolt?" to the psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, sociologists, and other servants of the spectacle, in order to pose the fundamental question: "Why don't they revolt?"¹⁰ He attributes the submission to the crushing of the individual by character. This is hardly contestable. Necessary but insufficient. To say that this society hasn't got an intrinsically spectaclist tendency is the same as saying that the spectacle is the magnum opus of the ruling class alone. That would be giving them too much credit! We know that the ruling class is the chief victim of its own illusions. It follows the trend.

We have demonstrated above the rationale of this tendency. Aside from that, character is undeniably real. It reveals itself clinically. It is necessary to know exactly what is analyzed in character analysis, once its insufficiency as separate notion is recognized. As a separate notion, it is nothing but one more fetish.

Our thesis is as follows. The quantitative reigns. All human relations are governed by the relation of quantity to quantity, but nonetheless appear as *pure* human relations; or better, the deceived gaze only meets things and their prices. We have rapidly reviewed the spontaneously spectaclist effect of that "natural" given which is the invisibility of value. For all that, value never ceases to be lived by each person as the ineluctable necessity of his daily life. We have seen that this *lived secret* completed the spectaclist tendency of commodity circulation. What is it that Reich clinically detects which he labels "character"? We maintain that it is *value*, as inhuman necessity and otherwise invisible, that is grasped by this approach. It is even, up till now, the only concrete way of approaching value as secret misery of individuality. Under this form, Reich tracked down *the unconscious*, its misery and its miserable repressive maneuvers, which only draw their force and their magical pomp from the dominion of value over daily life. It is only because the universal socialization of human relations has taken the *unique form* of value, which is *their negation*, that authentic human relations, sanctioned by pleasure, are preserved¹¹ in this socialization as *natural relations* (and thus illicit and clandestine ones) between man and man, since all sociality, all humanity, is occupied (in the colonialist sense) by value, the only licit socialization. That which tends to escape the law of value thus takes the form of the *natural*, that is to say *by definition* that which escapes the mastery of humanity.

In his third Philosophical Manuscript, Marx measures the humanity of man, his socialization, by the degree of socialization of that "immediate, natural, and necessary" relationship of human being to human being: the relationship between man and woman. Value as universal socialization, as sole and inverted form of humanity, is also in fact the impossibility of socializing this relationship; which relationship *remains*,

therefore, "the most natural," that is to say the most frustrated by the reigning social organization. Within the bosom of universal socialization by value, this naturalness becomes increasingly identical to its degree of decay (11), by the same token that the degree of naturalness of the Nambikwara Indians within the bosom of our civilization tends to equal the degree of their extermination. This degree of decay—psychosis, neurosis, character—as index of the nonsocialization, of the nonhumanity of man, is the *real* object of psychoanalysis. That old swine Freud went so far as to identify this degree of naturalness with "savagery," and this socialization inverted by value with "civilization." Psychoanalysis was and will be the paleontology of this prehistory.

We support our thesis, still purely theoretical, with the following clinical observation: If, for one reason or another, the individual's character is dissolved, the phenomenal spectacular form of the totality is dissolved in its pretension to pass for the absence of value. Thus we have established, negatively for the moment, an identity between character and the spectacle effect. Whether the subject sinks into madness, practices theory, or participates in an uprising,¹² we have ascertained that the two poles of daily life—contact with a narrow and separate reality on one hand, and spectacular contact with the totality on the other—are simultaneously abolished, opening the way for the unity of individual life which Reich unfortunately labels "genitality." (We prefer *individuality*.)

The works of Reich are the first since Marx that concretely shed light on alienation. The theory of the spectacle is the first theory since Marx that aims explicitly at being a theory of alienation. The synthesis of these methods leads to some immediate consequences which we will develop in our forthcoming work.

First of all, we maintain that the practice of theory doesn't distinguish itself from the genitality conceived by Reich. Theory becomes continuous knowledge of secret misery, of the secret of misery. It is also, therefore, of itself the end of the spectacle effect. The spectacle being the secret form of public misery, its effect ceases when the secret ceases. Its effect lies in its secret. Thus theory becomes increasingly identical to lived possibility (as opposed to probability, which is lived as doubt or indifference). Theory is *life* when everything is possible. It ceases to exist from the moment it makes a mistake, and finds itself thrown back into boredom, into the spectacle effect. Theory, when it exists, is therefore certain of not being wrong. It is a subject devoid of error. Nothing deceives it. The totality is its sole object. Theory knows misery as secretly public. It knows the secret publicity of misery. All hopes are permitted it. Class struggle exists.

The spectacle is the absence of spirit; character is the absence of theory.

The proletariat will visible or it will be nothing. The proletariat *lives* in its own visibility. The global practice of the proletariat will its *permanent publicity* or nothing. Hitler, the Leninists, and the Maoists understood this so well that they organized the visibility of the proletariat *by force*. A more ambitious capitalism wishes to realize the visibility of the *abolished* proletariat.

Of itself, the visibility of misery is not the proletariat. Necessary but insufficient. The proletariat requires that the visibility of misery be public. The critique must be at once

theory of publicity (of visibility) and publicity (visibility) of theory. *Its aim* must be to *make sure of its own publicity*. It is when it's public that it doesn't go wrong. It is *not* the theory of publicity if it doesn't ensure its own publicity. Indeed, it is the peak of absurdity for a theorist of publicity not to be able to ensure the publicity of his theory.

The proletariat is the finally realized unity of the theory of publicity and the publicity of theory.

We think these insights are superior to everything that a Lukács was able to say about class consciousness. They certainly have the advantage of brevity. As the *ad men* know, brevity is essential in publicity. ("Are you man enough for Granny Goose?"—One could not be briefer in contempt.) What they cannot imagine is that publicity will be even briefer at the moment of a Strasbourg of the factories. Visibility will flash like lightning, fire like a gun, and rise like the sun, or it will not be.

For the moment our formulas may have only brevity in their favor. It may perhaps be necessary to introduce into them the concepts "Granny Goose" or "Potato Chips" in order for them to know their total clarity. A day will come, soon, when all the potato chips of the Earth will no longer be able to smother the meeting of the theory of publicity and the publicity of theory.

NOTES

1. The Institute of Contemporary Prehistory is presently preparing an *Encyclopedia of Appearances: Phenomenology of the Absence of Spirit*.

2. *Character Analysis*, 1927–33 (Noonday, 1972).

3. The critical situation in which the magnitude of this price is fully revealed is love. It remains Reich's merit to have shown that character defense against anxiety is paid for in this situation by an incapacity for tenderness, which he labels, unfortunately, "orgastic impotence." At this level, character is itself symptom.

4. While Reich concluded in a very ambiguous manner that character was an obstacle to work, we hold that character is an obstacle to the *critique* of work.

5. Note that this last meaning, which makes for some fundamental plays on words in the original French text, is not present in the English word "publicity." Extracts of a letter from the author to the translator, in which he excellently elucidates this and some other aspects of his text, are available from our Bureau on request (Ken Knabb).

6. The reader will have recognized class consciousness here. He will therefore not confuse it with the spectacle of misery, which is the *advertising* version of the publicity of misery.

7. Alas! the opposition of the whole to individuals takes place only by *means* of parts of the whole. When the opposition of individuals to the totality becomes "total," things become totally clear.

8. The worker has the same advantage over the rich as the slave over the master. The slave knows fear; the worker, a living commodity, knows value.

9. *What is Class Consciousness?* 1934 (in *Sex-Pol*, Vintage, 1972). In this little work, Reich attains the height of leninist naïveté. Despite his denials, he extols specialized historical knowledge to the hilt. One even finds a curious sketch of the maoist conception of education as spectacle of misery. *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, 1933–34 (Noonday, 1971). *Mass Psychology* and *Dialectical Materialism* are indelibly scarred by a mechanistic conception of instincts.

10. *Dialectical Materialism and Psychoanalysis*, 1929 (in *Sex-Pol*).

11. According to the principle: "That which is not superseded rots, that which rots incites to supersession" (Vaneigem).

12. The year 1968 in France has provided us with abundant and most diversified data.

The Iconoclast's Hammer

By Feral Faun

The Last Word

"When you launch information you become information yourself."

—ADILKNO

Yes, it is possible to be possessed...not by demons, spirits, or other alleged supernatural entities. No, what possesses us, undermining any attempt at autonomous self-creation, is identity. This *thing* with no life of its own rides us to our deaths as though we were underfed, abused horses in the clutches of some hobgoblin.

In the game of insurgency—a *lived* guerilla war game—it is strategically necessary to use identities and roles. Unfortunately, the context of social relationships gives these roles and identities the power to define the individual who attempts to use them. So I, Feral Faun, became...an anarchist...a writer...a Stirner-influenced, post-situationist, anti-civilization theorist...if not in my own eyes, at least in the eyes of most people who've read my writings.

I took on these identities only semi-consciously, with little awareness of the pitfalls I would encounter. They did not become tools I could use to create interactions with others which integrated practice, analysis, and passion into a game of conscious insurgency and lay aside when they ceased to be useful. Rather, these identities became armors glued onto me which prevented the possibility of real interactions...replacing them with the absurd relationships of the *identified* in which individuals do not revel in each other's uniqueness, but rather find comfort in some shallow image of similarity. In such relationships, passion, intensity, love, amazement, cruelty, and real critical interaction have no place. The game of conscious insurgency gets replaced by a game of simulated rage and ritualized protest over all the appropriate issues—that is, the game of anarchist activism.

Well, I'm tired...tired of being ridden by the hobgoblin of identity, tired of half-assed interactions where no one really teaches anyone, tired of the simulated rage and ritualized reactivism which tries to pass itself off as insurgency, tired of social contexts which are always boxes which isolate me by

naming me, tired of being information to people rather than flesh and blood and desire and passion and intensity. By the time you read this, Feral Faun will no longer be...this is the last word.

Futurist AtTACK (Anti-Tech Anti-Civ Kooks) Manifestoes

Futurist AtTACK is an ironic yet sincere non-organization of the schiz-fluctuations of many me's. Like the Futurists, we launch an attack on the past, but, recognizing the limits of their attack, we steal their name not to honor them—they too are dead weight from the past *and always were*—but in ironic mockery of their limited attack, and also to distinguish ourselves from the misty-eyed, nostalgic *primitivist* anti-tech, anti-civ kooks who long for a return to some imagined golden age of the past rather than striving to become creators of new and as yet unimagined galaxies of living.... The Futurists failed in their rejection of the past, because they embraced the present and the future. But the unauthentic present we experience is purely the pinnacle of the past—the sum of all has-beens. Technology too is just the past and its endeavors haunting and enslaving us. Civilization? Doddering senility, whose drooling, scabrous face disgusts us. The Futurist glorification of technology was a glorification of the reign of the past over all of life. And since the future only exists as an extension of the present and so of the past, it too must be destroyed. Futurist AtTACK attacks futurism in all its forms. We attack time and all its projects and products. We begin the creation of timelessness; of ruins that are not monuments, but toys to be played into dust, their origins happily forgotten; of a world in which all that's left of the past/present/future is crumbling stone, rusting metal, broken useless debris in the midst of jungles lush with self-created living and each moment of each of our lives is consciously and passionately created with no thought of past present or future—and so truly authentic.

Futurist AtTACK has no interest whatsoever in preserving cultural heritages. Preserving heritages only serves the ruling powers since all heritages belong to them. A jungle, wild and unkempt, with the crumbling rot of a gladly forgotten monster—a dead civilization—makes a much grander playground than a neatly trimmed lawn with properly framed and reconstructed monuments to the enslavement and human sacrifice which are a civilization—any civilization... Away with all museums and the high-

blown rhetoric in praise of dead monstrosities—this superstitious veneration of the past! No more heritages! Destroy the past completely—including its abortive children: the unauthentic present and the rust-encrusted future that dominate our lives! We are too great for anything less than what we ourselves create...for ourselves...from nothing... Now, we will create ruins.... And after—something new and unimagined.

My place in this world is: Enemy, Outsider, Nomad... Even in the worlds of "alternative" culture, this is my place. To all of those who want a *world*—unified and coded—I am a destroyer, for I refuse all codes. With joy, I offend and attack, for attack I must! I expose delusions, mock mercilessly, and gladly make enemies of fools. If I am alone, it is because I am on a peak which others fear to climb, preferring the morass of superstitious worship of the past to the clear, fresh air of self-created living. Ruins are the thing—intriguing and amazing playgrounds. Their beauty is not in what they were, but in what they are and could become. Too many ruins now are protected by the preservers of crystallized cultures. Free play is not permitted, because all are supposed to honor dead cultures—but why honor the dead? Everything dies eventually—there's no honor in that. Before the ruins were ruins, they were monuments to oppression, obsession, superstition...to idiocy best forgotten... But as ruins, they are beautiful—for ruins are not symbols of past glories but signs of possibilities for life outside the morass of civilization. To play among the ruins—going wild in the midst of what once strove to suppress all wildness—a great thing indeed. But better yet—to create ruins! As long as civilization exists—as long as society creates the ways most people live—the most creative act is the creation of ruins. Crashes and explosions in the night—more beautiful than any symphony! Piles of crumbling stone and masonry—more pleasing to the eye than any sculpture, to those not blinded by the past! Ashes blowing in the winds—far more poetic than a million books of verse! Create amazing playgrounds, terrains for ruleless games and unchoreographed, crazed dances...Destroy!

Do I find the marketplace of culture around me very interesting? How could I, who hate all culture? Like a volcano, my mind is seething. I want to blow, to smash, to inundate this city with a burning flood, to create ruins that aren't a sign of past glories, but are a finger pointing to the wondrous possibilities of a world in which culture has disappeared so that people can blossom as self-created individuals.

Fluctuating, schizoversive lives are what

we will create. If society makes us rigid, we will relax.... If society makes us armored, we will strip down to the berserker's bearskin shirt.... If we have become structured, we will make ruins of these structures and play among the ruins as a jungle growing through in lush beauty. There is much to be destroyed so that much can be created. There is much to be silent about so that much can be sung. For the range of colors that can paint the music of what our lives could be has not begun to be heard—or is heard only in the distance—a faint and beautiful cacophony that skims the edges of our present existence. Misheard by many as a call to other worlds, misseen as visions of heaven... The colonization of imagination that turns it into fantasy, destroying creative intelligence... But a few of us hear these colors more clearly...as part of ourselves—a part not yet existent (except in moments) because it is the selves we could create if freed from the constraints of the social context. Selves created consciously out of nothing, not constructed by social relationships in which our interactions are determined within limits that we could live far beyond. No language now exists to describe this way of being, this intensity and passion that is intentional and conscious, because such a language would have to be perpetually created and destroyed and re-created as each moment is created. All language as we know it is a social construction created to define the parameters of thought and perception—and so of creation—to limit possibilities to those that will reproduce society, extending the past forever.... Everywhere one sees this—in the papers, in pop songs, in books, on TV—language that manipulates out thoughts into a simplistic, limited range of choices. It is our strategy to use language against this, to subvert it, to undermine it. Always a difficult, uncertain, and experimental project, but also a game, a form of play in which mistakes are part of the adventure. To use language this way is to seek to make a ruin, a shamble, of language.

We are bound to be misunderstood, and we laugh at the idiots who misunderstand us! Kindly mockery toward the well-intentioned and unfettered cruelty toward all dogmatists and would-be prison guards of possibilities. In this way we learn to revel as much in misunderstanding as in understanding and take pleasure in worthy opponents. Making language fluid, flowing like a river, yet precise and pointed as a dirk, contradicts the social purpose of language and makes for a wonderful dance—a martial art with constant parries that hone the weapon of subversive language.... All of this said, we recognize that there is no radical language, only the inten-

tional radical abuse of language aimed at undermining it and destroying it in order to create free and unconstrained expression. But unless one believes in the superstition of the apocalypse, in a sudden and miraculous transformation just around the corner, this process involves the dialectic use/abuse of language and other social modes of communication in antisocial ways. We are talking

about the social modes of daily life interaction—the entire network of social codes and roles and relationships that have come to define daily life, everywhere, in all societies—that are what compose a society. These are what Futurist AtTACK, as insurgent individuals, tries to subvert, to undermine, through intelligent, passionate play.

Anarchy back issues

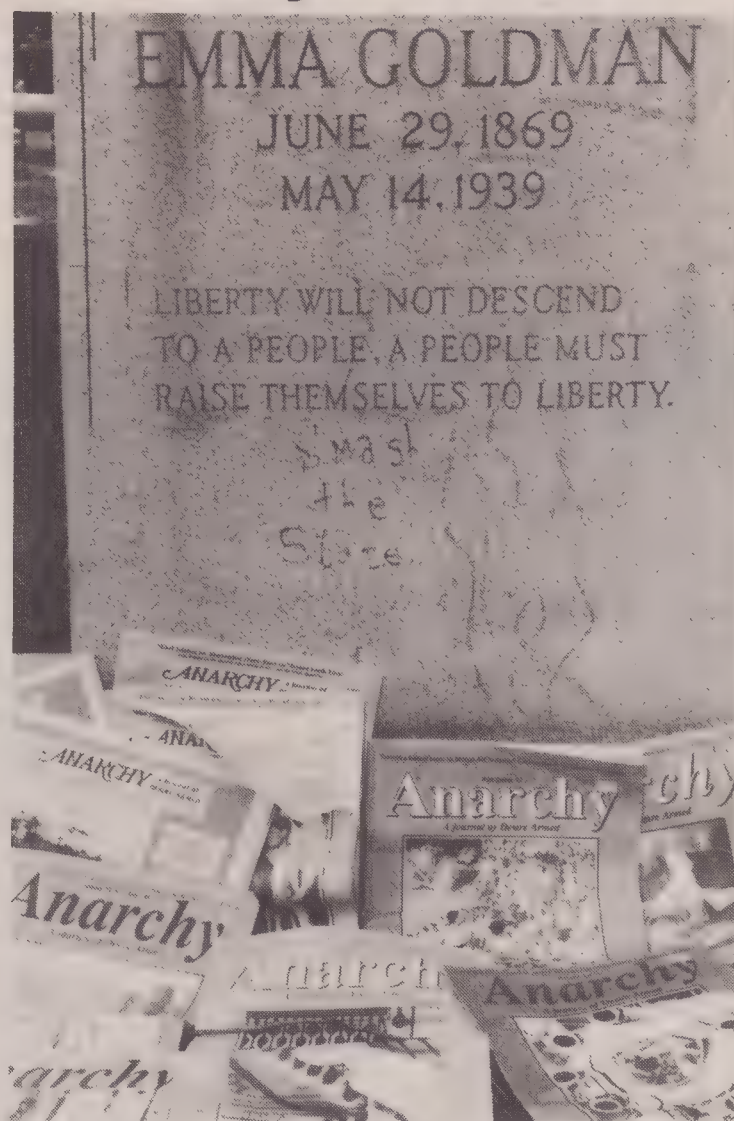


Photo: P. Moody

Emma got hers!

Why not get your own set of available *Anarchy* back issues for only \$55 while supplies last. That's less than \$2 per copy for reading unavailable anywhere else! (Issues #8 thru #40 included.) Make your check for \$55.00 to B.A.L. Press and send it to: POB 2647, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009.

New Model Army

Continued from page 47

had happened, "The ground of the late war between the King and you [Parliament] was a contest whether he or you should exercise the supreme power over us." And in a similar, more bitter vein, a pamphlet from 1649 simply asked, "Is not all the controversy, whose slaves the poor shall be?"

The summer and fall of 1647 had taught Cromwell and Fairfax a number of lessons, not the least of which was the need to keep the Army radical but not radicalized. They henceforth took responsibility for most of the Army's initiatives, never again allowing it to move ahead of them as had happened in the spring of 1647. The New Model, during the remainder of the revolution, was used as a pawn in the political realm. Although it did accomplish some of its more radical goals, like purging Parliament for good of the presbyterians (Pride's Purge, 6 September 1648) and realizing the execution of the king (30 January, 1649).

WHERE THEY WENT

The Army, however, would be the training ground for a new kind of agitator; out of the New Model, after its successes and ultimate defeat, came a wave of millenarian, utopian preachers. These included a whole host of Ranters, Quakers (prior to the sects renunciation of war), Diggers, Fifth Monarchy Men and others. Many of these radicals had either been in the New Model or had been

associated as civilians with it. In a sense these itinerants learned much of their confrontational style from the New Model. Their dialogue is crowded with argument brought into relief by scriptural counterpoint, their combative style is vintage New Model. An excellent example of these new preachers is Abiezer Coppe, who had served in the New Model and then drifted into Ranterism. Coppe describes himself as "charging so many coaches, so many hundreds of men and women of the greater rank, in the open streets, with my hand stretched out, my hat cocked up...gnashing my teeth at some of them and day and night with a loud voice proclaiming the day of Lord throughout London and Southwark. [This was, he admitted], strange carriage..." It also makes one wonder about Coppe's days in the New Model—try to imagine this guy with a sword...

One question remains, what of the radicals from the New Model after 1660, after defeat. Some clearly made accommodations with the new political climate. Cornet Joyce, the king's kidnapper, became a colonel in his son's army and a land speculator to boot. Sexby, the former Agitator involved in the debate at Putney, became a conspirator in touch with royalist circles. But these do not tell the full story. Many of the radicals fled to the New World. There are verified historical reports of Ranter meetings on Long Island as late as 1690. It appears, and the scholarship in this field is just beginning to be done, that many old soldiers found their way to Jamaica and the Caribbean. In this arena many of these men turned again to political radicalism and some found their way to privateering and piracy. In 1660 there was a mutiny in Jamaica led by an ex-officer in the New Model. At this time most of Jamaica's wealth came from privateering,

which "old standers and officers of Cromwell's army" participated in and profited from. Many piratical codes of conduct also seem to derive from New Model forms; the election of the captain, the absolute equality of shares and risk, and finally the consensus required prior to pursuing a prize. In only one instance do we find a direct link, however, between the pirates and the New Model. Henry Morgan's brutal raid on Panama in 1671 was said to have been carried out by "troops [dressed] in the faded red coats of the New Model Army."

CONCLUSION

I find the New Model Army a fascinating piece of insurrectionary history. Not just because of the relative antiquity of the English Revolution and the concomitant progressive nature of the debates that the Army engaged in. Nor is it the extreme tolerance practiced by the men for each other's very personal beliefs concerning religion and politics. I think it is more centered around the final utopian goals of the soldiers, and their drawing of the political and military battlefield in shades of pure black and white, of absolute good and total evil. The New Model was an army self-assured, confident and certain of its final goal. The fact that it eventually became a pawn for the Generals speaks more for the subterfuge of the powerful than it does to the corruptibility of the men.

I leave the New Model where I found it, red uniforms flashing in the rising sun, the clank of steel being unsheathed and the whinny of a nervous mount carrying through the calm morning air. In the distance one can hear the final benediction before battle, "Lord give us thy strength to crush yet another regiment of thy enemies, may they fall before thy soldiers swords like wheat...."



The Spills of War. Winston Smith 1982

Have something to say? Write us!

We would like to encourage you to write us in order to continue this dialogue, whether you are sympathetic or critical of anarchist theories and practices. All letters will be printed with the author's initials only, unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous, or the name already appears in *Anarchy*—as in the case of an author of an essay or creator of artwork published here.

We will edit letters that are redundant, overly long, unreadable, excessively boring or contain death threats. (Ellipses in italicized brackets [...] indicate editorial omissions.) Limit length to three double-spaced, typewritten pages. Address your letters to B.A.L., POB 2647, Stuyvesant Stn., New York, NY 10009.

Some research

Dear *Anarchy*,

I would like to publicly thank Feral Faun for his letter in #40 [p.55]. I firmly agree with the entire second paragraph. Obviously some people do need care of an adult, but I believe that by the time a person is ten years of age he/she is capable of taking care of him/herself at home. They can feed and entertain themselves. (An eight-year-old acquaintance of mine fantasizes of sex with a classmate.) I am positive that children are capable of autonomous thought.

I did decide to do some research on the subject. For this I visited a school-age care facility. I walked in the door and there was not a single smiling face (minor or adult!). The overlord (caretaker, teacher, whatever) had decided to take the minors outside to play. On the way out I stopped a young boy who was obviously sad and asked him, "Why don't you like it here?"

He replied, "The teachers don't let me do what I want to." The teacher, hearing this, reprimanded the minor for his opinion and quickly ushered me away before I could ask more. She threatened me with the cops and I decided to leave. Obviously the idea of the children's minds being presented the idea of anarchy and true freedom scared the overlord (caretaker, teacher, whatever).

Ageism does seem to be a problem that many people have. Let's stop it.

Death to school-age care!
Kamikaze anarchist (downhiller)
Oregon

Corruption of power

To Whom It May Concern:

I am presently serving a two and a half to five year prison sentence at Collins Correctional Facility in Collins, New York. Being African American and raised in the ghetto I have seen, heard, and experienced much in my life. Until recently I thought myself hardened to the injustice doled out to men of color and poverty. Nevertheless, a recent trip to my parole board provided me with a new insight into oppression. It seems that New York State is now incarcerating men not because of what they do, but because of what they think.

Let me provide a little background. On June 8, 1992, I appeared before the Board of Parole and was denied parole because of 1) my disciplinary record and 2) because I had not completed any of the therapeutic programs recommended by my correctional counselor. Because of this I served an additional 18 months and returned to the Parole Board last year, December 9, 1993. During those 18 months my disciplinary record improved and I completed all the programs I had been told I needed for release.

Yet I was given another 18 months. I was informed by the Parole Board that I had to serve these 18 months not for anything I had done in jail but for my "thoughts." They wrote to me that:

Throughout these additional 18 months you have programmed generally well and have responded to the prior

panel's recommendations. However, you have written material vividly revealing violent anti-social acts, which concerns us greatly.... While we acknowledge your right to express yourself, the content of your thought indicates to us your continuing preoccupation with crimes against others and parole is denied.

These "thoughts" were contained in a rap song I had written. Before financial difficulties and a drug problem curtailed my career, I was a rap artist of some reputation. Music is my life. Even here in prison I continue to perform shows and write songs so that, when I'm finally released, I can complete an album I began just before my incarceration in 1990. Writing songs was how I made a living in the past. It will be my means to a livelihood in the future.

The state parole board and much of the staff of corrections not only do not understand rap music but are culturally biased against it. They fail to realize that rap music is not a statement of intent but a political expression of dissatisfaction with society. Rap music uses the language of violence not to incite violence but to indict the society in which this violence exists. I would dread to think what will happen to Ice T, Ice Cube, and KRS One if they suddenly found themselves in jail.

In my music, I attempt to reach out to those who see violence as their only recourse, and speak to them in a way that will make them aware of the consequences of violent action. This is a subtlety that seems to have eluded the state parole board when they read the lyrics to my song.

I have written 100s of songs while incarcerated, but it is this one song that the parole board chooses to use to determine that I'm a menace to society. Unfortunately, I do not believe that this ruling on the part of the parole board is an exception. I believe that it is a blatant example of a corruption of power for a state parole board that has become judge and jury for the men under their supervision.

These men, a constituency without a political voice, remain

helpless before the prejudicial and arbitrary decision of the parole board. It is a very sad day for America when an agency of the government can keep a man in jail because members of that agency do not like the words to a song that man has written. This sort of thing I would expect from a Nazi Germany or a Stalinist Russia. I had always thought that in America I had the right to say and believe what I chose. I now have the next 18 months to realize just how seriously I had been mistaken.

Sincerely,
Julius Lee (90T2907)
Collins Corr. Fac.
Collins, NY 14034-0340

Fantastic

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am a prisoner here in Newtown, Conn., and I would like very much to subscribe to your magazine.

Also, I want to thank you for your letter section, and your alternative media review. Both are fantastic.

Talk about networking: I've made contact with fellow anarchists all across North America, and all over the world!

I even subscribe to foreign periodicals thanks to you! I try to turn as many people on to anarchism in here as I can, and your zine, *Anarchy*, helps me do that.

Yours in freedom,
Alfred N. Rea # 206314
Garner Correctional Inst.
Box 5500
Newtown, CT 06470-5500

Heinous possession

Hello!

I recently found an issue of your "zine" in a garbage can here at WSP. I couldn't believe my good luck in finding something not only interesting to read but something I believe in.

I am a prisoner of the war on drugs that's currently taking place in everywhereville U.S.A. I was set up and knocked down in a courtroom in Seattle, WA, where the police are often more dishonest than the so-called criminals.

I was convicted of the heinous crime of possession of marijuana

and conspiracy to deliver marijuana. The trial was a joke, I never had a chance. Every pig had its lie perfected and every dupe in my jury of "peers" sucked up every fuckin' word like it was the fuckin' gospel!

I'm not snivelin', oh no, but I am ready to take action, get organized, and cause beautiful Anarchy in the streets of wherever U.S.A. I have 20 months left in my sentence and I would like to get in contact with other likeminded people, organized or not, in Seattle or anywhere.

Sincerely,
Anthony Feller # 913767
3-C-8 BMU
Washington State Penitentiary
P.O. Box 520
Walla-Walla, WA 99362

Sandinista lover

Tad Kepley:

Your response to my last letter contained so many blatant disingenuities that, in the interests of concision (because I *do* have bigger fish to fry than the likes of you), I will respond to but one: It is extremely ironic to be baited as a Sandinista-lover after all the shit I took in the 1980s for calling leftists on their apologies for conscription and censorship in Nicaragua. In the '80s, I was so disgusted with the left that I didn't want to be identified with it, and called myself a Green or an anarchist. In the 1990s, however, the pendulum has clearly swung too far in the other direction. Now that "anarchist" zines such as your own succumb to right-wing populism and being a "leftist" has become a vile insult, I wear the label as a badge of pride!

You get the last word, Tad: This will be my last letter to *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Warped*. A friend of mine, who nonetheless chooses to loan his name to *Anarchy's* "Editorial/Production Collective NYC" (which thankfully remains a fiction, since your latest ish was not produced in New York), calls *Anarchy's* letters page "a dangerous slum." In fact, the entire 'zine has degenerated to the point where it is doing more harm than good. It has become an accomplice (witting or not) to



the racist radical right's leveraged buy-out of the remaining fragments of the anti-authoritarian radical left. By allowing our names to appear in it, we loan it legitimacy it no longer deserves. I call upon my friends and comrades in North America's anarchist milieu to join me in a total boycott-to-the-death of *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Warped*.

I'd better see this in print if you actually disappoint me by putting out another issue.

Delenda est Kepley!
(Kepley must be destroyed!)

Bill Weinberg
New York City, NY

Tad responds

It's not surprising that the only problems you had with the Sandinista regime were their conscription and censorship. Like most statist leftists, the fact that these depredations are part of the average, everyday functioning of a state escapes you... it apparently

never occurred to you, as an "anarchist," to oppose the Sandinistas on that ground alone, as we anti-authoritarians did "in the 1980s." We took "all the shit" that Sandalistas and party-members like yourself dealt out. Anti-authoritarians were called "fascists"—just as you seem wont to do now—for opposing the Red Fascism of the Nicaraguan state, while all you saw fit to oppose was the draft and the state-run newspaper. Old habits die hard, I guess.

If *Anarchy's* letters column has become a "dangerous slum," you've certainly done your part. You complain of the tone and timbre of the column; that we let just about any crackpot into the discussion (for a while—if a letter writer does nothing but make threats and insult us, we're not obligated to provide them the space to do it), as evidenced by your presence. You admonish that you'd "better see this in print." While condemning us for having an open forum, you demand ac-

cess to it. What would you do if that access had been denied? Complain of the censorship you want us to foist on others? Or would you just threaten to "kick my ass"?

The fact is, this letters column is the most open forum in the anti-authoritarian milieu. We're in the malls and in the prisons, and not everyone who sees a copy of the magazine and writes us are people you are necessarily going to agree with. Cretins like you, so enamored of singular worldviews, find the very existence of disparate perspectives threatening—you are apparently so insecure in your ideology that you fear infection by dangerous ideas.

This issue was produced in Montreal; Scott City, Kansas; Denver; Columbia, Missouri; and New York City. It was printed in the midwest. I find your exposure of the "secret" that we don't print in New York amusing.

We welcome the "boycott" of you and your four "friends and comrades" in the authoritarian "Yippie/anarchist" milieu. Anti-authoritarians didn't notice you before you left the left a few years ago, we hardly notice you now aside from your nasty letters to this magazine. Plenty of people read us and hate us because we don't parrot their ideologies. You join the ranks of priests and police everywhere in this respect as in so many others.

True anti-establishment right

To *Anarchy* magazine:

These Ku Klux Klanners who are constantly writing in are not the true anti-establishment right, but have largely gone in for a manipulation of the right to abandon individualism in favor of a collectivistic view of humanity divided by race. The true anti-establishment right, tax protesters, Birchers, and talk-radio paranoids are the anarchist's and anti-authoritarian's true ally in facing the New World Order squarely in the eye and staring it down. That the anti-establishment decentralist crowd has been divided into "right" and "left" is a great tragedy, because the divide and conquer strategy appears to be working on the

American people, and those who want power returned to the people are the most divided of all. We have bought the line and splintered into being anarchists, libertarian socialists, libertarian capitalists, Birchers, defeated paranoids, cyber-punks, nihilists, "I'm Right"-ers, and factionalists. We forgot how to be humans and love each other. Meanwhile those who sincerely desire a world super-state under the control of a few multi-national economic interests continue in their pursuit toward that end.

Yours in the pursuit of truth,
Nathan in Lafayette, CA

Pat yourself

Dear Folks at *Anarchy*:

First off, let me congratulate you on your magazine: it is an ambitious project well achieved. Pat yourselves on the back! Although I frequently disagree with you, I always enjoy a good chance to challenge my own positions (and I agree with you much more than any other mag I can think of). Personally, I would have to define myself as, ideally, an anarcho-communist, but practically, a libertarian. It is your review of libertarianism as being incompatible with anarchism that prompts me to write. My point: while anarcho-communism may be a fine goal, one cannot expect this to happen overnight. As a practical matter, it must happen in steps. The state will wither away—not disappear suddenly one night when no one's looking. Although I agree with your assessment that most libertarians by definition disagree with anarchism, there are those (such as myself) that do not. As for your assertion that libertarians are consumed by a notion of acquiring unlimited personal wealth, I must wonder at how you, as anarchists, can think otherwise. It's hard for me to imagine an anarchist version of the IRS breaking down doors to cart off excess personal wealth, hmmm? The point, I believe, is that to achieve a workable anarchy, we must learn, as a people, to devalue excess personal wealth, to "unfetishize" capital, and prize it only for its use value. This kind of value transformation is largely the

arena of artists and moral educators, and the political repercussions would follow. On a Utopian view, I find myself agreeing with you. On a practical level, I believe your magazine would be well served in exploring "how-to" options further. Finally, regarding those who cancel subscriptions and run to stick their heads in the nearest sandpile when the notion of child sexuality comes up: there will always be those who cannot think past the current social taboos. Don't let the stoopids get you down. Again, congrats on a fine mag and a fine act of cultural terrorism.

Yours,
T.B., Boston

Compelled to write

Anarchy friends,

Felt compelled to write after rereading the best parts of the 12 back issues of your fine publication I own. As astoundingly fresh and potent as ever. Was in Manhattan for 5 weeks (Sept-Oct) this year, picked up #40 there and giggled over one of my letters therein. Met with a couple local anarchoes there and giggled freely apropos of Black-out Books, squatting, full-time employment, and the banality of NYC life.

It's 3:40 a.m. here, Xmas eve today. "Life creeps slowly by here"—same as my last letter. The assorted milieu are in the usual impotent disarray—squabbles, shenanigans, etc.... Veganism contra dairymilk; "Destroy Patriarchy" T-shirted women espousing love and marriage; active contra passive antifascism, etc. But, above all, I am surviving, not exactly *living*, but surviving....

I hear at night the suffocation of darkness as in a pre-slumberous state I ponder my immediate environs (i.e., the world). To boldly stroll the main drag here and be oblivious to the shop windows...why? The gray matter is assaulted by literary phenomena of late. Why gaze at the goods and want to buy when "GOD AFFLICTED JOB SORELY," the catatonic madness of Nijinsky, *The Birth of Tragedy*,—all vying for attention in your waking thinking

mind.... As Henry M. would say, "into the night life..."

NYC was/is the usual funhouse. The definitive specto-load shoot. Passed Don Trump on the street. Sat with anarcho-buddy Rachel in Washington Square Park ("Hello, Allen") while mid-teens from white-breaded suburbs bummed a nickel for Camels. Our—Rachel and I—discussion? To leave NYC standing as a free-market game park for the future children to see the pinnacle and zenith of the impotent monolith of "progress." Ayn Rand as the tour guide—"take your photo with the homeless!" Outside NYSE a cordoned-off anti-ITT demo attracts a flicker of attention...inside NYSE a push of the button and you, Joe/Jane Public, can have the sales charts of DuPontMcDonaldsGeneral Motors, Inc. ALL ON THE SCREEN.

But, both in retrospect and futurospect, we have each OTHER!! Loved the Schiz-Flux stuff you printed. Rediscovered pornography again. A Liverpool buddy of mine attended the recent 10-day Anarchy fest in London. Said it was good (said pal is of the Christian-Anarchist school of thought...OOOH! I CAN HEAR THE SACRED COWS OF THE LEFT SCREAMING). Then there was the occasional physical/verbal tête-à-tête with fascists who were well clued up on the Situation it seems.

"Always merry and bright" sayeth Henry...true, true. Find enclosed \$7 for #41 and #42 which I assume are both out (#40 being Spring-Summer issue). Don't mind the surface mail, just so long as they get here. It's all well and good to grin happily as Mr. Knabb delights in telling us he took all his books to the park and burned them—"DEATH TO THE COMMODITY THAT ENSLAVES US" et alia, but I figure in buying your mag (again) that you'll use the money to boost the Church of Anarchy's coffers, so use it as you like.

Also—Ken Knabb (3 letters, 5 letters—Kxx Kxxxx), Bob Black (3 letters, 5 letters—Bxx Bxxxx). Anyone think that these guys are one guy? Jim Jones? (teehee)

Anyhow, I digress. In short, just a letter to say you people rule (yourselves)!!! Keep it up!!! Hear that erratic droning? It's yours truly pissing on my old ideas/ideals/values/morals from a great height....

Love, peace, anarchy, and smiles,

Craig,
Aberdeen, Scotland
p.s.—Pete Bukita, formerly of *Point of No Return* zine/Santa Rosa/Portland ([d]anger's P.O. Box)—anyone know where I can contact him again?

p.p.s.—"Bob Black sold me a Chevy Nova...and it wouldn't even start," "onanism of a revolutionary" by Sergei Painin-thenechayev," etc.

Definition of censorship

Greetings and salutations,

I just got finished reading a letter I sent about a year ago (p. 92, issue #40) and feel a desire to clarify my slightly shifted and forever changing reality-tunnel for the benefit of anyone interested before getting on to other shit.

Even though it warps my brain for a while I feel it necessary every now and again to lose all sense of ego & deeply imprinted perceptions and beliefs, perhaps with the aid of psychedelics, in order to see more clearly and understand the perspectives of others and face some honest self-criticism. Upon doing this for a while I found that ideologically I was right in what I was doing but not with everything I was saying & should have to put up with far too much of that bullshit already. The last thing I would like to do is verbally abuse anyone already working through propaganda or deed to disarm authority; the more motivation people have the better.

OK, first subject (response). From an individualist perspective I think that people have the right to publish whatever they want provided it is in their own format or in agreement with a collective to do so. This includes the right to print things which are intelligent, stupid, moral, immoral, amoral, offensive, enlightening, shocking, or whatever else. It also includes the absolute

right to determine what is published, including the right to chop, censor, or reject anything or nothing for any reason.

I do not feel that the word *censorship* has ever been properly defined. If this was a free photo column instead of a free letters column would not printing pictures of a gang-rape be an act of censorship? Would using laser surgery to remove words involuntarily tattooed on one's body be an unreasonable limitation of someone's right to self-expression? I do not think so. Provided nobody's thoughts are being cut out of their own minds, writings, etc. or thoughts of others are being made unavailable simply due to difference of opinion as is often done by the state & other institutions. To me, by my own viewpoint, censorship is when an idea or writing becomes subject to thought-crime laws. Following this logic, your publication is doing nothing wrong in having a free letters forum and to be honest I rather like the fact that it exists even though it gives nazi shitheads, Molly Gill, and others the freedom to express their demented views generally without wasting the paper by giving them a response. It is also anyone's right to not print whatever but keeping in touch with anarchist principles I think it's a good idea to print everyone except for practical purposes as Jason McQuinn explained in listing reasons for the existing exemption policy. I apologize for underlying criticisms in my first letter, although in things which I put out I'd have difficulty printing some people's viewpoints without taking the chance to argue against them.

Getting on to another topic, I'd like to encourage more cooperation between different kinds of progress (especially given the fact that active anarchists are a rare and generally misunderstood minority). Even the boneheads have managed to network as of late and I like to think that as a group we have far more sensibilities than them. Working politically with someone who does not have exactly the same ideological views does not mean compromising your principles; it just means accepting the possi-

bility that you may be wrong and that others' viewpoints are important as well.

I'm getting real sick of hearing lefties saying that they have a monopoly on anarchist philosophy, and that individualists like myself do not qualify as anarchist despite historical proof to the contrary and very similar beliefs. Just because we're more concerned with individual freedom than class war and tend to feel that maybe all property isn't theft do we have a right to at least satisfy needs (I own this bread...am hungry!). We perhaps even have a right to want if such is our desire. Individualists and others who criticize anarcho-communists for their tendency to work with authoritarian party sects in order to help remove state control and return it to the people are every bit as bad, and probably a lot of the reason why they don't want to work with us and generally resent us anyway. Please try to cooperate in order to achieve some progress in the direction of freedom; for those of you with the attitude, please vote with a gun.

A.H.

Toronto, Ontario

p.s.—I find the ongoing debate on child-adult sex to be very mind-expanding. It was not a topic I had given a great deal of thought to before reading this journal, although I fear it may cause this publication to be banned in KKKanada for the same illogic that NAMBLA was. If such happens, perhaps a mild-

ly censored Canadian version would be better than nothing, if only to keep some information available to local anarchists.

Sex offender

Dear Sirs:

Please remove my name from your mailing list immediately and cancel my subscription to *Anarchy*. I am not allowed to subscribe to it as I am in a sex offender program. Thanks.

B.D.

Wink at me

Dear Friends!

My name is Tomasz Gacek. I am 19. I live in Poland. I am punk and anarchist. My English is rather poor but I try to write to you because I want to get your magazine. A some week ago I found review of your magazine and address to your association in Polish anarchist magazine *Mac Pariadka*, on the reviews page. I think that your magazine will give me a lot of information about American anarchist. I don't know how is price for a copy. I am sending you one dollar for copy and stamp post for \$2. If it will be not enough I will try to send something more later. I am not rich man.

Regarding this stamp (it's long story), I get it from a girl who live in California. When I was 15 (she was 15, too) she wrote to me, and later we exchange out letters (correspondences) about

two and half year. It was pleasant. She gave me lot of information about U.S.A., but she didn't like punk music and anarchy. Now she is on any good college somewhere in U.S.A. I get out of touch with her. She didn't answer on my letters. She wink at me.

If you can, give my address any young people who want to know something about Poland. I want to know some more about U.S.A. underground music, alternative organization, too. I am waiting for your answer.

Best wishes,

Tomasz Gacek

Os-Karoynala Wyszynskiego 9/1

32-650 Kety

Woj Bielskie

Poland

Clearinghouses

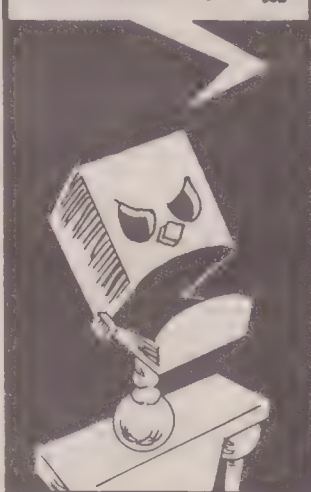
Anarchy,

Don't we all know who the fascists are? The guys with the guns, badges, and machines, right? They (and the structure they serve) are our enemy. And we don't have to agree on the fine points to work together. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend!" The revolution (don't quibble, you know what I mean) will occur when all anti-state/autonomous groups work together.

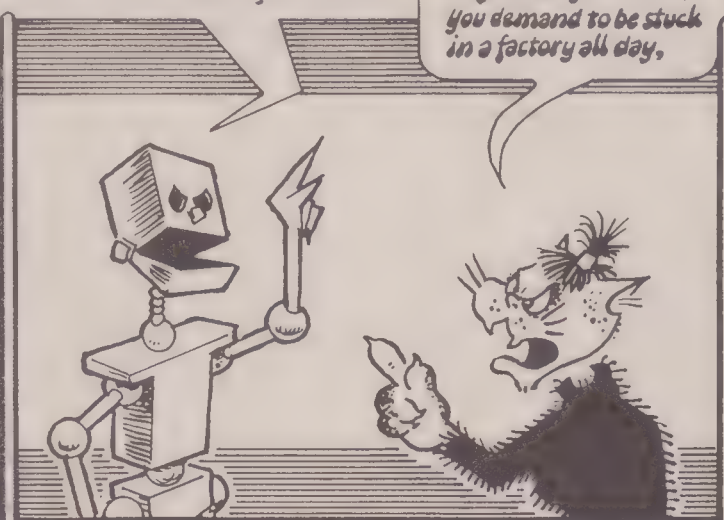
Instead of bitching and theorizing we need to put our shoulders to the wheel and make this happen! The underground economy (our true way out of Babylon) needs to be expanded. Sys-

WILDCAT

Down with the casualisation of work !!!



We demand full-time jobs for all !!!



Do you really mean it? You demand to be stuck in a factory all day.

tems of intelligence and security need to be put in place. This is happening but anarchists don't seem to be involved. We must. If the Outlaw Biker nation and the Patriot crowd can set up clearinghouses for information surely we can too. We must! Under this heading I am interested in helping to form some type of extensive Amerikan anarchist index. This would allow individuals/collectives to communicate directly and share/barter/trade/buy/sell whatever they happen to need. All manner and stripe of anarchists would be welcome. No ideological litmus tests. A thousand Freak Flags flying!

I haven't thought this completely out and what I am asking for is advice/misgivings/and, of course, help! Is anyone willing to help make this happen? Please write! "The more we organize NOW the less hassle we'll have to face later," said Hakim Bey and I believe him.

Janusz Murphy
Posse Ultraismo Collective
POB 50383
Tulsa, OK 74150-0383

Tired of talk

Dear *Anarchy*,

First off, please print my full name and address with this letter, for I want to meet people that are serious, and not just talk.

Now, I have a question: When are we going to grow tired of talk, and take action?? We all

know the problem, have hashed and rehashed it. But that too is part of the problem here in the United States: talk, talk, talk, and more talk!

Either we are going to fight, or we're not! I say pick up our weapons and fight! F___ all the talk!

Let's take our freedoms, or die for the worthy cause.

Revolution!

John E. Lorino-Campbell
#78482

Tucker Maximum Security Unit
2501 State Farm Road
Tucker, AR 72168

Insidious cancer

Dear comrades,

Obviously, debate among anarchists is both healthy and necessary. However, perhaps a little more attention toward global class struggle from you and yours might stem the flow of shit that is at present clogging up your letters page.

Naturally, I refer to ish #40, where I happened to chance upon, tucked away amid child molesters, KKK apologists, and neorightist historical revisionists, an equally repugnant little note scrawled by some half-soaked, cryptoliberalist ponce defending the rights of that much-maligned creature, the fascist.

"A fascist is a fascist," read the splurge across the piece. Yes, indeed, and an asshole is an asshole it would appear, the world over. "People have a right to have a Nazi belief," the little

twat bleated. Fuck you.

Fascism is a foul, corrupting, and insidious cancer gnawing away at the very vitality and revolutionary well-being of the working class. As another tentacle of capitalist exploitation it must be mercilessly and cruelly annihilated along with the entire barbaric monster, and all the parasitic flies who flit around the revolutionary movement spewing such detestable evils as "philosophical anarchism," "anarchopacifism," and "anarchist ethics" as the boss class intensifies an ever more violent offensive.

I fear the comrade would like to have some of this keen-sighted revolutionary consciousness beaten into his brains by some fascist boot-boy. Then perhaps he may tell us as to whether the boss/bourgeois/copper/aristocrat/monarch/president/pope have the "right" to believe in the inferiority of the great unwashed and their "right" to be so condemned to such deprivation, torture, and drudgery.

No! So fuck "ethics." Since when did ethics and morality come into the equation? The revolutionary destruction of the whole vile order is everything. All else is not of our concern.

Of course in some instances it may be opportune to attempt to educate your class comrade upon the error of his/her fascist sympathies, yet if this repeatedly fails then fucking smash them. Obliterate them, their family, their friends, and all trace of them until the fascist seed is

utterly and irreversibly wiped out from the face of this world. The revolution has no place for fluffies. Fuck them, fuck their "ethics" and fuck their "rights to belief." Communism or death.

"...Everything is moral which assists the triumph of revolution. Immoral and criminal is everything which stands in its way."—Nechayev.

Long live social revolution. Fascism is death. Death to racism. Death to fascism. Death to capitalism. Long live world revolution.

In the words of the man himself: "Our task is terrible, total, universal, merciless destruction" —Nechayev. Any revolutionary who does not hold to this view is either lying, stupid, or both. Remember, a fascist is a fascist, no matter from whose tree his/her tawdry little neck is hanging from.

Revolutionary greetings, in solidarity,

the 1869 Committee
—Friends of Nechayev
somewhere in England

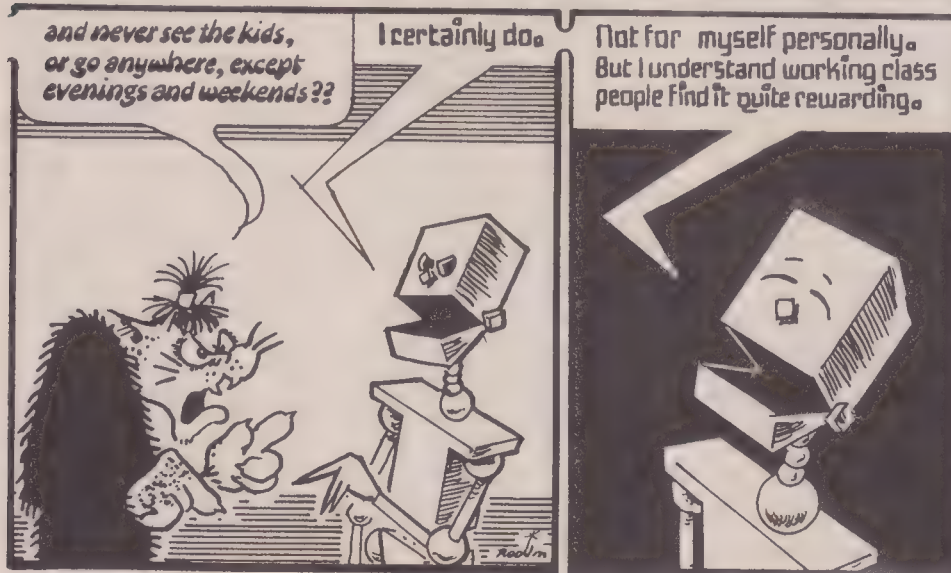
(We retain our anonymity for the obvious reasons)

Beshitted roosters

Dear *Anarchy*,

By your lights, I'm a "right-wing 'libertarian,'" believing as I do in vesting very limited police powers in a government. I also believe that the citizenry subject to such a government should be kept armed to the teeth and prepared at all times to joyfully slaughter any government agent who dares to overstep the limits under which those police powers are delegated (cf. H. Beam Piper's *A Planet for Texans*). Had I the ability to do so without fear of his cronies' retribution, I would have expunged the present governor of New Jersey a decade ago, when the dungheap he crowed atop was merely the one he'd had to share with 434 other imperfectly caponized clucks on Capitol Hill.

Unfortunately, I am too much the coward to make a good assassin, and too much the realist to believe that removing one beshitted rooster from his perch would prevent another feathered nuisance from strutting up into his place to abuse us even more



Donald Room, Freedom: Anarchist Fortnightly, London, England.

offensively.

Having tentatively forsworn violence, I'm looking into alternative methods whereby I might do my little bit for the establishment of a social order less abusive of the individual. Your magazine looks to be a source of information, and I'd like to get to know it better.

I confess that from my limited exposure to your journal—and a confusingly mixed bag of issues it was—I understand very little about just what the hell it is that you "left-wing 'libertarians'" are working toward. I've long been familiar with Bob Black's stuff, and I've met (and been overwhelmed by) Sam Konkin. I like Walter Block's work (in his formal economic treatises as well as in the essays he'd collected under the title of *Defending the Undefendable*) and I've been browsing through Michael Hoy's mixed bag of lunatic fringe stuff for the past ten years with great delight.

But when I read something like Lance Klafeta's Loose Cannons guest column in *Anarchy* #34 ("Ayn Rand and the Perversion of Libertarianism") and see the following: "The political controversy of the late 19th Century was: whether socialists (all those who believed in the individual's right to possess what he or she produced) should engage in the political process.... Ayn Rand, however, attempted to offer a moral justification of capitalism by substituting the word 'capitalism' for the libertarian meaning of the word 'socialism.' She then attributed all the ills of capitalism to government interference with the market and all of the world's wealth to the minds of the men whom the world considered the robber barons," I feel the insidious symptoms of a case of frontal lobar mollyfarbles begin to impose themselves upon my sensorium.

I mean, I'm no great fan of Ayn Rand. I've always enjoyed reading her stuff because she's a delightful source of quotes and notions with which to piss off the politically correct, but I realize that the average American businessman is one of the most shortsighted clowns on the planet, and is as unworthy an object

of hero-worship as the pleasantly prevaricative young man who putatively represents me in Congress.

Nevertheless, I don't know what the fuck Mr. Klafeta means by "...the libertarian meaning of the word 'socialism.'" Socialism? As in "National Socialist German Workers' Party"? As in "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics"? As in "I hereby declare that the government of the sovereign states of Ubba-Dubba has socialized all farms, businesses, and other enterprises within the borders of our glorious nation"? That socialism?

Is there another kind of definition for socialism? I've skimmed over some of the writings of the shit-for-brains socialists of the 19th century, the ones Mr. Klafeta describes as "...all those who believed in the individual's right to possess what he or she produced." [...]

That thudding sound you hear is my forehead being pounded against the nearest friendly wall. I'm certain that I'll be feeling much better once I've had a chance to read a few more issues of *Anarchy*. Until then, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
R.B.
Williamstown, NJ

Warm corpse

Tad,

I find your magazine a still-interesting read, yet it seems a still-warm corpse of its former content. It's now *People* magazine for a cliquish cult: the same obnoxious whining of Bob Black; the incestuous group references leave me wondering why tree pulp is sacrificed to read the "celebrity" pages attacking "anarchist personalities" and other publications. Leave the backbiting, bickering, and Bob Black-ish bullshit to my new publication—*Disorderly Dilettantes Digest: The Rumor Reader*. We are striving to discredit everyone and no one. We will be the rumor-mongers of the radicals. Stick to writing about dope. (Dope for dopes?) We will take full control of all personal attacks, whiny whimpers, slanderous submissions, and pompous poems. We are soliciting input from all so-

called radicals who desire a forum for who's who in the radical milieu. Send in your juicy scoop and see your name in print. We will print all submissions that relate only to "our" gang.

Lucy Weber
5 Brookline
Dearborn, MI 48120

I will denunciate all replies critical of this manifesto.

Foucault's the shit

Hey, my name's Mark. I like your magazine. I know Michael William. He's nice too. Sometimes your words are too long for me, but that's OK because I'm stupid. Could you please put a glossary at the end for me because: me dumb. Foucault, he's the shit. Situationist? They caused riots in May '68 just like Montreal Canadiens in June '94, so I like them. So, are you people vegans or vegetarians? Hey, me and buddies have been arguing: "Am I a vegan if I eat bacon?" I only eat it in the morning. So what kind of hats do you wear? Mine says AK backwards. So how about a fashion section? I like your magazine so much I think I might start calling myself an Anarchist. So who you going to vote for this fall?

Love,
Skid Mark
and the Anarcho Snugglists
Toronto, Ontario

Amazingly good

Dear *Anarchy*,

I finally got those 4 back issues (#35, 37, 38, and 39). Many thanks. They were forwarded to me here at my new address. I've read most of #35—the usual high standard—keep it up! The new multicolored covers are incredible—very nice to look at. The purple cover (with 2 women on it) to #35 especially. I think I'll adorn my wall with it!

The Manolo Gonzalez articles on Spain were/are brilliant. I'd done quite a bit of studying on the Spanish Civil War and *Anarchy* has helped me in the school-work I was required to do. Thanks—the studies we were given on it were from a decidedly statist perspective, as you can gather....

The serialization of Vaneigem's *The Revolution of Everyday Life* never ceases to amaze. Beautiful. I'll get a copy one day.

Well, I'll be off, then. As I said, infinite thanks for your amazingly good magazine—one of the finest around!!

With love, happiness, smiles, and anarchy,

your pal,
C.A.

Aberdeen, Scotland

Flex your head! All power to the imagination!

I am free!

Anarchy and friends,

I'm 19 years old and my body is a prisoner of the maximum security unit in Arkansas. I guess I've always been an anarchist without knowing the name of it. I've always been against "the establishment." I'm down for a 2nd-degree murder charge. A homosexual man made advances on me while we were drinking (I was 16 years old and away from an Oklahoma institution). I refused the guy and he pulled a knife and attacked. I pulled my own knife and defended. He died. I got 20 years for defending myself!

I had always heard the word *anarchy* and my understanding was that it meant against police. But I never really knew anything of the anarchist movement. Then last week I got a 2-year-old copy of *Anarchy*. Wow! It was issue #33, Summer 1992. I am now an anarchist for sure. What I mean is, I never have run around talking about anarchism. I've always been down for any type of demonstration against this...well, I really can't put this government, police, media, and shit all into one word, but I'm against it.

I got 7 more years for a fight with a policeman in which he got stuck. It was after he kept me chained, butt-naked, to a concrete bunk in winter off and on for a month.

I've been in the "hole" for a year over that incident and they're still mad and still retaliating against me. I've tried violence, I just got more time. I've tried lawsuits, well, I need not tell you the outcome to trying to

get the system to do something about the system. I've tried all I can do, they've got me. I've been told I'll never get out of the hole. Do you think that if I stop trying to get other prisoners to protest our conditions that the police will leave me alone? Too fucking bad! They torment me with hot water, starvation, and physical/mental abuse. But they can *never* touch my heart, mind, or spirit. They can't imprison nor break me. I am free!

I've been wracking my brain trying to find a way to raise money for a subscription ever since I got ahold of *Anarchy* zine. Then I came upon the ad on page 65 that said subscriptions are free to prisoners. Thank you!

I would greatly appreciate a subscription. And if they ever try to take it from me...well, you'll hear about it.

I would also appreciate any other anarchist materials or addresses you could provide.

Anybody who'd like to write to me on an anarchist level, feel free.

Sincerely,
W.L. Walton #98357
M.S.U.
2501 State Farm Rd.
Tucker, AK 72168

thought and does *not* reflect by any means near what I or the majority of prisoners feel about such issues, given what society thinks about individuals locked in America's dungeons. We don't need such "inmate reactionaries" reinforcing the thought that it's OK to oppress us the way prison officials do.

Now that I've gotten that out of my system, I feel it best to tell the conditions that we suffer at this koncentration kamp. "Human warehousing" is a term I'd use for this capitalist gulag where misery penetrates the atmosphere, where idle time and loneliness is its true essence. The entire prison is locked down in some form. The general population of prisoners spend their entire days in their cells except the two hours a day that prison officials let them out into the yard. If they hold a slave job then they may be out for longer periods of time. Rehabilitation programs are quite limited, with

only GED classes provided by the nearby community college; other educational programs, such as high school and college courses, are not taught whatsoever. Out of the 550 prisoners within our walls, 170 of them are in some form of lock-up status. These prisoners spend their entire days in their cells and are only allowed out for one hour a day five days a week to exercise in an enclosed 30-by-8-foot dogpen. These prisoners receive no treatment or rehabilitation services. Religious rights are blatantly violated, since only Protestant and Catholic chaplains make rounds once a month. We are not allowed to participate in religious services because the prisoncrats say we are a "security risk," the administrative catch-all phrase to keep us oppressed. Some of the prisoners do years at a time in solitary confinement, and the excuse to lock a prisoner in a dark dungeon can be any that the

prisoncrats find convenient to serve their own abusive purpose. Included in these numbers are mentally ill prisoners.

Now, as for me, the prisoncrats have arranged it so I won't be released from solitary confinement until A.D. 2027. Not that I'm dangerous to the prison population, but they know that I'm a threat in the sense that I know how the prisoncrats try to control their captives and that I would organize my fellow prisoners against such oppressive techniques. They also know my socialistic-anarchism beliefs and "that's too radical," the prisonfucks say, for me to be released from this hellhole. I would ask that my address be printed so those that like to write on any subject, including those that feel negative toward prisoners (so I can set you straight), can do so. Other prisoners I would like to receive letters from, but the policy censors such activity and you can probably guess why, though I do stand strong in the struggle with all of you in mind.

David Sheldon #807779A
Iowa State Penitentiary
P.O. Box 316
Ft. Madison, IA 52627-0316

Doll, honey, girl, etc.

Dear *Anarchy*,

You can print this letter if you want. I wish you would. First, I write to thank you for sending issue #41/Winter '95. It's been a year since I have received a complementary issue from you here at the prison. I am grateful for your magazine and thank you for remembering this prisoner. Many here will read your magazine and be affected by free thought.

Second, I have to comment on the Media Review section by Judith Frederika Rodenbeck on *Drunken Boat*. Rodenbeck is one hell of an uptight person blasting Max Blechman's work as she did. Judi! Judi! Judi! Lighten up, girl. Is there no room in the world for Max's perspective? Excuse me, honey, I missed the



Drawing by Donovan

Open forum

Dear *Anarchy*,

I believe the letters section in *Anarchy* is absolutely fantastic and being that it's so comprehensive it's definitely an open forum of dialogue. Though letter writers may bring up the same subject and bend toward an identical belief, such should be encouraged because it keeps the debates going and fresh on the mind where otherwise the capitalist would like such thoughts to fade into the wind and loose the spirit of struggle. I must apologize for Peter Georgacarakos's racist values in #41. Though the bigot that he exposed himself to be, he is one of the few rotten apples that prisoncrats have "luckily" succeeded in reforming to their form of corrupt

ceremony and announcement that passed the authority of Sovereign Artistic Judge to you. Maybe reading the first issue of *Drunken Boat* in 1992 gave me a basis for understanding Max Blechman's work a little better. That's what the *Drunken Boat* is, Judi, Max's art medium. You don't have to agree with each and every statement or idea. Just enjoy what you can, doll, and leave the rest alone. If you never noticed before, Frederika, Art-Rebellion-Anarchy each progress as a drunken boat crossing a sea. There are many turns and twists; often the boat is pointed in one direction while actually traveling in another. A distinct separation exists in each from the other, yet there is a reflection, a symbiosis of each in the others. Constantly the dichotomies arise and shift away just as the turns and twists of the course a drunken boat would make.

J. Greg Hambrick #110416
Marion Corr. Institution
P.O. Box 158-649
Lowell, FL 32663

Sad facts

B.A.L.,

Congratulations on *Anarchy* #41. It's a stimulating read. It was good to learn more about Stirner, Marius Jacob, etc. and to read a Stirnerite perspective on surrealism, which has some questionable aspects nonetheless. The writers of *L'unique et son ombre* seem to know little to nothing about the activity of the Romanian surrealists around the time of World War II. They questioned the emphasis on traditional fixed media that is still held a bit too strongly by some surrealists, despite the theoretical insistence on the surrealist way of life and way of seeing over narrow artistic concerns. But it is a sad fact that fixed creations are a good place for people to strive for a more complete exercise of their faculties, so easily ignored or repressed in the world as we know it. But anyway, the Romanian surrealists had many nonliterary and immediatist experiments, including something a lot like the situationists' *dérive*—attempts to bring an automatistic praxis into the concrete environ-

ment.

It is a good point that's raised at the end of the surrealist piece—"André Breton Avenue?" An ideal place for a surreal block party, graffiti, play, etc. Can you say recuperation?

Zerzan's piece on memory reminded me of Feral Faun's treatment of the topic in the first *Delinquent Theory* pamphlet. The desire to live authentically in the depths of each moment, free from fear or anxiety from the past or about the future, is a very radical desire. It could even be interpreted in a Taoist or mystical sense, as the individual's ego consciousness, where the socially influenced/created personality resides, would need to be altered or transcended as part of the process. Feral said that he wants to use memory only to enhance the present, which makes sense. How unfortunate that this is an experience enjoyed only by a small number of people.

On a different tangent, these musings remind me of the efforts of the Temple of Psychick Youth (T.O.P.Y.), a network of people interested in developing practical magic and demystifying the religious experience. Some of the perspectives of T.O.P.Y. members would likely be shared by some readers of *Anarchy*. Here is an address to contact for info: T.O.P.Y. NA, P.O. Box 33565, San Diego, CA 42163.

H.A.
Carbondale, IL

Anarchism through crossdressing

Dear Friend,

Thank you for writing about W.A.C.'s (World Anarchism through Crossdressing).

W.A.C.'s is a "new" and developing, unstructured movement founded upon the idea that how one thinks is most important to harmony and natural environments.

We are promoting a mental revolution, through crossdressing, an external device to alter the inner self.

We share the common belief that the feminine essence is one of kindness, consideration, and sharing that should become the influencing force in the world.

As a crossdressing anarchist, I pondered society and the world's problems. I realized the root of greed, violence, etc. was the nature (thinking) of the male *Homo sapiens*, that he has a destructive improvidence toward social and natural environments.

The solution came to me as I explored my femininity, my thinking has changed, as I attempt to emulate Woman.

What if all males were feminized?

From this one question, I realized a change could happen if the world's thinking changed.

The chances of getting all men to learn the beauty of the feminine essence is about slim to none. However, I thought I'd dedicate 1995 toward this goal.

It's a dream, that by educating ourselves and showing the public by example the beauty of the feminine nature that Woman represents what is good in the world and toward establishing a matriarchal structure.

W.A.C.'s welcome suggestions, ideas, questions of all aspects of crossdressing, anarchism, T.V., TS issues, how to, etc....

I would like to develop a newsletter/zine (*The Satin Shoe*); suggestions and help in this would be appreciated. There is much more to this movement than I've presented here. Obviously, however, I've outlined the basic premise.

Toward a more feminine world,

Pat W. Earl
#20149-148 (C-1-12)
P.O. Box #1000
Lewisburg, PA 17837-1000

Young Libertarians...

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am the president of The Young Libertarians Maryland and I would like to take this opportunity to tell the readers about a fun and interesting thing to do if you're running a little short on cash and need something out of a vending machine.

Most dollar-bill-accepting vending machines, such as coin, token, stamp, food, and soda machines, will actually accept a photocopied dollar bill just as well as a real one.

All one would need to do is

to take a real dollar bill and make a copy of it, then flip it over and, using the same sheet of paper, copy the other side of the bill on the other side of the paper, remove the paper from the copier, and cut it out to match bill size. Now you have a very usable and possibly valuable asset.

Maybe through grass-roots efforts like this, folks will realize that a government value controlled currency is a bad idea.

The Young Libertarians of Maryland are putting together a magazine-style newsletter which is to be sent out to our 6,321 members across the state of Maryland. This newsletter is geared toward but not limited to college-age students who are actively involved in the libertarian/anarchy lifestyle. Our newly put-together magazine will be mailed out free to all our members and to anyone who submits interesting articles of news, photos, advertisements, letters to the editor, drawings, cartoons, poetry, graphic art, announcements, things for sale, etc. Anyone else may buy a copy for a real buck or four 32-cent stamps or anything else of equal value for trade.

If you're interested or would like to join our club or would like info on how to start your own club branch here in Maryland, or if you just want to say hi, write to me at P.O. Box 1644, Beltsville, MD 20705.

Thanks,
John Kennedy McGee V

Sticker stunts

B.A.L.,

I read with enthusiasm your news on page 17 of *Anarchy* #40. [...]

Want a truly heart-thumping adventure in subversive activity without showing your face? There are lots of imaginative possibilities for the underdog to take in order to get alternative views into the so-called "free marketplace of ideas." And, no, you don't need a computer or other people to help. All you need is the guts to strike and the intelligence to know when to stop.

Around 1993 I took upon a course of imaginative nonviolent

activity along the lines of placing messages and statements in books and on bridges. I was traveling across the U.S.A. and I had decided to risk being imprisoned in order that a viewpoint be heard and seen that is presently only rarely allowed to be scrutinized seriously. I was able to successfully strike in over 130

libraries, bookstores, and bridges in over four states, only having a few close calls. Mostly, luck was on my side because I was taking authorities by surprise; they are used to people who rip out pages or try to steal books, but I don't think they're used to the art of in-house stickering. To note: I always try hard not to

censor books/views I disagree with (or that bluntly lie) but instead place the permanent stickers in spaces that the book already has. The only time I "censor" is by accident like when someone suddenly rounds a corner—a particularly hazardous problem in the busier library or bookstore. At the same time, I

realize that many librarians will tear out the page themselves and recopy the original minus the sticker; one may subvert this by sticking messages on the inside cover of the book and make it harder to replace quickly. Finally, to subvert the possibility that close-minded librarians will just simply remove the book from the shelf, I take care to try to sticker *every* book on the subject; this can be quite a chore sometimes since many libraries have huge sections of child abuse industry publications, often spanning three or more shelves.

The idea is to get the message out not only to open-minded librarians, but student researchers and other citizens, including isolated pedophile-types (men, women, as well as kids) who've never heard of alternatives. One of the stickers I did was "Intimacy Is," which provided a drawing of a white man and boy nude, with erections, holding each other. Below it I stuck the address of a publication that viewers could write to; the publication was strategically located outside of the country so that lie crusaders might not be able to silence it. The publication is quite legal in the United States, and that is a must so that we don't endanger the curious. A character upon which the two people sat was smiling and saying: "With so much hysteria it takes real courage to seek out another view."

Other stickers were made that were directed at particular books. I took a critical review from an old *Pan* magazine that poked holes in Florence Rush's *The Best Kept Secret* and doctored it so that it would fit snugly in either the paper or hardback version of the book. I also stuck it in books that listed her book as a legitimate source, or quoted her one-sided truth in their foreword sections. Then there were the books targeted only at abuse survivors and their friends. I took care to make a message for those who may've actually been abused as well as those who may not've been. "Are You Being Bamboozled?" was a kicker, and addresses for one or two publications that talk about questioning beliefs was given.



Drawing by Tonnle Haudze

This one, like the one above, was only text.

Toward the end of my X-country actions I began making stickers that spoke more general messages and leaving addresses that I consider to be oriented to constructiveness. There is a massive need for general messages of "questioning authority" in the U.S.A. There are *so many* books that help promote trust in our government and other illegitimate authorities. I hope that others will join in on this kind of activism. You don't *have* to break laws, either; you may simply do inserts. I used to do inserts into books whose titles were related to my passion (i.e., books on hysteria in the media or books about something completely different but having titles that sound similar). Some of these probably won't be found for years because the books they're in are on subjects like the "Journal of Cockroach Metaphysics" Vol. 34.

There are lots of other ways in which people can get out radical messages. I've thought of banners across busy rafting or canoe rivers, messages on boards that float just beneath the water's surface and have an improved "sea anchor" to stabilize them, and cloth signs just off a trail that catch attention with rattles or bells blown by the wind. It's all up to your imagination and how far you're willing to go. But there's no doubt in my mind that alternatives to the heavily limited means of traditional mass media are greatly needed, if only to just get out of the usual audience circles. Myself, I still dream of getting the rappelling equipment necessary to get up on those big billboards, bridges, towers, and buildings, but those costs are outside of my budget.

Anonymous

Houston collective

Dear Brothers and/or Sisters,

Please add the Houston Anarchist Collective to your list of "subversive anarcho-terrorist groups currently operating in the U.S." (ha ha).

We were founded in the wake of the Republican Convention of 1992 and have been revived sev-

eral times since our conception. Each time we came back even stronger and more committed.

In the last six months we have featured several lectures here in Bayou City, including U.T. Nelson (Homes for All) and L.



from Ekintza Zuzena

Kombo Ervin (former political prisoner). On Dec. 11th, the collective will host Houston's first anarchist community coffee house, which will feature EF! activist/folksinger Darryl Cherney. We will be participating in several Earth First! protests here during the next week or so.

If you'd like to be added to our "list," please drop us a line and we'll send you shit. Well, if you don't want to be included in our network, drop us a line so we don't send you shit. So don't give us no shit and send us a letter.

For the Revolution,
Santiago
P.O. Box 981101
Houston, TX 77098

Blatant inaccuracies

Mr. Kempley,

While rereading Lawrence Jarach's smear of "Holocaust" revisionism, I noticed some blatant inaccuracies, which I'd like to point out.

First, responding to the "true fact" that the Auschwitz Museum has reduced its official estimate of the number of deaths at Auschwitz from 4 million to a little over 1 million, Jarach falsely asserts that 1) Jews represent

only 25 percent of the 4 million estimate, and 2) "the total number of Jews murdered remains almost the same."

As a matter of (true) fact, however, the 4 million estimate included 2.5 to 3 million Jews (i.e., almost 60 percent of the victims) based on the "confessions" that were beaten out of former Auschwitz commandant Rudolf Hoess by the British Field Security Police, and which Hoess then repeated at Nuremberg.

It's true that, prior to the recent official revision, *one* Jewish "Holocaust" historian, Raul Hilberg, published an estimate of about 1 million Jewish deaths at Auschwitz. However, "Holocaust" historians, such as Yehuda Bauer in *A*

History of the Holocaust, accepted the 2.5 to 3 million figure for Jewish deaths at Auschwitz.

Thus, contrary to Jarach, the recent revision of the official estimates of deaths at Auschwitz involved a reduction of the number of Jewish deaths by at least 1 million (and as much as 2 million).

It's a relatively minor point, but Jarach is just plain wrong when he claims that there were hundreds of thousands of "mercy killings" before the war.

There were some eugenic sterilizations before the war, but "mercy killings" did not begin until the outbreak of war. Since Jarach thinks he knows so much more than us "deniers," how did he manage to get this well-known fact wrong?

In any case, many of us "deniers" have read Reitling and Hilberg. However, unlike Jarach, we do not assume that either of them is the last word on this subject.

L.A. Rollins
Port Townsend, WA

Tad responds

Whether or not the Nazis carried out eugenic killings on their own population before or after the war

is not something I'm qualified to comment on, not having deeply perused literature on the topic. You do admit that the killings took place, though... It matters little whether it was before the invasion of Poland in 1939 or after. We also appear to agree on the fact that the Nazis killed Jews and other "undesirables"—methodically, bureaucratically, and efficiently. The Nazis—*fascism*—embodied the worst that humanity had to offer itself, and my opinion of them doesn't change depending upon whether they only killed one million instead of three or six... so discussing this is largely irrelevant. It is usually only brought up by holocaust deniers in an attempt to prove evidence of some international Jewish conspiracy to make matzoh balls with the blood of christian virgins or somesuch. I'm unlikely to think more highly of the National Socialist Workers Party regime in Germany from 1933-45 because you inform me of some discrepancy in the amount of people they murdered. Fact is, like all governments, they did murder, anonymously and arbitrarily. The numbers don't matter, and I find it offensive when ideologues—whether neo-fascist JDL'ers in Brooklyn or closet nazis like yourself in the Pacific Northwest—distort and manipulate these realities to serve their propaganda needs.

Personal hell

Salutations, fellow Cyrenaics!

Coming direct to you from the very heart of super-maximum security land. Fuck Hoover. Kudos to everyone even remotely associated with B.A.L. Press and *Anarchy* magazine, including contributors, editors, distributors, go-fors, grunts, fans, etc. I mean *everyone*. Objectivity, spontaneity, and passion: keys to a much better world. Combined with intelligence, courage, and a high level of moral integrity, the result is a dynamic force of realized human potential. That is what I find in *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed*. Thank you all for your efforts, the articles, letters, artwork, for walking, talking...existing. Most of all, for your courage to speak out. It is a very much needed beacon in an otherwise dismal microcosm.

Presently, I am confined to a

small, gray, concrete, personal hell. Don't be fooled by the priests: Hell is not some mythical plane from the pages of a famous fairy tale. (You don't think the judge wears a black robe by chance, do you?) But I'm not trying to throw myself a pity-party. There's a hefty moral to this story.

My hotel, specifically, is the Arizona State Prison Complex—Central Unit—Cell Block #3 in Florence, Arizona. Much to my displeasure, my reservation has me booked here until the year 2040. Theoretically, I will be eligible for a reduction of my custody status in eight years. However, that is the crux of the issue I wish to bring to your attention. Because, officially, I am not here. At least, the reality of the conditions of my incarceration is vastly different from the official version. This is a situation all of you should be concerned about, as you will come to understand with this letter.

I have been an active anarchist for nearly 10 years now. (I am 23 years old.) In 1987, I was involved in a radical activist group by the name of Arizona Hard Core (AZ.H.C.). Like most of us anarchists, I had my share of combat with the Gestapo. As a result, I also found myself kidnapped by badge-toting thugs a number of times. Credit due to traitors, authorities gained knowledge of my activities as a panel member of AZ.H.C. Over a period of 27 months, I was arrested, followed, photographed, harassed, videotaped, and surveilled by various police agencies including local and state police. Twice I was questioned by the FBI, once by the ATF, and once by agents of a federal commission I have never otherwise heard of, by the name of the Federal Commission on Organized Crime.

All of the Feds were concerned with what they termed "the local insurgent syndicate." The city roller boys were only interested in felony crimes and cultivating informants. The state police agency was the Department of Public Safety, something called the DPS Gang Task Force.

The activities of AZ.H.C. varied from flyer pasting to tag-

ging to parking-meter removal (a public service) to boosting/burning police vehicles and property. In short, anti-police urban terrorism (another public service).

In late 1988, we stumbled onto a bona fide insurrectionist's wet dream. A friend in Newark had loads o' weapons and silly putty that goes BANG. This guy's house was like Walmart for terrorists. So, being the underhanded, disobedient citizens we are, we robbed First Interstate a couple times and went shopping. We drove back to Arizona, happy as pigs in mud, and promptly began brainstorming on how best to play cops and robbers with our new toys.

It may come as a surprise to everybody, or at least most of you, that it is very simple to obtain architectural plans for almost every municipal building. They are constructed with tax payers' money, and as such are a matter of public record. Plans are available at your city archives, especially the older ones, because they are downtown.

We decided to remove from this planet a parasite known as the State of Arizona Headquarters for the Republican Party. We obtained the building plans for that and compiled a list of 32 equally reprehensible vehicles of oppression. It took nearly a year to get to this point. Then I was arrested for various and sundry unrelated felonies.

November 1989—I was 17—I was remanded to Superior Court and tried as an adult. I was never given a hearing to affect this judicial transfer. During my incarceration, I was paid a visit by agents from the FBI and ATF. I had been indicted by a federal grand jury for the "crimes" of sedition and conspiracy to overthrow the government. (Forgive my confusion, but I believe the Constitution says that we are allowed to do just that very thing when we are not happy with our government. That's why we have the right to bear arms.) To this date, no direct judicial action has resulted from the indictment, despite my efforts to conclude the matter either way.

A number of very disconcerting issues are now at hand, due

to the authorities' reaction to my dissent; during my trial, federal agents held several closed conferences with the judge in his chambers. I was denied due process, and then I was sentenced so extremely disproportionately to the severity of my crimes that a 9th Circuit judge ordered the Board of Executive Clemency to review my case for commutation of sentence.

After three separate comprehensive applications for a full disclosure of police information, under the 1972 federal Freedom of Information Act, I have accumulated almost six full banker's boxes of investigatory files. To add to that, I have almost half a ream of dissemination denials. They are not prosecuting me, but they refuse to tell me what they have.

I am presently in solitary confinement, and I have been here for the last 14 months. C.B.3 at the Central Unit of the Arizona State Prison is a close custody cell block. In spite of the fact that, officially, Central Unit has no close custody housing. Of seven separate cell blocks, none of them is rated or "officially" designated as such. The entire unit—about 1,500 prisoners—is classified as a maximum security prison. The prison administration denies to the public and the legislature any sort of custody discrimination between cell blocks. *This is a lie.*

There are 120 prisoners in C.B.3. We are not considered General Population. We are not allowed any contact with General Population inmates. We are confined to single-man cells for 154 out of 168 hours a week. We are allowed out of our cells a total of 14 hours a week, which includes time for three meals and a shower each day. We are prohibited from jobs outside of the cell block; there are only nine positions available to us altogether. Restraints and escorts are mandated for any movement outside the cell block.

The institutional policy dictates that prisoners who do not incur any citations for major rules infractions for a period of 180 days shall be assigned to a General Population housing unit. Also, C.B.3 is allegedly used for behavioral observation

of prisoners with institutional disciplinary problems. I have had no such problems. I was transferred directly from the reception center to C.B.3. I was recently paid a visit from an officer of institutional investigation. He told me that I should expect to stay in C.B.3 for the next five years.

Brothers and Sisters, we are faced with the prison's version of "Area 51." Be careful of your activities. It has come to a point where the police don't need to bother with political court scandal. Agents of the law are shadowing and influencing the legal process. *This country is keeping political prisoners!* They are quietly and effectively ostracizing us within the national borders, in your states, and within these walls! They are subverting the existing judicial process, influencing the judges and prison officials by the affidavits they enter into the files, and they exile us for political reasons, under the guise of legitimate legal procedure. They can bury you in a cell for as long as they decide to, make it appear completely legitimate, and there's *nothing* you can do about it—all it takes is one arrest.

The Arizona State Prison system has recently enacted a new policy concerning S.T.G.'s. This is a new classification for individuals they consider to be Security Threat Groups. There are no specific determinations that will include/exclude anyone from being classified as S.T.G. It is *entirely* up to the discretion of the administration. These types of cell blocks, policies, and classification are not by any means limited to Arizona. All across the nation, people are being ostracized into prisons.

In these control units, close custody cell blocks, and special classification groups, we are *entirely* at the mercy of the police (and they show none). They permit or deny visits and phone calls at their random discretion. All incoming mail is X-rayed, opened, and read. Outgoing mail is monitored. All correspondence is logged. Correspondents' names are checked against N.C.I.C. Commissary purchases are marked, and purchase limits are set by any arbitrary whim of

administration. They are invariably solitary confinement. Under Arizona S.T.G. policy, the administration has the option to elevate a prisoner's security classification to the highest level, and hold it there *indefinitely*. Twice weekly urinalysis testing. Dry cell placements with no running water; they flush the toilet from outside the cell, three times daily. Involuntary X radiation to ascertain whether or not contraband has been concealed internally. The disciplinary policy has *no* provision for a not guilty verdict of any disciplinary citation. (Considering the fact that people do get murdered here and the like, no "not guilty" provision has massive implications. They can't write you up for it, decline to prosecute, and completely *fuck* you institutionally.) Prisoners are brutalized on a daily basis here, as well. If we fight back, it results in 15 additional years, and S.T.G. classification. The list goes on and on.

Big Brother is definitely watching. He's fucking the minds of the nation, and police are the spawn of that coitus. For my part, I hardly dare to contact my people anymore. Just about all of my local people have been followed and surveilled. Some of them are arrested on bogus charges. The prison pigs shake me down and strip-search me every day. They have xeroxed my entire address book and many of my letters. Often, I get mail three or four weeks after the post date. My telephone calls are all recorded. My outgoing mail has been opened and retained by the police. They have escorted me to the yard office and attempted to coerce me into turning informer under threats of additional charges for the content of phone calls and letters. (Apparently they neglected to notice that I'm never going to get out and really don't give a fuck if they charge me. Let me rephrase that: They have no intention to *let* me get out. It may not be up to them.)

Anyhow, friends, all of this is directed at schooling you on the criminality of the justice system, and to admonish that you need to be *careful*. Please. This is not any place to be. It sure the hell ain't living. Those of us inside

need you on the outside to stay there. On that subject, I would like to ask that any of you, all of you, please do your best to support our family members in captivity everywhere. It doesn't take much to write a letter, and the difference it can make in a prisoner's life is immeasurable. There's nothing I can think of that's worse than being all alone, in the clutches of the enemy.



TAKE IT EASY MANAGEMENT ABSENT

With regard to a letter from Ronald Campbell, under the heading "Strong Need for Support" (*Anarchy* #41), Ronald requested that his subscription be directed to another prisoner. If by chance no other prisoner has yet been selected, I would be grateful if you would direct it my way. Any back issues you may have would also be greatly welcomed. I would gladly send you the subscription fee. However, I am under investigation by the prison authorities—I have been for 11 months—and that status prevents me from disbursement of my account funds. If need be, I can send you postage stamps equivalent to the price of a sub.

I would like to know if there is a list of alternative press publications I can somehow obtain. If so, that "somehow" is a piece of information I would make extensive use of. Once again, we come to the solitary confinement thing. The pigs were mad at me one day, so my television "accidentally" suffered and has not been replaced (and won't be). So, I spend a lot of time on paper.

Any and all letters you free people may write to me will be warmly welcomed and promptly answered. I could use a friend or

two.

Once again, huge thanks to all of you for everything. You have restored my faith in humanity. Keep up the good work, good thinking, and a damn good fight. Much pride and respect,

Jonathan A. Larson

A.D.C. #79332

P.O. Box 8200

ASP-F-CU-3A08

Florence, AZ 85232-8200

More prison mail

Anarchy!

Thanks—I just got my first issue, and I love it! I'm going to try to get some artwork done to contribute to the next issue. I'd like to start with the fact that I'm (yet another) prisoner of a parole board—I was arrested while on parole (March 22, 1993)—the charges were dropped in December 1994, yet I'm still in prison. Why? Because the parole board has as one of its requirements that one must have a "home plan," that is, someone must vouch for you and provide you with a place to stay—if not, no parole. Mind you, I've not been convicted of any new charges, yet (legally?) the parole board can hold me until my max, February 1995.

I'm a little new to the anarchist scene, so please excuse me if I say something out of line. I'd like to hear from others from Pittsburgh and Minneapolis, about anything having to do with getting me started. One thing is that I don't see much on how to get started, as in actively involved in your zine.

I'm a 27-year-old male, and fortunately, my mother never let me learn racism or sexism—I get a lot of crap here from other white people 'cause I'll associate with Afro-Americans or gays. I've always believed that individualism is one of the most important aspects of a society, and I'd love to see government collapse into dust. As a favorite character of Robert Heinlein's once said: "Taxes are not levied for the benefit of the taxed."

I'm going to hang the "Government Free Zone" (#40, p. 81) on my wall—let's see what happens at my next cell search! The worst they can do is keep me here for 20 more months,

and I can make it hell for these fuckin' bastards. Oh yeah, guess what my job here is—"media reporter" for a video program called "F.Y.I." I help write scenarios, run a mixing board for our musical productions, interview staff (I get to interview our grievance coordinator next month, and you'd better believe she knows who I am!), edit, and write a weekly "Horrorscope."

Yeah, they actually let inmates have a weekly TV show, but you should see how they censor us—my boss isn't an anarchist, but he is sympathetic toward my political views.

Thanks, and please write!

Brendan S. McCormack

AJ-3429

R.D. #10, Box 10

Greensburg, PA 15601-8999

Anarchist authority

Greetings,

I am writing in response to a pair of letters written by Ms. Molly Gill in *Anarchy* #41.

Ms. Gill addressed two main issues that are extremely relevant to the anarchist movement today. Her first letter addressed the negative attitudes that most anarchists seem to hold toward authoritarianism within our movement. In response, I think I can understand why this is. Many of the young anarchists within our movement are attracted to it because it represents anti-authority. They come, seeking escape from authority in their own lives, and join our movement expecting to be free from all responsibility. What most fail to comprehend is that for the movement to go anywhere, we as anarchists united have a responsibility to the cause we are a part of. We need to check ourselves and avoid all these meaningless distractions that seem to impede our progress constantly. We need to have leaders who are in positions of authority over the rest of the group. Disorganization will not accomplish a damn thing. An anarchist movement with leaders and, do I dare say, authority? Yes, a lot of people will scoff at such a foreign concept, but if we *really* want to change our world we must be able to compete first. As much as it may seem to

reject authority, the anarchist revolution must put its faith in our own self-chosen leaders to direct our struggle.

Regarding multiculturalism, I agree totally and completely with Ms. Gill's comments. Why is it so acceptable to support black pride and the NAACP, but when a Caucasian person expresses pride in his white race, he is immediately scorned and called a "racist"? I am proud of my European heritage, but don't dare call me a "racist"! Anyone can declare themselves a separatist, but being one is not being a racist. People should be aware of the difference. A racist is someone who hates another because of that person's race. A separatist does not hate that person, but believes in every race isolating themselves from one another. Not because they dislike them, though that is often a major part of it, but for their future as a race. The more that cultures are combined and meshed together, the less they stand apart. Diversity becomes less diverse, and finally is lost. It is so vital to keep our diversity intact, especially today when there is so much forced integration. If the government would lessen its grip in this matter, people would segregate themselves. They already do! Just look at any public gathering place and look at how people huddle among their own races. Not only do humans, by nature, find common ground among our own, but now, more than ever, the future of every race is dependent on self-segregation. We can't expect the government to offer any more help in this area, and it's so vital that we resist their efforts to destroy us and gel all of us into one single concoction of mildew and slime.

I think Ms. Gill has a lot of good points to say, and I encourage everyone to read her material in past *Anarchy* issues.

In solidarity,
Daufhin Thorndike #253339
POB 900-I #253339
2229 W. Ozaukee
Sturtevant, WI 53177

Tad responds

I get a kick out of letters like yours, letters obviously written by

overt racists and authoritarians trying to pass themselves off as anarchists. You hope to find common ground with anarchists by pointing out the hypocrisy of PC rules of speech, or joining in decrying the injustices of government, but as long as you persist in the support of power you'll find yourself unable to convince anyone that you're anything but the authoritarian you obviously are.

Impostors and liars

Dear *Anarchy* readers,

Greetings from behind prison walls. That probably most of you have built. Hell, you know who you are. I've been doing a lot of serious observations and calculations concerning those who are the enemies of anarchists and freedom. And especially to all those deceptive bastards, all panic and hysteria-driven, narrow-minded, arrogant, lying, would-be ruling cowards, the scabs that they try hard to hide from the true freedom seekers. Yes, all those impostors who tell you that they also are anarchists, but in reality these are the fascist-minded, communistic, close-minded idiots who we've got to worry about, for they are the same dogs that would burn witches today, simply because "they are not like them." These same bastards are the first ones to scream at boy-lovers, because they can't see that there may be many types of love, feel their dictatorialists over people, especially children who they've enslaved, may be threatened.

These bastards, these dogs on leashes of the enslaving governments (especially the U.S. and U.K.) are infiltrating the ranks of real anarchists and their groups. They must be stopped. I read and reread all the letters and I feel the enemy is threatening one of the few sources for freedom seekers to express themselves freely. But there is the enemy who is out in the open and enemy that hides (the wolf in sheepskin) and trying to tear this voice of ours down. These impostors, and you know who the fuck you are, have all one thing in common. Those bastards all have the cop, the judge, the punisher, the authoritarian, the son-of-a-bitchin' dic-

tator, all in their "moronic minds."

Looking toward my love of art, and like any great empire, it also has fallen. Why? Simply because the Puritans are coming, the Puritans are coming! Head for the hills! Why? And as if I didn't know! Michelangelo and Caravaggio have been imprisoned, they are the ward of the D.O.C. Yes, our art masters are "cellies/cellmates." "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder." Yeah, for you, but not I! We got to light up the "dark age" that has taken over their minds. Body-guilt, ashamed of God's gift of the beautiful nudism of humans.

Readers, no, no, not you, you liar, but I speak to you true freedom fighters of human beings. Don't you see as I do, that nude imagery is beauty to the eyes, not an imagery of ugliness? But are you the same person who would see no less a degree of beauty in a nude painting/photo-art of a young lady and pre-teen lad? Sure, I feel most of you will come up with the excuse that to paint a nude portrait of male youths or to take a photographic art portrait of male youths is exploitation. This is not a logical excuse. You were lied to by your masters, and of course if you still believe that it is exploitation, then you must have decided that your all-good-making, all-beauty-creating god made all nude bodies of "ugly definition." So therefore the young lady's body is ugly, because you've decided that the cause of a child being shown nude was brought about by exploitation, and this word in itself should refer to a sight/vision that is ugly. Hell, you crazy moronic S.O.B.'s are really the true exploiters of children every fucking day, for you rotten bitches have decided that you own your child, it represents little more than an automobile.

Yeah, now I continue to suffer because of some hysteria and panic-oriented crusaders deemed nudes of youth is pornography, that's a big lie, and a big conspiracy. You must realize this. So let me give you their types of assumptions, why I'm deemed criminal and dangerous for simply possessing reproduced nude photo-art of young boys. I am

assumed to be of danger to a boy because they want the child's true human nature and abilities, innately born of him to be separated from him, as if sex were alien to a child, sex were evil doings, my love and sex with him were monstrous. A child is still thought to be asexual. A child cannot really be turned on sexually, that I would create an artificial sexual desire in the boy, my need to sexually turn him on would be harming him. These are all lies. How the hell could you criticize something you know nothing at all about? Have you had any firsthand experiences with a young boy? If you didn't then where are you coming up with these imaginary assumptions, kooky answers? First know, then and only then can you give me real reasons as to why I should not love boys. [...]

In conclusion, since you may label me a monster, in the immortal words of Pee Wee, "I know you but what am I." I label you monsters. Your tongues hang out of your mouths, saliva drips out, when you look at photo-art of nude ladies, you bastard "rapists." How about you moronic jackasses who love to look through handgun magazines, you should be locked up in prison. You're a danger to society. You are in fact a potential murderer, gotta get your kind off the street, you sick perverted bastards! If I'm sick, then the sickness I see you with is "cancer." Hell, if I'm sick, it's only because I caught a cold from tossing your bullshit dreams out of my cell window.

In struggle,

S.M.
Mt. Sterling, IL

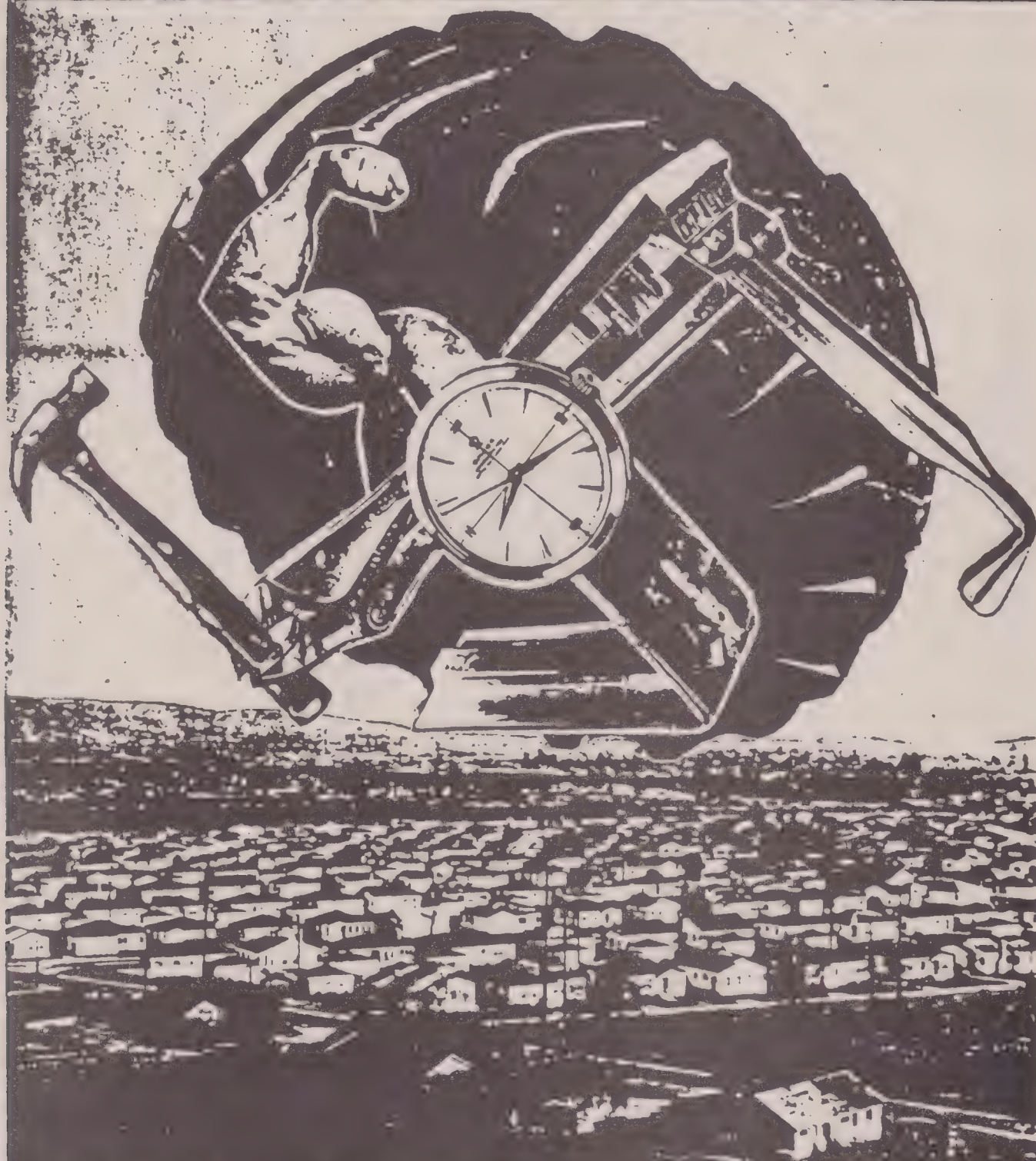
Sponge-bathe weaklings and wankers

Dear *Anarchy*,

I love a good fight! I see someone badmouthing yer comrade T. Kepley in *The Shadow*, and in yer own pages. I hope yer boy comes out swinging as I'd enjoy the entertainment. Ward Churchill is surely sharpening up his sword to respond to Bob Black. Oh, the joy of big egos colliding! What fun!

Fuck Molly Gill! I hope her

WORK FOR PAY



PAY FOR FREEDOM

illness is terminal and she has a long, lingering, painful death with bedsores. I hope she has a big black hospital orderly sponge-bathing her most intimate body parts to her most supreme embarrassment and rage. Fucking Nazi bitch.

The political left is filled with weaklings and wankers. It's either being misled by wannabe Stalins, or groveling nebbishes looking for a "consensus." When that Catholic maniac shot those women in the abortion clinics, I heard an idiot from Planned Parenthood praising the Bishop for his diplomacy on local radio, and declaring her faith in the authorities. What lame shit. There should have been the most ferocious unleashing of mass action against the churches. These fucking yuppie feminists and their pet eunuchs stumble along with their stupid signs and tedious chants, and call it social change. Weak, useless shits.

I've been buying your magazine for the past six years or so, and have gotten much food for thought. Many thanks.

Cordially,
M.O.

Cambridge, MA

Prison uprising

Tad!

Great hearing from you and knowing that my letter will be placed in your next publication. Thanks.

My situation is a lot more complex than just being caught up in an uprising here at the prison—that all officials were fully aware was about to happen.

As stated, my situation is complex. In 1984 I took the dehumanizing conditions of Black people here in this apartheid land before the International Court of Justice. Thereafter, rigged-up criminal charges were brought against me. All documents in this illegal conviction prove the government was involved and is behind my not being able to get out of prison and especially this maximum prison. But I'll keep this letter within the realm of the uprising.

Just recently I was released from the lockdown after 18 months of suffering and only days after I had seen the Parole

Board who I told that "the info of my innocence is being purposely withheld"; still I was given a 6-month continuance. There was never any evidence that I was a participant—because I wasn't.

The Rise Up was the stupidest thing I ever saw and for the dumbest reasons and nothing was gained from it! As a matter of fact, things are much worse and the constitutional violations are outrageous! None of the local newspapers, TV news, local government officials, judicial officials, lawyers, ACA want to assist. The courts are fully aware of the situation, especially dealing with the lost or destruction of prisoners' property that prisoners brought out with them, yet they dismiss prisoners' claims and force them to pay court cost. The uprising was purely a bad joke! Prisoners were forced to stay on L-side, prisoners who would have never participated in that stupidity even though they are rebels.

April 11, 1993, was the beginning of a nightmare so many prisoners will never be able to fully recover from.

Power to the Struggling People,
W. Ivory Browner #180668
P.O. Box 45699
Lucasville, OH 45699

Is it sexist?

Dear Anarchy,

After reading "Anarchy in the Mendocino Forest" an interesting point was brought up about porn. Obviously to not have it is censorship so it will always be around. The question now is about whether or not it is ethical. Now for anyone who doesn't care about ethics (and I may be getting there myself) this letter does not make a rat's ass of difference. But it does bring up an interesting point: Is it sexist?

According to the Webster's *New World Dictionary*, sexism is "exploitation and domination of one sex by the other." Now, domination I would rule out right away simply because in the case of *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, etc. the subjects are not forced to pose. (Obviously, if they were forced to pose against their will, it would be pure sexist and considered domination.) Exploita-

tion is defined as "making unethical use of for one's own profit." Obviously the pornography companies are making quite a profit, but I will focus on ethics. I suppose those with a steel-trap mind will dismiss it as unethical right away; certainly sometimes it feels sleazy, but is it unethical if the person poses voluntarily? I probably would not call that exploitation. I guess I would call it using female (or male) bodies for profit. Another thing that can't be overlooked is that the model is also getting paid. This also slants me away from exploitation.

To end this letter I will say that I don't know whether I am pro or con. To not have it in society is censorship but if the model is exploited it is sexism; neither concept is supported by an anarchist society. I guess I lean toward the pro simply because I am a man. I do not care much about (or for) male pornography and I wonder if women feel the same way. This letter has been written FYI and I hope it will help people form their own opinions on porn. I will try to get a female perspective both on this letter and on porn (am I justifying my own hidden sexism?) I hope not.

Viva anarchy,
Kamikaze Anarchist
Oregon

Year of the swine

Say, Big A...

Tad, Tad, don't be so bad (i.e., #41).... Thanks for sending the winter issue. Really nice start for the year uv them swine...

But hey, no #39. Yah, I know, but I did want to see Zerzan's piece. Is he still at it in OR? Have not written to him in years an' want to git some documents to him. [...]

OK, so now what?! I mean, having said all that in #41, for bak-han (?) an' then pissed on 'em it's kind of anticlimactic since now we come to the core. That is, the example by which the "unique philosophy" propagated...what?

May I recommend that #42 be to define an' rearticulate what it is...by example uv its adversaries an' polarities. If #41

was to feature "individualism" then perhaps we might be well served by analysis uv the herd, the "cryptos" und reactionaries one an' all. Ecce e pluribus unum.

Otherwise, the 'zine made me laff an' squirm a little also.... But not so pissed off as previous issues that gave far too much space to NAMBLA—without mention uv the word *sodomy* an' enslavement uv children.

See, I'm thinking that there are priorities about which the future will not forgive should we fail to take notice uv the warnings... population for example. Y'all better be ready for that one because the herd thinkers are already thinking them thoughts about what to do with a "surplus" population.

So the clock is sorta running on the lives or condition uv existence uv an unaware or unsuspecting people. An' when (not "if") it starts to roll it may be to your credit that at least you told them "individuals" to get outta the way....

I've written a few words about it, ya wanna see 'em? It's called "All Fall Down."

Meanwhile, y'all take care, may these words find you in the very best uv health and determined spirits.

Onward (until it is dun),

Jon Frazier

Box 29-A/B-38808

Repressa, CA 95671

Sick and tired

Greetings,

I am sick and tired of all the conflict I see among Anarchists today. It dilutes the effect of any movement organized against the government in power today. To be successful and really promote change, it is imperative that we as anarchists joined in a like-minded cause, try to refrain from displacing argumentative doctrine among ourselves and instead focus our energy on the enemy.

One of the most important areas to resolve is the tendency to criticize one another and argue over the most trivial, meaningless things. It is hurting our movement! If more of us were confident in our own individuality, we would stop pointing

fingers and focusing on each other. And without this inner turmoil, which is extremely distracting, we could begin to unite and start pressuring those in power for change. To successfully do this, we need a combined effort among all radicals and anarchists dedicated to bringing about change, which is doomed to fail unless we all come together as one.

I also believe that few "radicals" are actually aware of the cause they claim allegiance to. More of us need to get educated about exactly what we claim to want to change. Sure, we all look around us and become disgusted at some point with politicians and society, but can we really comprehend the cancerous erosion of human life that is occurring each day by the bloody hands of those in the media and government? It takes a bit of intellectualizing, I know, but to truly understand how we are manipulated each day on a largely subconscious level, will personalize our struggle and make our ambition, anger, and dedication all the more stronger.

I ask everyone to take the time to reflect each day. When you are among people, look around—study them and notice how alike they are. They dress alike, talk alike, and mirror one another's beliefs and values. There is very little sense of individuality. Why is this? Well, this behavior is reflective of constant subliminal suggestion by the media. Constantly, they assault us with examples of "the ideal, conservative, politically and morally correct" person—which they continually imply that we should all strive to be like. After a while, people start to feel guilty about behavior that falls outside that ideation, and subconsciously, they gradually correct themselves to resemble the person that they are told they should be. And like a chain



The Ascension of David Koresh. Reprinted from *Uncommon Desires*.

reaction, people tend to follow examples placed before them.

This is all I will say for now, but I encourage you all to contact me personally at the address below. I look forward to your response.

John Stowers #253339
P.O. Box 900-I
Sturtevant, WI 53177

Green Anarchism exposed

Tad and Alex-

Last issue you asked "just what the hell is going on (with Green Anarchist and Third Way) anyway?"

"The struggle for democracy is not a short cut allowing workers

to make the revolution without realizing it. The proletariat will destroy totalitarianism only by destroying democracy and all political forms at the same time. Until then there will be a succession of 'fascist' and 'democratic' systems in time and space..."

Green Anarchist and their collaborator Larry O'Hara wish to reorganize social struggle on the basis of what they claim to be a momentous discovery, the fact that the anti-fascist magazine *Searchlight* fails to operate independently of the British state! Since *Searchlight* has never claimed to be a revolutionary organization, it is absurd for

Green Anarchist and O'Hara to expect it to behave like one. They might just as well attack the *Spectator* or the *Daily Telegraph* for the same reason, or rail against a horse because it isn't a zebra. Anti-fascism is a democratic ideology, it was invented for the defense of the liberal state, anti-fascists have always opposed fascism with democracy, whereas revolutionaries oppose both fascism and the liberal state with communism.

Democrats who claim to relish debate will not tolerate discussion of fascism. They wish to reduce the Nazi question to an issue of morality. Their dogma is that since the NSDAP was undoubtedly racist and genocidal, fascism is evil and that is all that needs to be said about it. Thus anti-fascism does not even reach the level of consciousness attained by the idealist philosophers of the eighteenth-century, it is essentially religious in character and this is its fatal weakness. To understand fascism one needs to grasp the material conditions that create it. Fascism does not gain mass support simply on the basis of its genocidal program, it is a vampire that feeds on real social movements. In order to grow, fascism has to offer people solutions to the problems that confront them

in their daily lives—as is inevitably the case—these are false solutions to the contradictions thrown up by capitalism. Fascism wants to go backwards, at its atavistic core is a neo-feudalism, fascists don't understand that they cannot escape the contradictions of capitalism through a barbarous program of mass murder. There is only one way to escape from the agony of commodity relations, and that is for the proletariat to expropriate its expropriators.

Green Anarchist and Larry O'Hara treat fascism as a moral category, and as a result are prone to smearing anyone who is

critical of their brand of activism as having connections to either Nazis or the Secret State. Fascism as a form of false consciousness is very different to the bogey brandished by Green Anarchist. While the murderous assaults of swastika-wielding reactionaries can make life a misery for individual proletarians, these thugs are unlikely to muster mass support because National Socialism in its classical form is historically discredited. The ideological twists and turns of the French New Right and their offspring—such as the political soldiers of the Third Position—demonstrate that the rhetoric of anti-racism and pro-Third Worldism is not incompatible with an ideology that is fascist at its core. Indeed, given the negative fashion in which anti-fascism defines itself, the anti-fascism of those without a material stake in the liberal state can very easily be transformed into its opposite, that is to say fascism. Obviously, since the institution of communist social relations is the only means by which the proletariat can defeat fascism, there is no such thing as “revolutionary” anti-fascism.

The practical result of anti-fascist moralism is that it prevents its adherents from recognizing fascism for what it is, it prevents them from viewing fascism as anything other than a moral contagion, it prevents them from recognizing genocidal ideology in anything other than its swastika-wielding form. Green Anarchist does not know what fascism is, and it is therefore incapable of recognizing itself as fascist. This is the real basis of Green Anarchist's differences with *Searchlight*. With its anti-urban ideology and utopian vision of small autonomous communities, Green Anarchist has yet to face the problem of how it plans to “dispose” of a huge “surplus” population. While supporters of Green Anarchism might hope that the urban proletariat will simply starve to death (thereby saving them the trouble of killing us), if they successfully instigated a counter-revolution, the material unfolding of events would ultimately force them to resort to

the concentration camp and the Gulag, as happened when capital restructured itself in Germany and imposed itself on Russia.

Green Anarchist's false solutions to the contradictions of capital are identical to those of fascism. Its propaganda includes posters bearing the following slogans: Only Guns Give Us Rights, Tax Is Theft and Stuff Your Jobs We Want Land. Being a form of capitalism, fascism draws on liberal rhetoric about rights while differentiating itself from democratic ideology by reveling in its willingness to use violence to impose commodity relations upon the proletariat. Likewise, anti-tax agitation is a favored tactic of the extreme right, since it diverts attention away from the root cause of alienation and instead attacks a by-product of capitalist relations. As for wanting land, the Nazis had a word for it, lebensraum or “living space.” Likewise, Larry O'Hara's concern about the peasantry (see page 21 of the pamphlet *Paradise Referred Back: A Radical Look At The Green Party*, co-written with Gary Matthews), is just what one would expect from Nazis without swastikas.

While nationalism was a key element of Nazism, the French New Right and some of those tail-ending it have demonstrated that fascism can mutate by organizing itself around an ideological regionalism. What is crucial to fascism as a form of reaction is not nationalism per se, but anti-internationalism, of which nationalism is just one expression. However, it would be wrong to assume from this that Green Anarchist is very far removed from classical fascism. This fact can be illustrated by quoting a few lines of propaganda issued by a pre-war fascist organisation in Belgium: “Rex is neither a party nor a league. Rex is a movement, that is to say an active force carrying a current of ideas. Rex is a revolutionary movement. Rex is a popular movement...” The Rexist movement wants the destruction of all that which in the present regime compromises the existence of particular (i.e., small) communities, suppresses their dignity—that is their functions

and their social responsibilities... (the Rexist movement wants) the reconstruction of particular (i.e., small) communities, by a comprehensive series of measures designed to restore their position, their rights and their duties...” This IS Green Anarchism even if GA reject the Christian nationalist trappings of Rexistism.

What Larry O'Hara and Green Anarchist want proletarians to do is make a choice between fascism and democracy. Forced to choose between *Searchlight* (democracy) and Green Anarchist (fascism), anyone with their sanity intact would opt for the former. But in the end this is a false opposition, the material unfolding of history leaves proletarians with no real choice but to oppose both fascism and democracy with communism. If one considers this a choice at all, then it must be posited in terms of progress against reaction. As for the Larry O'Hara and Green Anarchist obsession with spooks, this serves to divert attention away from their reactionary politics. O'Hara and Green Anarchist have made a lot of allegations about various individuals working with the secret state, it's about time they offered some solid evidence for accusations that we must otherwise conclude are simply smears.

WATCH OUT FOR BUREAUCRATS!

WATCH OUT FOR MANIPULATORS!

DOWN WITH WAGE-SLAVERY!

a special report by
The Neoist Alliance

Child prostitution

Dear Friends,

Many thanks for sending copies of *Anarchy* and *APR* to me over here. I am essentially cut off from any English-language media of any sort. I go to Bangkok about every 3 months, but there is nothing alternative there at all. I mean, of course, there is no alternative reading material there. There are a hell of a lot of things that are alternative—VERY different—than the western world.

I had seen a copy of *APR* that

a friend in California sent me. It seemed kind of alien to me at first, but after having contacted a few people in the U.S., I am gradually getting a little alternative stuff and readjusting my mind. *APR* is a terrific resource for finding out what is going on out of the mainstream.

I had not seen a copy of *Anarchy* in over two years. It is as solid as ever and I appreciate you hanging in for so long. If you don't mind, I'd like to make a couple of comments relative to letters to *Anarchy*.

One of the big myths perpetrated by the mainstream U.S. media is that child prostitution is rampant in Thailand. It does exist, but it is not widespread (with very young children) and it is illegal (not that that does anything). I wonder how people involved in the pedophilia debate feel about the topic of child prostitution. When does a person stop being a child? Anyone have any great suggestions for what to do about 14- or 15-year-old prostitutes who are uneducated but quite mature and sent out to get money for Mama and Papa? Maybe they'd be better off working heavy construction in Bangkok for \$4 a day?

If fondling small children's genitals (and kissing them to boot) was against the law in Thailand, the majority of the women here would be in jail—mostly for doing it to little boys. Heavens, ALL mothers (including the mother of MY child) of male children would be in the slammer. Isn't some of this stuff cultural? Or am supposed to go around trying to “reform” these “child molesters?”

The United States is not the entire world nor its only culture. Sex and gender issues over here are quite different. Finally, to the pessimists who think the entire world is going mad or that compassion and mutual aid have vanished from the planet, I would say they are mistaken. And I don't speak just about Thailand. If it weren't for help from kind people (like you), some of whom I never met, I'd essentially do without reading material—including *Anarchy*. I could nicely do without some of the pessimism in the letters, however. It's a wonderful world

populated by good people. A little less "good ole" American-style confrontation and more loving kindness might go a long way.

Thanks again,
Please print address
Michael Ziesing
PO BOX 10
Ban Dung
Udon Thani
41190
Thailand

Who is the enemy?

Anarchy:

I read your Mag faithfully, cover to cover whenever it arrives at my bunk. My address has changed and I do wish that you would take note and send my subscription to the address enclosed, since it is far more likely that my mail will reach me here rather than there, especially because I'm not there, I'm here. After my literary efforts were stolen from me by the Fascists who control my environment I was returned to higher security. The D.O.C.'s interpretation of the first amendment to the Constitution is; "You can write whatever you want so long as you write it behind a wall or a doubled fence." Thus it is very likely that I will continue to receive your publication, unmolested so long as I remain here in medium security.

(Update: It was determined at my first and only Parole hearing last week that my subversive writing is a clear indication that I present an immediate danger to society. I am truly proud to be amongst those who have been persecuted through the ages—Genet, Wilde, Mann, the Marquis and of course Galileo.

But the real catalyst for this exposition has little to do with my writing in particular but rather those who have already written and were published in your winter, issue #41, letters section.

Since I address no one letter specifically, but rather several letters irrespectively, let me approach this missive as an autonomous viewpoint rather than a criticism of any one opinion.

First and foremost, let me say that I am for any cause that any group hesitates to allow access

to the proverbial table. *Anarchy* magazine is doubtless one of the few places left where even the most disturbing points of view can be presented unapologetically for debate and dissection. However, the current policy of "cutting" letters that "threaten violence against" adults supporting "child/adult sex" or "in general that make death threats" comes dangerously close to the government's policy of labeling Rap recordings based upon nearly identical criteria. Please, *Anarchy*, don't do my thinking for me, that's an establishment tactic. There is no room for censorship in Anarchist dialogue. Plato clearly understood the value in knowing ourselves, but let us not underestimate the value in knowing the enemy as well.

And who exactly is the enemy? The only thing I know for certain is that, at the moment, I am the enemy of the majority.

I am their enemy, they are my enemy, we're all the enemy in one another's eyes (or most of us in any case). I find myself now, as I read through your letters section, disturbed by all of the finger pointing that goes on. Right and wrong are merely terms that create the very foundation of hierarchical power structures. We must never fight our enemy by becoming them.

The French revolution failed in its mission specifically because rather than disempowering the aristocracy and leaving it at that, the French revolutionists replaced rather than displaced the power structure.

When we point fingers and throw derogatory, dehumanizing and frankly irrelevant names at one another (i.e., fools, assholes, losers, etc.) we simply exert the very power over them that we have long despised them using over us. We become not ourselves, but them. (Contrary to popular myth you don't fight fire with fire, fire is fought with water and chemicals.)

When will we ever learn that retaliatory behavior begets retaliatory behavior? Punishment begets punishment. When we resort to name calling or pleas for punishment for those who oppose our particular points of view, we are, in essence, sup-

porting and validating the very response we espouse to strive to extinguish. Wouldn't it be refreshing to simply throw all the points of view out on the table and argue each on its particular merits. At the very least, such an approach would clearly distinguish the truly informed from the truly uninformed. I've learned a lot in this life from those who've been labeled fools, assholes, and losers and almost nothing from those who've labeled them such. As a matter of fact, at this very moment the government would like you to believe that I am a criminal and a pervert and thus in possession of no valid opinion. I'll leave it to you to discover whose opinion is more meritorious.

I read a lot of conflicting opinions on the idea of a world "without laws." Who the hell started that debate? What the hell does this argument have to do with Anarchism? The argument has never been about whether or not we should have rules and/or laws. The argument is about whether or not rules and laws should be universally or personally dictated. (I could be wrong and I'm certain that someone will let me know if I am, but, don't we all have rules and laws that we live by gladly. As an anarchist I simply believe that rules and laws should be dictated by personal reflection rather than governmental infliction.

I don't not go out and kill people because the government happens to tell me that I can't or I will be punished if I do. I don't go out and kill people, even my worst enemy, because I have a personal rule, a personal law against such an activity, as do most human beings. I've got rules about raping and robbing people too—I don't do it because I believe that it's wrong—personally. I certainly didn't need anyone to tell me that murder wasn't a very nice thing, I just knew. Actually, universal laws do very little by way of altering my behavior (which should be apparent by the very fact that I am currently incarcerated.) No, the laws dictated by the fascist government (and every government is a fascist government) do little more

than provide universal justification for the assertion that might equals right.

Universal laws are created of personal fears and insecurities. When we collectively fear relinquishing our already weak wills to addiction, we inflict or transfer this decidedly unfortunate innate trait onto the whole to minimize our personal responsibilities, thus rather than forbidding ourselves, depriving ourselves alone, we share the burden with the whole, creating laws then that prevent any of us from self responsibility, and providing those who are in fact weak an illusion of universal acceptance.

Politicians see in their own behaviors the capacity for abusing power and might and thus work diligently to prevent anyone else from positioning themselves likewise. Sort of like a husband who cheats and finds himself constantly suspicious of his wife. (A pedestrian analogy to be sure, but, when in Rome speak...) Oppression is seldom more than self-realization transference. We bestow upon others what we see in ourselves. Thus, the only real difference between true anarchists and non-anarchists is the infliction of our personal rules and laws governing our personal inadequacies on others.

There is of course a very easy way of measuring what is and what is not justifiable. If we live our lives expecting to receive all that we give, chances are universal laws will no longer be relevant to our successful existences. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth isn't really a bad point of reference once you strip the government of its inane interpretation rights. If you sell somebody bad dope I don't have any problem whatsoever with forcing you to buy bad dope. On the other hand if you've engaged in consensual sex with minors then indeed as just reward you should—what?—be forced to let minors have consensual sex with you? An eye for an eye? Maybe it's a starting point.

Needless to add at this point, I think that your rule about three-page letters sucks. Frankly, this letter is likely not only "too long" but likely excessively bor-

ing as well. But, who exactly is it that decides? Have you ever thought about letting your readers (like me) decide. Coincidentally, I think some of the short letters are kind of boring, but, who am I to judge.

You can sign my name
Christian A. Delp
Gardner, MA

"History of our movement"

Dear Anarchy,

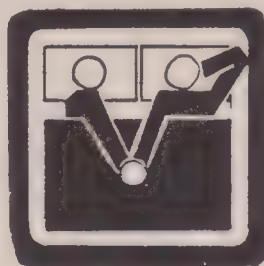
It is good to see that *Anarchy* did not bite the dust and was able to make the move to New York. I wish to make a few comments on a few things in your last issue. The article in #41 on Libertarianism, though for the most part was ok, but when it tried to deal with the history of our movement the article was way off. The following are a few mistakes that I found.

1. Anarcho-syndicalism, which means anarchist-unionism, was here in the U.S. long before the I.W.W. I do not know who was the first, but I do know that in the latter half of the 1800s most anarchists belong to and were active in unions. When Marx sent the International to New York because of his fight with anarchists and others, it did not die right then for there was an I.W.M.A. active in the U.S. Within that organization there were both socialists and anarchists. They held a congress and at that time the socialist split and socialists formed a party that later became the Socialist Labor Party. The anarchists held a congress and formed the International Working Peoples Association which was clearly anarcho-unionist and still stands as the largest anarchist organization in northamerican history (the I.W.W. is not an anarchist organization). All of the Haymarket martyrs but one (Louis Lingg who was not an anarchist) were active members. And let's not forget that the "Haymarket Affair" was in fact a labor protest meeting put on by anarchists, that was shot up by cops before a bomb went off.

2. The I.W.W. not only did not follow the syndicalism from Europe, it was not an alliance

between anarchists and socialists, as the article claimed. The I.W.W. was an organization formed out of the experiences of U.S. labor struggles, mostly those out west.

3. The article talks of a split in the I.W.W. that took place in 1907, this was not a socialist vs anarchist split, it was a split between the De Leonists and the rest of the I.W.W. (which included S.P. socialists). Yes, for a very short time the De Leonists ran a very small I.W.W. out of Detroit. The other I.W.W. is the one that is still around today and it cannot be called the anarchist I.W.W. for even today there are anarchist members, socialist members, and others. And it is untrue that the IWW "dropped from the public domain" at the time of WWI. The peak of IWW membership was after the war, it was the split in 1924 that knocked the I.W.W. almost out. Still the longtime of job control for the I.W.W. was the '30s to the early '50s in Cleveland.



LIE-IN ESSENTIAL

4. What this writer does, like most historians, when talking about anarchist history is to misunderstand the anarchist movement. Anarchism is not a stagnant belief like Marxism that holds itself to the writings of but a few people. Anarchism is an evolution of ideas. There is no such thing as a Proudhonist anarchist. Proudhon's writing are as important to revolutionary anarchists like me as they are to people like Tucker. Also, anarchism needs to be viewed as a movement, not just a series of philosophers. And if you view anarchism as a movement you will find a lot of overlapping. For an example, the cooperative community movement used a lot of collectivist and communist ideas in the running of their

communities and some of the later ones, like the one at Home, WA, were pro-labor struggles.

5. The article, for some reason, leaves out the revolutionary individualist anarchists, who for 30 years or so outnumbered those like Tucker.

I could get into other things in the article, but I think I have made the point I was after. Which is nothing more than a protest of the way anarchist history is written. Most U.S. anarchists know little about the history of anarchism in the U.S. because the book has not been written. How many know anything about the International Working Peoples Association, which had member groups all across the U.S. and very likely there were more IWPA anarchists in Chicago than there were so-called individualists or mutualists in all of north america. Still the historians will write about the individualists and leave out most other anarchists. And if they do say anything about the other anarchists it will be something about the "Haymarket Affair" which they will tie into the 8-hour day movement, even though most anarchists viewed that movement as reformist and had little to do with it.

Last, I would like to comment on Bob Black's trashing of Ward Churchill. What Black fails to bring out is that there is a major split going on in AIM and much of the attacks on Churchill is because he is on one side of the split. You can find full-blooded Native activists that speak in support of Churchill as you can find those that trash him. As for myself, I seek to not take sides in that split as Black does. The biggest problem with Black's attack is that it does not offer any real points against Churchill. And the only thing he says about the split is that it is between urban Indians and "real" Indians which is 100 percent untrue. It seems to me that Black's attack is more about the overall problem that white radicals have in coming to the realizations that the world is made up of many different types of people and they all don't fit into any political mold. Here in the U.S. white

radicals, even many anarchists, don't seem to be able to deal with the fact that there are still many of the original people left, and they have their own ways that they are fighting to protect. As for those working in support of the Indian resistance, they are not "guilt-ridden white leftists" for the most part (there maybe a few). I have done much support work for Native prisoners and struggles over the years (15 years working on Peltier's case), I do so not out of any guilt, or that I want to be an Indian, rather because I believe in building solidarity among oppressed people.

To Bob Black I say this, over the years all I have ever heard from you is criticism of others. But what makes you so high and mighty? Your trashings are not well thought out. Take the notion of Indian Nationalism. Before the Europeans there was no such word as nation, it was the white people who first called Indian tribes nations. What most traditional Indian people have been fighting for 500 years for is the survival of their way of life and the right to live on the land that those that came before them did. Bob, can you see no difference between the traditional Indian way of life and the European political nation-state? Thus, to oppose Indian peoples' right to carry on their ways is nothing more than to be a part of the European genocide of indigenous people. This does not mean that we must agree with everything that any Indian may say or do, what it means is that we grant them the same right that we fight for ourselves: freedom, liberty and self-management.

In Solidarity,
Arthur J. Miller
Bayou La Rose
P.O. Box 5464
Tacoma, WA 98415-0464

Lifestylist perspective

To the Editor:

In *Anarchism and Other Impediments to Anarchy* (*Anarchy* #41, Fall/Winter '94-95), Bob Black offers some cogent criticisms of contemporary anarchism while rebuking anarchists for failings he shares with them,

failings he is often more guilty of than others. Then again, Black is fond of making name-dropping references to Nietzsche and has stated that his favorite pastime is revenge, so I can't criticize him for being overly consistent. One example of his occasionally refreshing lack of consistency is when he writes of the anarchist milieu, that:

"Poverty is obligatory, but for that very reason forecloses the question whether this or that anarchist could have been anything but a failure regardless of ideology."

Here Black accepts capital's equation of poverty with the alleged personal weakness or incapacity of an impoverished individual, and thus Black's brand of radicalism doesn't preclude his measuring the validity of an individual's life in wholly bourgeois money-terms. If the values of the bourgeoisie are valid in an assessment of this sort, what does this say about Bob Black's personal failure to succeed on those terms? If Bob is so smart why isn't he rich?

Leaving aside the ahistorical, life-stylist and moralistic perspective of his article, I can only marvel at the absurdity of Bob Black condemning other anarchists for failing to offer a "contagious example of another way to relate to other people." Was this article written by the same Bob Black I know, that paragon of non-alienated social interaction? Could there be more than one Bob Black in the North American anarchist scene? I know Black has been accused of relating to others in a contagious manner, but I don't think he's intentionally alluding to that here. Without apparent irony Black, who has engaged in as many extreme acts of anti-social poor judgment as any other career denizen of the North American anarchist milieu, upbraids others for not "living in an autonomous cooperative manner," and dismisses episodes of mass rebellion for not living up to his pristine expectations.

This was a key feature of his letter in the Fall '93 issue of *Anarchy* where Black condemned Los Angeles rioters as "thugs." What a strange sight, was that really Bob Black, waxing moral-

istic against thuggish behavior? If so this was truly a case of the pot calling the kettle black. If there's anyone in the North American anti-authoritarian milieu who isn't entitled to wax moralistic against thuggish activity it's got to be Bob Black. This isn't to say that an individual has to have an impeccable past in order for her or his opinions to have merit. Most of us probably have a few skeletons in our closets, but some have more than others, and if Bob Black has recently discovered within himself a previously untapped capacity for solidarity with other enemies of capital and the state he may wish to examine his own egregious past failures in this regard.

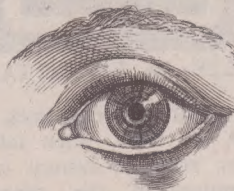
Black faults other anarchists for loving anarchy-in-the-abstract and fearing outbreaks of it in real life, but this is the fundamental characteristic of Black's own perspective on the most significant recent outbreak of mass anarchistic behavior in the US, the nationwide urban riots of the spring of '92. Black parrots the perspective of the mainstream capitalist news media, equating the riots with the beating of white truck driver Reginald Denny by black rioters. As I noted in my article on the riots in *Anarchy* #34/Fall '92, there were incidents of sociopathic brutality committed by some rioters, but, and again I emphasize this, these incidents were largely atypical of what went on during the riots. There were far fewer incidents like this during the riots than occur under the normal rule of law in the United States. To condemn a mass rebellion by exaggerating the significance of stupid actions committed by a few of its participants is the predictable and devious recourse of conservatives.

For Black there is no connection between life as it is lived by actual human beings and the "stateless liberty" he pretentiously pines for. There is a vast, gaping void between here and there, and no apparent link between social struggles of today and a stateless, marketless, non-alienating future human society. This flaw is present in his otherwise excellent book *The Abolition*

of Work, as well as in his recent article in *Anarchy*. Black signs a letter "Wish I were gone to Croatan" but he has no apparent idea of any contemporary social tendencies, for example the class struggle, that may tend to push things in the direction he ostensibly desires. For Black, as for other idealist ideologues, The Revolution must be instantaneous, perfect, and effortlessly realized or it will not be at all, and nobody other than the people Bob Black wishes to avenge himself on will be hurt or the event is irredeemably tarnished.

The class war, the individual and collective struggle of exploited and dispossessed people against capitalist social relations, is a product of the brutal and merciless conditions of class society, and not of the metaphysical speculations of self-proclaimed nihilist philosophers reflectively exploring their nostrils with their fingers. Black's passive desire for a rescue originating from some imaginary source is no more of a threat to the present state of things than the mystifications he condemns in others. Bob Black sees the mote in his opponents' eyes while ignoring the log in his own.

For global social revolution,
Max Anger
San Francisco, CA



First edition

Dear Good People,

I've just read my first edition of *Anarchy*, thank you. I've basically been a somewhat unhappy person until a few days ago when I discovered Proudhon, Kropotkin, Stirner, Bakunin, etc. I always thought that my periodic unhappiness stemmed from some innate deficiency on my part, but now I've found the simple answer: I've always felt and thought and sometimes acted like an anarchist but did not know it for what it was. Now I'm feeling that other people also agree that most governments

stink and are not there for the majority of the people.

I'm 47 with a family, unemployed, and finding it extremely difficult to go out there and sell my labor again, especially in the insurance industry. However, I must thank my state of unemployment for its contribution to my political rebirth.

I live in the San Francisco East Bay Area and would be obliged if you could advise if there are any special bookstores or places where I could further expand my new interests to include up-to-date opinions and maybe hear contemporary speakers, etc. [...]

Peace, Love, and Anarchy,
John A. De Bernardis
Fremont, CA 94555

Still visible

Hello there in New York,

How are you doing among all the other anarchists with their individual specialities, wishes, revolutionary dreams for tomorrow, etc.? [...]

Anarchism here: It is still visible inside various activist groups: ecology (airport expansion, animal liberation), antimilitarism, women's actions, people looking for an alternative economy, help for illegals/asylum seekers, antifascism/racism, squatting of buildings. But also in "ordinary" anarchist groups, doing meetings, mailing papers/zines. Sometimes some publications are doing bad in numbers sold and there follows discussion about more cooperation.

These days there is always a special occasion for such: the Whitsun weekend since 1933 on the libertarian camping near the village of Appelscha the meeting/gathering of 350 anarchists and sympathizers. [...]

How is the cooperation among the various anarchists in NYC? Which groups exist? Is there in U.S.A. (or at least in NY) an anarchist/libertarian book distributor which also deals with books on anarchy from others than anarchist publishers?

That's it for now. Till next.
Health, pleasure, anarchy,
Karl (A-Infos)
P.B. 61523
2506 Den Haag
Netherlands



JUDY and
JIM DEFY
GENDER
BLUR!



HELP!
THE PANSEXUAL
IS LOOSE!



I'M A YOUNG
REPUBLICAN!



LOOK! IT'S CLIMBING BACK
INTO ITS CLOSET!

WHAT'S
THE USE?
FEH.

THAT
BOY AND
GIRL SAVED
THE NUCLEAR
FAMILY!



YOU KIDS DESERVE A
MEDAL! WHERE DID
YOU GET THOSE
TRADITIONAL VALUES?

WE GOT THEM
BEING UNITED
STATES CITIZENS!

WOW! I'M GONNA JOIN
THE WHITE PATRIARCHY WAY!

Diet Pills



Sleeping
Pills



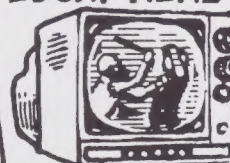
ACT NOW!



Marriage
Certificate
Meat every
night



NOTHING TO SELL EXCEPT YOURSELF!
LOOK! REAL T.V.!



Yesiree, a
Real, live
Television
Set of
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very
own!

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US!

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Cards

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Holy Bible
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Agents everywhere



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KEEP CASH COMMISSION AS EXPLAINED IN
U.S. CONSTITUTION SENT WITH CATALOG.

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Ana

A Journal of De



MASTERS WITHOUT SLAVE